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An oration delivered on the fourth of Ju



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O·R A T I O N

DELIVERED ON THE

FOURTH OF JULY, 1861,

BEFORE

THE MUNICIPAL AUTHORITIES

OF THE

CITY OF BOSTON.

BY THEOPHILUS PARSONS.



BOSTON:

J. E. FARWELL & CO., CITY PRINTERS,

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1861.



CITY OF BOSTON.

In Common Council, July 5, 1861.

RESOLVED: That the thanks of the City Council are hereby presented to the HON. THEOPHILUS PARSONS for his very eloquent and patriotic Oration before the Municipal Authorities of the City of Boston on the occasion of the Eighty-fifth Anniversary of the Declaration of the Independence of the United States of America, and that he be requested to furnish a copy for publication.

Sent up for concurrence.

JOSEPH H. BRADLEY, *President.*

In Board of Aldermen, July 8, 1861.

Concurred.

SILAS PEIRCE, *Chairman.*

Approved, July 10, 1861.

JOSEPH M. WIGHTMAN, *Mayor.*

ORATION.

ORATION.

OUR fathers, in acquiring at great loss of life and treasure, their independence from England, had no intention and no desire to escape from government. They knew, for they were wise, that the absence of all government from masses of men is an absolute impossibility. They knew that anarchy itself is government; the government of passion, of selfishness, of folly intensified into madness; of wickedness developed to its highest power, and given up to the fearful work of self-punishment. They knew that government was not only necessary, but inevitable. And all their efforts were bent towards establishing the best government.

They were wise men. The annals of human thought exhibit nowhere a more profound, acute, far-reaching, and all-embracing sagacity on the subject of human government, than some of the writings of that day. But, if it was of Divine Providence that at this most important juncture in the history of mankind there should be wise and faithful men, able to cast

upon the great topic before them all the light to be derived from the continued efforts of powerful minds, prepared by a careful study of the past, and invigorated by a deep and constant sense of the immeasurable importance of their work, that was but one of the means which that Providence employed for a great end.

I do not forget that the recognitions of our peculiar advantages which the return of this day invite, are apt to run into boasting and harmful self-glorification. I would remember this and avoid it. But I must not refrain from expressing to you my belief, my most deliberate, long and carefully considered, and most profound conviction, that it has been, and is, the purpose of Him who holds in His almighty hand the destinies of men and nations, to establish, here, a prosperous nation, under a better form of government than has ever before existed, or now exists elsewhere. But all the purposes of Providence which are wrought through the instrumentality of men, are to a certain extent delivered to their free agency, and may therefore be retarded and obstructed by the wrongful exercise of that free agency. And it will be my endeavor to-day to direct your attention to a few, and only a few, of what seem to me the footsteps of Omnipotence along the pathway to the great purpose I have indicated; to point out to you some of the obstacles which resist, and some of the perils which

threaten this great purpose, and some of our duties in relation to them.

Let us begin with the inquiry, what the best government must be; and the answer may be, in one word, self-government. On this topic, as on so many others, we may be helped by remembering that as a nation is composed of men, it cannot contain any other elements of national character than those which are contributed by the men of the nation. And when we look at men individually and from the study of human character, reach certain definite laws and conclusions concerning human life in the individual, we may well hope that these laws and conclusions will throw some light upon analogous questions as they exist in reference to a nation.

What, then, is the best government for the individual? If I put the question in another shape — if I ask whether he is best governed who is surrendered to his own fantasies and proclivities and lusts, and exasperates all these by utter unrestraint, and makes no reference to right or wrong, or the law of God or the law of man, the question answers itself. I am describing a man who has done all that he can do to become only a wild beast. Better were it for him that some arm of power should hold him, some fear restrain him, some irresistible command control him, and all these influences compel him to decent conduct. Then, it might at least be possible that his

lusts and follies, because they were repressed, would be enfeebled. Then it might again be possible that the severity of external control could be safely relaxed; that some acknowledgment of law, some thought of right, would begin to exert a power within him, and thereby facilitate the entrance of yet better thoughts and higher motives, and that this advancing and ascending progress might go on, until a control from within accepted and welcomed a control from without as a necessary help. And the consummation of all this would come when the law of truth, of right, and of instructed conscience was all the law he needed, all the law he felt; and this law put him at ease with the system of law prevailing all around him, and the man stood and lived in perfect peace with the law and perfect peace with himself.

This is but an ideal picture; far from the reality existing in the best of us. It is, however, a picture of that last result towards which we are led by all moral improvement, all elevation of motive, all recognition of the authority of right, and all confirmation of our love of goodness.

I have ventured to present to you this picture, because I cannot but think that the history of the past and the condition of the present lead to the conclusion that a law and method of progress, somewhat analogous at least, prevail in the growth of nations. History is but the biography of Man; and the lessons

which are taught by the life of Man cannot be altogether remote and diverse from those we may gather from the lives of men.

To see how the progress of mankind has accorded with these principles, we must go far back towards the beginning, and in an address like this it is of course impossible to give more than the most cursory glance at the evidence which the pages of history offer. But even this glance will show us that while government was known only as unmitigated despotism in the Eastern and ancient world, it received important modifications as it passed through Greece; and that the despotism of the central power of the vast Empire of Rome was accompanied with a singular amount of freedom and self-government in the cities and boroughs and lesser provinces into which the Roman Empire was divided. In this way some preparation was made for the feudal system, which was, in theory, a government of laws and not of men, for it assigned his own place and his own rights to every man. And so the possibility of deliverance from a wholly external control, from a power which was over him and against him, instead of within him and his own, grew from age to age. At length this new world was discovered. Near enough to the old world to receive colonists with no more hindrance and difficulty than were needed to sift out the weak from the strong, that the seed of a new nation might

have due vitality. Far enough from the old world to prevent an immediate and controlling influence from stretching across the waters and causing the future to be but a repetition of the past; far enough to permit the germs of nations planted here to grow up into the great possibility which awaited them. And then the hour came, and the last word of God's providence in human government was uttered when he said to a great nation, "Go forth, be free, and GOVERN YOURSELVES."

The last word? Yes. I so believe, if we are not deaf to it. In the infinite future there may be and will be vast changes and infinite improvements. These will lessen, or remedy, or prevent many evils which we already discern, and many more which we do not yet discern, in our republican institutions, and whatever good has yet come, or may now be hoped for from these institutions, will be increased a thousand fold, as they are changed for the better. But the nations will never again regard as the only possible or desirable government, that of a power distinct from the people, and deriving no force and no life from their consent and voluntary recognition. The work we have begun will not be suppressed and extinguished. It will live, and it will grow into the fulness of its stature; and that it may live and grow, the wants, the deficiencies, and the errors of any age will be disclosed by whatever lessons may be necessary

to teach them, and will be remedied by whatever means are then found best for that purpose.

Govern yourselves! But how? This great work may be done well or ill. It may be so done that the influences of evil which mar it may gradually be discovered, resisted, and suppressed. And then the future of this country will be one of gradual improvement, which will be on the whole constant, although subject to alternations; to periods when evil will seem to be in the ascendant; to nights so long and so dark that for the time they extinguish the hope that day can come again. And yet a new day will dawn, the brighter for the preceding darkness. Or this work may be so done that these influences of evil will more than mar it,—will prevail against it, and it will be taken from our hands and those of our children, and given to others who will profit by our example and by its fearful consequences.

Of the perils which beset us in this point of view, I would speak of one only, for that seems near to us, already obvious, and possibly growing. It is that which comes from the enormous fallacy that the will of the people constitutes and determines right and originates the authority of law. But what is law if it be not truth in its application and its power; and how else can the right be determined but by the truth? Can any man, can any men, make truth?

What then is left for us? To rejoice that it is

given to us, to search in freedom for the truth, and for the right which the truth teaches, to find it, to make it our law, to reverence it, and to obey it. Precisely that form and system of political government is then the best which is best adapted to guide and facilitate the inquiry after the right; to insure with perfect freedom of inquiry, sufficient deliberation, and the absence of obscuring passion and personal fantasy, and all the advantage of mutual counsel, and all the security we can have that the law, when it is duly made, shall express the common judgment of the people, and promote their common interests, and deserve their respect and win their love.

This is the great end of republican institutions. And I have now to say to you, not as the expression of an opinion called for by the day, but, again as a deliberate and profound belief, that the peculiar constitution of this country in its essential feature, in the fact that it is a sovereignty formed of sovereignties, is a frame of government better adapted to accomplish the work of republican government than any other which has been devised by human wisdom. Nor, indeed, do I say all that I think when I use these words, for I do not think that our present form of government was altogether devised by human wisdom. On the contrary, I suppose its most essential characteristic was accepted from necessity; was received because it was prepared by the course of

events, and as it were forced upon the framers of our constitution. They did not choose it, for they were not at liberty to reject it. They took it, they used it, for it was there in their hands, and they could not lay it aside. We could become nothing else than a State formed of States; a Sovereignty formed of Sovereignties.

This very peculiar feature in our national constitution is wholly without precedent. There have been leagues and alliances and confederacies all through history. But our own constitution attempted something more than this,—something more than ever was attempted before. It endeavored to constitute a nation out of political elements which still retained to a great extent, and in most important particulars, their own independent sovereignty.

I am not aware that European political writers have ever regarded this as anything but a source of weakness and danger. A necessity, perhaps, which there was no way to avoid; which was still, under favorable circumstances, as our history proves, compatible with great prosperity, but which was always a source of weakness and of danger, which the first powerful assault would fatally reveal. Nor have our own writers expressed different sentiments. It is well known that some or indeed many of the ablest of the men who framed our Constitution were full of fear on this very ground, and some in public and

some in private, spoke of it as the best they could make, and as something which might at least last for a time, and open the way for a better.

No such opinion, no such feeling have I; for, on the contrary, precisely this peculiarity of our constitution, that it makes us a nation composed of States which preserve watchfully and wisely their own rights and powers, seems to me the corner-stone of our prosperity, and the foundation on which our hopes may rest.

It is my belief that the system of government formed by the Constitution of the United States, is not to be regarded as, upon the whole, the best thing which circumstances permitted our fathers to construct, but as in itself, near to the perfection of a republican government.

For this belief, I am well aware that I can quote no authority and rest upon no precedent; and I should be glad to give all my reasons for it. But, in the time which I may occupy to-day, this is impossible. Let me try however to intimate some of the grounds for my belief, by a reference to our own State Constitution; and I use the word now as including not only the written Constitution, but the complex of all the institutions of our beloved Commonwealth. Asking you then for the moment to forget, what we ought not always to forget, the faults and errors, the perversions and corruptions

still existing among us, let us look at our whole polity, as if it were precisely all that it should be.

The first form of union for a common regulation is in the family. And all our citizens who are not exceptions to a prevailing method live in families; and it is there that the work of government begins; there its first lessons are formed; there its habits are formed; there its first fruits are gathered; and there, if that government is wise and good, those fruits are peace and happiness and mutual assistance and universal improvement.

But families need that duties should be performed and advantages secured which demand combination, and the strength and support of united counsel, and united action; and to this end, families combine into townships or cities. To the town or city, as an organization, are committed all these duties and utilities the need of which has called them into being, and to the town or city is freely intrusted all the power requisite to a full and complete discharge of all those duties.

And then the same principle is further applied. Beyond those of the towns and cities are again common duties and utilities which are all those of a certain district; and within this district the towns coalesce into counties, to which again as separate organizations are confided the duties which can be best discharged in this way and by this means, and

with these duties goes all the power requisite to the best performance of them.

Nor is this principle then arrested. For the counties are gathered into one body, and this is the State. And who are they who then form the State — who constitute the State? The people, and the whole people. They who first form its families, and then its towns and cities and counties, finally, in their widest assemblage, form the State. And for what do they form it? Precisely for all those duties and all those utilities which embrace the whole people, which require for their due performance a due regard to the whole people, and which may serve not only to cement us all together by a common interest, a common safety, and a common prosperity, but may use the strength of the whole for the protection of each, and for the preservation of all personal rights, and family rights, and all the rights of those lesser and larger communities into which families and persons are gathered.

And then what power do the people who constitute the State give to it? Abundant power to discharge all its duties; to do the whole of its work of legislation for the whole, and of common defence and protection through all the departments of government; but nothing more. This, then, is the theory of our State polity; and so far as we are wise, this it is in active operation; and so far as we are truly prosperous, this prosperity is its effect.

And now let me ask if the thought ever entered into the mind of a human being, that it would be wise for Massachusetts to abandon to-morrow all town and city and county lines and organizations, and commit all the duties now performed by their means to the central power of the State. There is no one of you who can imagine such a thing. And he who should desire it must, if he would be consistent, go yet farther, and propose also to obliterate all family lines, all family organization and authority, and ask of the central power to determine what food shall be placed on every table and what clothes every member of the household shall wear.

The absurdity of such a supposition is so enormous that it seems almost equally absurd to think about it or to speak of it. And yet I will ask you to pardon me while I state why the supposition of such a change in our form of government is so absurd. It is because we all feel instinctively, if not consciously, that our present form of government is perfectly adapted to the great end of all republican government, and that is, a wise self-government; and the reason of this adaptation is, that it leaves to the individual, with the least possible control or interference, the freedom of voluntary choice and action. And it gathers individuals into communities, the least, the larger, and at length the largest, only so far as a common necessity and a common good require

this. And then it seeks so to form these communities and so to provide for them, and so to act by its common legislation upon individuals and the bodies into which they are gathered, as to lead and guide each and all into that conduct which shall be best for each and for all, with the least possible compulsory action upon any. I have endeavored to illustrate my theory by a reference to our own Commonwealth, and to give a reason for my opinion, because I wished to prepare you for the question I have now to ask. It is, when Massachusetts and her sister States came together and formed a nation, what else did they but take a step further forward upon the same pathway, which our own State does so well and so wisely in treading for herself? It seems to me that it was precisely this step and no other which was taken when the Constitution of the United States was formed, and this nation was born.

I know that I may be met at once by the objection that our general government is, after all, but a qualified and imperfect government. I may be reminded that it was from Massachusetts that the amendment came which expressly declares that all powers not given, are withheld. And then it may be asked is there not here a manifest division of sovereignty and of power, and does not this show that much is wanting—that all which is retained at home is wanting—to constitute the full strength of a national government?

My answer is twofold. First, I say, the national government has at this moment, by force of the Constitution, all the strength — absolutely all — which it needs, or could profitably use, as a central national government. I answer next, that by the admirable provisions of our Constitution, the reserved powers of every State may be, and, so far as that State does its duty, will be, prepared and developed to their utmost efficiency, and then imparted to the nation in its need.

Do we want a proof and illustration of all this? Very recent events have supplied one, which history will not forget, if we do. How happened it that, a few weeks since, when the general government seemed to be feeble, and was in peril, and the demand — I may well say the cry — for help came forth — why it was that Massachusetts was the first to spring to the rescue? Why was it that she was able, in four days from that in which this cry reached her, to add a new glory to the day of Lexington? Why was it that she could begin that offering of needed aid which has since poured itself in a full, and swollen, and rushing stream, into the war power of the national government? Even as I ask the question, the answer is in all your minds. It is, that Massachusetts could do this because she had done her own duty beforehand. She could do this because, within her own bounds, she had prepared and organized her own

strength, and stood ready for the moment when she could place it in the outstretched hands of the government. And other States followed, offering their contributions with no interval—with almost too little of delay; with a haste which was sometimes precipitation; with an importunate begging for acceptance—all of it yet far behind the earnest desire and demand of the people of these States, until at length we stood before an astonished world the strongest government on the face of the earth.

I used this very phrase three months ago, when all was dark enough. I said so then, and when perils thicken and reverses come, (and come they must, for no human government can wholly escape them,) I shall say so still, because my theory of our constitution, and my understanding of its purpose and its adaptation to its purpose, lead me to hope very confidently that our national government, as the organ of a nation endowed with self-government, will prove to be invested with the nation's might, to be used for the nation's good, in whatever way may prove to be the best.

Stronger therefore for all the purposes to which our national government should apply its strength, stronger for all the good it can do and all the harm it can prevent, that government is, as it is now constructed, and because it is so constructed, than it could be if it were the single central, consolidated power

of other nations. And it will show its strength, not by preventing all checks and reverses, for that is impossible ; but, as I believe, in a prompt and thorough recovery from them.

When we remember that our government is a new experiment, let us remember that a new work was to be done, and for that work a new instrument was required. The period in the progress of mankind had been reached, when a government was to be formed, which should possess and in time of need be able to exert, the force of the nation for national purposes, and the combined power of its component parts for all these purposes which embrace the interests of all, and yet leave each of these parts, States, cities, families, and individuals, in the utmost possible freedom to enjoy the blessing and discharge the duty of self-government.

When before, where else has this ever been the design of government? And now, after nearly a century of experience, where lives the man who will dare to say that he could devise for the accomplishment of this design a frame of government better adapted in its essential principles and in its general forms, than that which we possess?

A failure! One must know far more of history than I have been able to learn, who can point to me one instance where a new political instrument for a new work was created and put in operation, with no

direct help from experience ; and this instrument bore, in its operation, such testimony to the sagacity of its framers.

We hear the outcry of "State rights," and we reply with our watchword of "national unity;" and it is difficult to believe that there is not between the principles implied in these phrases something of discordance, something of antagonism. But when did our own city, or any of the communities of our Commonwealth, lament that the central power of the State could not come within their precincts, and exercise their specific powers for the discharge of their specific duties? Who has ever imagined that our Commonwealth was weak because its families, towns and cities and counties were well ordered communities, within their own spheres independent, or, if you please, sovereign? Who has ever imagined that a county, a city, a town, a family, because it has reserved rights, which the central power is bound to respect and preserve, has therefore a right at its own pleasure and in its own way to separate from the rest and dissolve the unity of the whole? Who, that has ever given a thought to the subject, has not known that our Commonwealth is none the less One because it is thus composed of distinct elements, and is, for this very reason, irresistible in the might which it can exert in its own wide sphere for the good and the safety of all? And I insist that the great Commonwealth,

formed of all the States, is also One, and also strong and irresistible within its own all-embracing sphere, because it is formed on precisely the same principles, and for this reason, and in this way, possesses of right all the force of its united sovereignties ; and possesses this in fact, where there is not rebellion. If this seems too trustful, too hopeful a faith in the Constitution which our fathers have given us, glance with me for a moment at the long course of antecedents by which it was prepared and built up, and possibly we may find there also some grounds upon which the faith may rest.

The colonies of North America were formed in rapid succession, and were scattered all along our seaboard. They were formed, to some extent, by different kinds of people, who came not all from one country nor moved by the same impulse, and they brought with them different characteristics. They were planted at distances which permitted them, independently, or, at least, without much assimilating influence of one upon another, to grow up, each in its own way, each under its own circumstances, and each to develop its own peculiarities. And yet they were near enough, and similar enough, to seek and to have much intercourse, and to render to each other much assistance. As time passed on, they found it desirable, in some instances, to unite and coalesce under a common government, and in others, to form

alliances for mutual assistance and protection. And in this way some unity of feeling and of interest, and some tendency to community of action, grew up. And these experiences undoubtedly facilitated, and perhaps I might say made possible, their united action in their efforts to obtain independence.

As the feeling that independence must be won, and would be worth all that it might cost, grew stronger and more general, it became evident to the far-sighted and the patriotic that there must be some concert of action. In June, 1765, James Otis, of Boston, advised the calling of an American Congress. But this measure met with much opposition, and for a time it seemed as if there could be no union. Then South Carolina responded to Massachusetts, and declared for union! In New York, those who held similar views established a newspaper, called the *Constitutional Courant*, which had much influence. It bore for its motto the words, first used by Franklin nearly ten years before, "Join or Die." Never was the guiding truth of a great emergency expressed more emphatically or in fewer words. Join or die. This was indeed the great truth of that day, of every day since then, and of the very hour in which we live. Other States acceded, and on the 7th of October, 1765, the first Congress, consisting of delegates regularly appointed from six States, with others, representing three more, assembled at New York. Of the doings of this Con-

gress I have only time to say, that they strengthened and diffused the desire for united action. And as the necessity became greater and more apparent, at length what is called the Continental Congress, assembled in Philadelphia on the 5th of September, 1774, and then on the 10th of May, 1775. Still, so great was the jealousy of a central power, that nothing but the peril of impending war, and its pressure when it came, held even this Congress of delegates together. But they did hold together; and it was this Congress which, on the 15th of June, 1775, appointed Washington Commander-in-Chief of the Continental army, and on the 4th day of July, 1776, declared our Independence.

In that declaration these two elements of the unity of the whole and the sovereignty of the parts were mingled. It begins, "When it becomes necessary for ONE PEOPLE to dissolve the political bonds which have connected them with another," and at its close declares that the former colonies are "free and independent States." There they stood, free from all external dominion, and as independent of each other as of England.

In eight days from the 4th of July the articles of confederation were reported to Congress by a committee of the delegates, but were not adopted by Congress and proposed to the States for ratification until the following year; nor were they finally ratified by

the States until March, 1781: or until five years had elapsed.

And yet, in 1777, Washington, when, at Morristown in New Jersey, he found himself in the midst, if not of treason, of an indifference which was hardening into treason, by proclamation required all who had received protections from the British commander to surrender them and take an oath of allegiance to the UNITED STATES! United, when and how were they united? In Congress he was censured. In the legislature of New Jersey it was declared that the required oath encroached upon the prerogatives of the State, and that it was absurd to swear allegiance to the United States before even a confederacy was formed. But even then Washington was justified by the language of the Declaration of Independence; even then were these States united in the contemplation of the good and the wise, and most of all in the heart of him who was best among the good and wisest among the wise.

The articles of confederation did not even purport to make of us a nation. If they are studied, they will prove the earnest desire of some at least of those who drew them, that we might become a nation. But they stopped so far short of this as to form of the States only a confederacy. These articles were skilfully drawn, and gave to the Central Government all the power which the States could then be induced to part

with. Some semblance — something indeed of the substance of national power was given; although there was no regular legislative, executive, or judicial department. Probably all the power was given to Congress that it was thought necessary that it should possess to do the work that lay before it. This work it did, well and thoroughly; for while the thirteen States were held together by the presence of a common enemy, a common war and a common necessity, the articles of confederation sufficed to make that war triumphant; but they sufficed for this, because the sagacity and singleness of purpose of the men who wielded the powers of government, the patriotism of the people, and the wisdom and constancy of Washington supplied — so far at least as was needed for success — all deficiencies.

Then came peace, and it was soon apparent that the want of unity in the nation, and of power in the government and its organs, not only prevented the deep wounds of the war from healing, but seemed even to aggravate all the mischiefs which followed, and which made the first years of peace no years of returning prosperity. The central government no longer sustained and invigorated by the war, found itself utterly unable to prevent or to avenge insults and outrages to our flag: it could not even repel the incursion of the savages on our borders; it could not pay the interest of our national debt; it had no credit, no force, no

vital energy, and it may well be said to have died of inherent weakness, for in 1787 it abrogated its own functions, declared its inability to act as the government of a nation, and it appealed to the ultimate source of all political power—the people of the whole country. And then came the convention of 1787. When they met, there was in that assembly as much of sagacity, of varied intellectual accomplishment and resource, and of earnest devotion to duty as ever co-operated in a great work. And with all these mingled as little of folly and weakness, as little personal ambition, as little self-seeking of any kind, and as little of the disturbing force which these ignoble qualities would exert, as was possible under the conditions of humanity.

If, in saying that the articles of confederation carried this country successfully through the war of independence, I give them high praise, I believe that I give them still higher when I say that they made the National Constitution possible. These articles familiarized the minds of the whole country to the idea of united action and a central government. They proved indisputably the immense advantages which might be obtained thereby; and they proved as certainly that to secure all these advantages, it was absolutely necessary that the nation should have a greater unity than they gave to it, and the central government more power. And, aided and illustrated

by the course of events, they produced a general impression, especially among leading minds, everywhere, that there might be a stricter national unity, and a stronger central government, without absorbing or imperilling those State rights which were deservedly dear to the people of every State. Thus it was that this jealous love for the sovereign rights of the several States yielded slowly, reluctantly, and only step by step, to the inevitable necessity for closer union. It was, at the beginning, paramount and absolute. But it yielded, not, I rejoice that I can say, until it was suppressed or overcome, but until it stood in just equilibrium with the prevailing sense of the need and the good of a national existence and a national government. Then these two sentiments, or principles, met and co-operated; and the result was the Constitution of the United States. And this, I again declare, I regard not merely as the best which could then have been made, but as, in itself good, and very good, and the best for the good of the whole nation which could have been made, by any men, under any circumstances.

Are you to understand me as saying that I consider that this Constitution came into being in itself perfect, and in itself able to go forward forever, the instrument of a great nation's growth, prosperity, and happiness, with no more help, with no new influences to bear upon it and give to it added life and energy,

and efficiency? I mean no such thing. It needed more, a vast deal more, before it could become—what I think it is to be—a permanent instrument of the greatest, the highest, and the completest political good.

The problem to be solved in the establishment of this government, or as it may be better said, in the formation of this nation, was to create the best possible form of a republican government by the perfect reconciliation of the two elements of central power and reserved rights.

In other words of the same meaning, the problem was to create a system of government which should arm the central power with all the force which it could usefully exert, and yet leave to all whom it gathered within its wide embrace the utmost possible freedom for self-government, and the strongest assurance that this freedom should be guarded but not weakened, protected but not impaired.

This was done by the Constitution, as far as written words could do it. For after all our experience, at this day no words could mend that Constitution in this respect; none could make this balance of forces more perfect. But another thing could be done, and remained to be done. It was to fix the meaning of this Constitution by practical construction. To fasten on the public mind the conviction, and fill with it the public heart, that our Constitution meant, on the one

hand, a preservation of State rights, and on the other indissoluble National Unity. To root this conviction into the public life firmly, so that no storm could shake it, so that no devastating force could rend it away. It may not be possible to prevent these two elements from sometimes, during the ages that will come, rising separately into undue prominence. At one time, or by one body or class, the national unity may be urged until it threatens consolidation, and at another time the principle of State rights may again assert itself too strongly. But their reconciliation is hereafter to be so established not by the written Constitution only but by the constitution of the public sentiment and the public will, that it will stand, even as our continent stands upon its rocky base, no more to be moved from its foundation than our continent is moved by the two great oceans which beat upon its shores.

And it is precisely this work which the war that is upon us has come to do.

These two elements stood there, as I have said, ready to be combined by the framers of the Constitution. The one, that of a jealous regard to State rights, had grown with the growth of the colonies. The other, the desire of nationality, had arisen from necessity, and, generally, I think, was accepted only as a necessity. And at that time, these two principles were diffused in about the same proportion in one part of the country as in another. It is well known.

for example, that the Constitution was adopted with as much reluctance in the North as in the South. Those who are conversant with the history of those days know that in our own Commonwealth the public sentiment was strongly against it, and that it was finally carried through only by the strenuous efforts of those who desired its acceptance.

The Constitution was adopted, and soon began to justify itself. I will not dwell upon the prosperity of every kind which it gave to the nation. From day to day, from age to age, it went on, far more beneficial in its influence and operation than the most sanguine of those who framed it had dared to hope. It ministered to our pride, it advanced our position among the nations, it filled our hands with wealth and our hearts with rejoicing, until, at last, there were perhaps none left in the Free States who did not ascribe to our nationality this marvellous prosperity.

Why was it not so elsewhere and everywhere? Had not the Slave States prospered also, and grown from a handful to a multitude, and risen as we had risen from poverty and depression into wealth? Yes; but not as we had grown. In the race we had gone far beyond them. And forgetting all that they had gained from the common nationality, they felt that they gained less than we had. Their actual gain was thus a comparative loss; and then they made, or many among them made, the enormous mistake

of attributing this loss — this comparative failure in the race of prosperity — to this common nationality.

It was an enormous mistake, for this failure was but to another cause. North and South entered upon national existence, with a clog or hindrance common to both ; the hindrance, the misfortune of slavery. There was undoubtedly, from the beginning, a difference between the two sections of this country in the prevailing sentiment and belief concerning slavery. And upon us, slavery pressed more lightly. We not only felt it as an impediment, but were sure that it was an evil, and favored by climate, and soil, and the nature of our productions, we gradually but rapidly cast it off.

They were not so favored. The influence of circumstances with us operated to make the slave worthless, and left in full force the moral sentiment which demanded his liberation. With them this influence of circumstances made him valuable, and soon very valuable, and conflicted with this sentiment, and overcame it, and at length, absolutely reversed it. And thus this evil thing, this mischief, this misfortune, was fastened upon them.

May I not call it a misfortune ? May I not remember that the fetters of the slave chain the master to the slave ? And that while they held fast the negro in his bondage, they accepted their own ? They ac-

cepted it with all its disastrous consequences ; all its effects upon their material interests ; upon their political and social condition ; upon their personal life ; upon their very souls. They accepted it and more, for at length they came to love it. And now because they love it, they cannot see that it is the cause of the inferiority they deplore, and therefore they cast all the blame of this upon our common nationality.

I know, and thankful am I that I know, that what I have said does not apply to all who live in the South. I know there are some, and I hope there are many, even among the owners of slaves, who are not led away by this delusion ; who do not love the slavery of their fellow-men, nor their own slavery ; and who find in the duties which grow out of this relation, culture and nutriment for the sense of duty, and for watchful kindness. And some there must be among them who had hoped that our national unity would exert a healthy influence, and would gradually make slavery less evil, less mischievous, and finally remove it altogether in whatever way might prove to be the best.

Whatever may be now the sentiment of the South, we have all possible evidence that there was no general, no prevailing desire for disunion a short time since. The incendiaries who kindled the fire in dark corners, which had been skilfully prepared for the torch, have fed it with falsehoods and delusions

unparalleled in the history of fraud. If they have succeeded in making the conflagration general, they have done so only by a craft which long practice has made perfect, and an audacity seldom recorded in the annals of crime. But their craft governs their audacity, and they have never, to this day, at any point, dared to present the question of rebellion to the decision of an unfettered popular will. Assuredly this fact has some significance. Assuredly it justifies some hope, that when these fetters are broken and the reign of terror ended, it will be found that the breath of life is not wholly crushed out from the patriotism of the South.

Be that as it may, we have our own work to do. Through the influence of slavery in preparing the mind of the South for the falsehoods and abuses which have been practiced upon it, and through the maddening influence of these abuses, the principle of State Rights has been severed from the principle of National Unity, and because so severed, has in its excess and perversion produced treason and rebellion, and thus these two principles instead of co-operating in a harmony which would cause each to strengthen the other, are now face to face, at war.

At open war, now, for the first time, and for the last time.

For the first time, because He who orders human

events has not permitted this conflict until our national unity has existed long enough to give to that part of the nation which maintains it a deep sense that it is the source and the safeguard of all our prosperity, and is worth all the price we can pay for it, be that price what it may; and not until it has also given to that part of the nation a vast superiority of power.

For the last time, because our just appreciation of the value of that for which we fight will insure our bringing to the conflict all the force we possess, and therefore will make it certain that the great principle for which we contend will, in the end, be victorious.

Through whatever vicissitudes may await us, through successes which will strengthen if they do not deceive us, through reverses which will help us if we learn their lessons, through all the alternations of war, we may pass, but, in the end, to victory.

I am sure that I express but the common sentiment, the prevailing and habitual sentiment of all around me, when I remind you that in every one of the great exigencies of life, whether public or private, we may be sure that it comes to teach its lessons and do its good work. And that it is always wise to endeavor to learn these lessons and cooperate with this work.

One thing which we have to learn from what is

now going on, is the need of a government—the blessing of a government if it be a good one, the inestimable worth of the power we possess to make our government what we would have it, and the duty of every man, in every place, to use every power that he possesses, in making that government what it should be, in placing the powers of government in fitting hands, and in rendering obedience to, and cherishing a reverence and a love for, that authority and that law, which we should make the embodiment and the instrument of the public wisdom and the public virtue. Are we not learning this lesson?

But there is yet another thing. It is to learn the value of national unity. To fill our hearts with a living and a wakeful sense of the great duty, the inestimable good of loyalty to our admirable Constitution. Can we be blind and deaf and dead to this great duty? When I ask this question, do I not ask whether we can forget our fathers, whose blood is in our veins; our children, to whom we shall transmit a life not worth the having, if we suffer this Constitution, our Constitution and their Constitution, to be weakened, disgraced, and broken into fragments; our God, who has laid on us the trust of leading nations yet unborn along that glorious way upon which our footsteps were the earliest?

No, this cannot be; I cannot look at it as possible; I cannot fear it; but if I could fear such a

calamity, my fear might spring from the apprehension, not that we can be ultimately defeated, but that as the conflict goes on, in our painful sense of the wrongs inflicted upon us and the wrongs threatened us, in our exasperation at the insults we have to endure, in the fever heat of our anger at the cost and sacrifice and suffering caused by the persistent madness and wickedness we resist, we may forget that our chief aim and purpose, our first and strongest hope, not to be abandoned so long as it can possibly be held, and not to be defeated by ourselves, is to defend and preserve our nationality in its entirety. Are we not fighting for our Constitution, fighting for our national existence, fighting to restore, to re-establish, to re-consecrate our Union?

It is one of the excellent characteristics of this very Constitution and Government that, while they make all possible provision and organize all necessary strength for all the purposes of government, there is in it no desire, no purpose, no provision, and no place for conquest and subjugation. If ever there was a nation fighting in self-defence, we are that nation now. And there are those who are now most earnest in that cause, not in the North only, but in the South. We at the North, by the outpouring of our treasure, by organizing our men, and sending them to battle; and some, at the South, and again I say many, as I hope and believe, by their sympathy, which can-

not be altogether paralyzed, although its voice is now stifled, and by a conviction that we are fighting for them and not against them; by earnest wishes that we may succeed, and so succeed that we may soon give that voice freedom of utterance, and enable those wishes to spring forth into concerted action.

Then let us do our work. Let us do it without stay or stint, without one moment's thought of stay or stint, until it is all done. Let us organize and send forth our soldiers until the strong hands that guide our armies can hold no more. Let us pour forth our money until all who arm in our cause are supplied with all possible means of efficiency, of safety, and of comfort. Let us pour forth our very hearts and souls in the combat until that combat ends in victory. The more thoroughly this work is done, the more beneficial it will be to us and to those with whom we are now contending. And let us so do this work, that when it is fully and completely done, when rebellion has, with its last breath, called itself by its true name, and every thought of secession lies buried in a grave from which there can be no resurrection, then our own Massachusetts, as she was the first to spring to the battle, so, when she can sheathe the sword, by which, faithful to her chosen motto,* she has sought for the repose and peace of liberty, then will she be the first to hold forth an unarmed hand to returning

* *Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem.*

brethren ; and will cordially invite them to take and hold their full share of all our constitutional rights, and unite with us in forming a great nation, which shall be the home of freedom and the hope of the world.

AN
O R A T I O N

DELIVERED ON THE

FOURTH OF JULY, 1862,

BEFORE

THE MUNICIPAL AUTHORITIES

OF THE

CITY OF BOSTON.

BY GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS.



BOSTON:

J. E. FARWELL AND COMPANY, PRINTERS TO THE CITY,

NO. 37 CONGRESS STREET.

1862.



CITY OF BOSTON.

In Board of Aldermen, July 7, 1862.

ORDERED: That the thanks of the City Council are hereby presented to the HON. GEORGE T. CURTIS for his very eloquent and patriotic Oration before the Municipal Authorities of the City of Boston on the occasion of the Eighty-sixth Anniversary of the Declaration of the Independence of the United States of America, and that he be requested to furnish a copy for publication.

Passed: Sent down for concurrence.

THOMAS P. RICH, *Chairman.*

In Common Council, July 10, 1862.

Concurred.

JOSHUA D. BALL, *President.*

Approved, July 11, 1862.

JOSEPH M. WIGHTMAN, *Mayor.*

A true copy.

Attest:

SAMUEL F. McCLEARY, *City Clerk.*

ORATION.

MR. MAYOR AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CITY COUNCIL :

HAD I felt at liberty to consult my own inclination alone, I should have asked you to excuse me from taking part in the proceedings of this day. At a much earlier period of life, I enjoyed the distinction of being placed on the long roll of those who have successively spoken to the people of Boston, at the bidding of their municipal authorities, on this our national anniversary. At this particular juncture, I could well have desired to be spared from the performance of any such public duty. I had prepared myself to bear what is now upon us, in silence and obscurity ; doing the infinitely little that I may, to alleviate personal suffering, sustaining the hopes of those who are nearest to me, and endeavoring to cherish in my own breast a living faith in the strength and perpetuity of our republican forms of government.

But private wishes are nothing — private tastes are nothing — in the presence of great public trials and

dangers. We cannot, if we would, escape the responsibilities which such trials and dangers entail upon us. If we fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, the thought of our country is with us there. If we put on the robes of the stoic, or wrap ourselves in the philosophy of the fatalist, the heart beneath will beat for the land of our birth, in spite of the outward man. There is no peace, there is no hope, there is no happiness, in a state of indifference to the welfare and honor of our country. The most sordid of men, whose sole delight consists in laying, day by day, one more piece of gold on his already swollen heaps, has no more assured rest from anxiety for his country, in times of real peril, than he whose whole being quivers beneath the blows which public disasters or disgraces inflict upon a refined and sensitive nature. To love our country ; to labor for its prosperity and repose ; to contend, in civil life, for the measures which we believe essential to its good ; to yearn for that long, deep, tranquil flow of public affairs, which we fondly hope is to reach and bear safely on its bosom those in whom we are to have an earthly hereafter ; these are the nobler passions and the higher aims which distinguish the civilized from the savage man. Even if I did not feel such emotions deeply, how could I bring here at such a time as this the doubts and

misgivings of one fearful for himself? The thickly crowding memories of the far-off dead, who have fallen in the bitter contests of this civil war, admonish me of the insignificance of such fears. Who shall bring a thought of the exertions, the sacrifices or the responsibilities of public discourse into the presence of the calamities of his country!

I am here for a far other purpose. I come to plead for the Constitution of our country. I am here to show you, from my own earnest convictions, how dangerous it may be to forego all care for the connection between the political past and the political future. I am here to state to you, as I have read them on the page of history, the fundamental conditions on which alone, as I believe, the people of these States can be a nation, and preserve their liberties. I am here to endeavor to rescue the idea of union from heresies as destructive as the disorganizing and justly reprobated heresies of secession. I wish to do what I can to define to rational and intelligent minds the real nature and limits of the national supremacy; and to vindicate it from the corroding influence of doctrines which are leading us away from the political faith and precepts of a free people.

Do you say that there is no need of such a discussion? Reflect for a moment, I pray you, on what has already crept into the common uses of our political

speech. We hear men talk about the “old” Constitution ; as if that admirable frame of government, which is not yet older than some who still live under its sway, and which has bestowed on this nation a vigor unexampled in history, were already in its decrepitude ; or as if it had become suspended from its functions by general consent, to await at respectful distance the advent of some new authority, as yet unknown. We hear men talk of the “old” Union ; as if there were a choice about the terms on which the Union can subsist, or as if those terms were not to be taken as having been fixed, on the day on which Washington and his compatriots signed the Constitution of the United States. You will not say that this tendency — this apparent willingness to break away from the past and its obligations, and to throw ourselves upon a careless tempting of the future — does not demand your sober consideration. I beg you also to call before you another symptom of these unsettled times. With an extravagance partly habitual to us, and partly springing from the intense exertions of the year which has just passed, we have encountered the doctrines of secession and disunion with many theories about the national unity and the Federal authority, which are not founded in history or in law. Are you not conscious that there has been poured forth from hundreds of American pulpits, plat-

forms, and presses, and on the floors of Congress, a species of what is called argument, in defence of the national supremacy, which ill befits the nature of our republican institutions? When I hear one of these courtier-like preachers or writers, for our American sovereigns, resting the authority of our government on a doctrine that might have gained him promotion at the hands of James or Charles Stuart, I cannot help wishing that he had lived in an age when such teachings, if not actually believed to be sound, were at all events exceedingly useful to the teachers. My friends, I cannot bear the thought of vindicating the supremacy of our national government by anything but the just title on which it was founded; and I will not desert the solid ground of our republican constitutional liberty for any purpose on earth while there is a hope of maintaining it.

I know of no just foundation for the title of government in this country, but consent — that consent which resides in compact, contract, stipulation, concession — the “*do et concedo*” of public grants. Give me a solemn cession of political sovereign powers, evidenced by a public transaction and a public charter, and you have given me a civil contract, to which I can apply the rules of public law and the obligations of justice between man and man; on which I can separate the legitimate powers of the government

from the rights of the people ; on which I can, with perfect propriety, assert the authority of law in the halls of criminal jurisprudence, or, if need be, at the mouth of the cannon. But when you speak of any other right of one collection of people or States to govern another collection of people or States ; when you go beyond a public charter to create a national unity and a duty of loyalty and submission independent of that charter ; when you undertake to found government on something not embraced by a grant — I understand you to employ a language and ideas that ought never to be uttered by an American tongue, and which, if carried out in practice, will put an end to the principles on which your liberties are founded.

For these and many other reasons — most appropriate for our consideration this day — let us recur to certain indisputable facts in our history. I shall make no apology for insisting on the precedents of our national history. No nation can safely lay aside the teachings, the obligations, or the facts of its previous existence. You cannot make a *tabula rasa* of your political condition, and write upon it a purely original system, with no traditions, no law, no compacts, no beliefs, no limitations, derived from the generations who have gone before you, without ruinously failing to improve. Revolutionary France tried such

a proceeding ; — and property, life, religion, morals, public order and public tranquillity went down into a confusion no better than barbarism, out of which society could be raised again only by the strong hand of a despot. WE are of a race which ought to have learned by the experience of a thousand years, that reforms, improvements, progress, must be conducted with a fixed reference to those antecedent facts which have already formed the chief condition of the national existence. Let us attend to some of the well known truths in our history.

1. The Declaration of Independence was not accepted by the people of the colonies, and their Delegates in Congress were not authorized to enter into a Union, without a reservation to the people of each colony of its distinct separate right of internal self-government. To represent the abstract sentiments of the Declaration as inconsistent with any law or institution existing in any one of the colonies, is to contradict the record and history of its adoption. What, for example, do you make of the following resolution of the people of Maryland in convention, adopted on the 28th day of June, 1776, and laid before the Continental Congress three days before the Declaration of Independence was signed: “ That the deputies of said Colony or any three or more of them, be authorized and empowered to concur with

the other United Colonies, or a majority of them, in declaring the United Colonies free and independent States ; in forming such further compact and confederation between them ; in making foreign alliances, and in adopting such other measures as shall be adjudged necessary for securing the liberties of America ; and, that said Colony will hold itself bound by the resolutions of the majority of the United Colonies, in the premises : *provided*, THE SOLE AND EXCLUSIVE RIGHT OF REGULATING THE INTERNAL GOVERNMENT AND POLICE OF THAT COLONY BE RESERVED TO THE PEOPLE THEREOF.”

This annunciation of the sense and purpose in which the people of Maryland accepted the Declaration, is just as much a part of the record as the Declaration itself ; and it clearly controls for them the meaning and application of every political axiom or principle which the Declaration contains. It was intended to signify to the country and the world, that the people of Maryland consented to separate themselves from the sovereignty of Great Britain, *on the condition*, that the right to maintain within their own limits just such a system of society and government as they might see fit to maintain, should belong to them, *notwithstanding* anything said in the Declaration to which they were asked to give their assent.

Several of the other colonies made a similar express reservation; and all of them, and all the people of America, understood that every colony accepted the Declaration, in fact, in the same sense. No man in the whole country, from the 4th of July, 1776, to the adoption of the Articles of Confederation, ever supposed that the Revolutionary Congress acquired any legal right to interfere with the domestic concerns of any one of the colonies which then became States, or any moral authority to lay down rules for determining what laws, institutions, or customs, or what condition of its inhabitants, should be adopted or continued by the States in their internal government. From that day to this, it has ever been a received doctrine of American law, that the Revolutionary Congress exercised, with the assent of the whole people, certain powers which were needful for the common defence; but that these powers in no way touched or involved the sovereign right of each State to regulate its own internal condition.

2. When the Articles of Confederation were finally ratified, in 1781, there was placed in the very front of the instrument the solemn declaration that, "Each State retains its sovereignty, freedom, and independence, and every power, jurisdiction, and right, which is not by this Confederation expressly

delegated to the United States in Congress assembled ;” and the powers given to the United States in Congress related exclusively to those affairs in which the States had a common concern, and were framed with a view to the common defence against a foreign enemy, in order to secure, by joint exertions, the independence and sovereignty of each of the States.

3. When the Constitution of the United States was finally established, in 1788, the people of each State, acting through authorized agents, executed, by a resolution or other public act, a cession of certain sovereign powers, described in the Constitution, to the Government which that Constitution provided to receive and exercise them. These powers being once absolutely granted by public instruments duly executed in behalf of the people of each State, were thenceforth incapable of being resumed ; for I hold that there is nothing in the nature of political powers which renders them, when absolutely ceded, any more capable of being resumed at pleasure by the grantors, than a right of property is when once conveyed by an absolute deed. In both cases, those who receive the grant hold under a contract ; and if that contract, as is the case with the Constitution, provides for a common arbiter to determine its meaning and operation, there is no resulting right in the

parties, from the instrument itself, to determine any question that arises under it.

At the same time, it is never to be forgotten that the powers and rights of separate internal government which were not ceded by the people of the States, or which they did not by adopting the Constitution agree to restrain, remained in the people of each State in full sovereignty. It might have been enough for their safety to have rested upon this as a familiarly understood and well-defined principle of public law, implied in every such grant. But the people did not see fit to trust to implication alone. They insisted upon annexing to the Constitution an amendment, which declares that "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people."

We thus see that, from the first dawn of our national existence, through every form which it has yet assumed, a dual character has constantly attended our political condition. A nation has existed, because there has all along existed a central authority having the right to prescribe the rule of action for the whole people, on certain subjects, occasions, and relations. In this sense and in no other, to this extent but no farther, we have been since

1776, and are now, a nation. At the beginning, the limits of this central authority, in respect to which we are a nation, were defined by general popular understanding; but more recently they were fixed in written terms and public charters, first by the Articles of Confederation, and ultimately and with a more enlarged scope and a more efficient machinery, by the Constitution. The latter instrument made this central authority a government proper, but with limited and defined powers, which are supreme within their own appropriate sphere. In like manner, from the beginning, there has existed another political body; — distinct, sovereign within its own sphere, and independent as to all the powers and objects of government not ceded or restrained under the Federal Constitution. This body is the State; a political corporation, of which each inhabitant is a subject, as he is at the same time a subject of that other political corporation known as the United States.

All this is familiar to you. But I state it here, because I wish to remind you that the careful preservation of this separate political body, the State, — this sovereign right of self-government as far as it has been retained by the people of each State, — has ever been a cardinal rule of action with the American people, and with all their wisest states-

men, Northern and Southern, of every school of politics. There have been great differences of opinion, and great controversies, respecting the dividing line which separates, or ought to be held to separate, the National from the State powers. But no American statesman has ever lived, at any former period, who would have dared to confess a purpose to crush the State sovereignties out of existence; and no man can now confess such a wish, without arousing a popular jealousy which will not slumber even in a time of civil war and national commotion.

What is the true secret of this undying popular jealousy on the subject of the State rights? What is it, that even now — when we are sending our best blood to be poured out in defence of the true principle of the national supremacy — causes all men who are not mad with some revolutionary project, to shrink from measures that appear to threaten the integrity of State authority, and to pray that at least that bitter and dreaded cup may pass from us? It is the original, inborn and indestructible belief that the preservation of the State sovereignty, within its just and legitimate sphere, is essential to the preservation of Republican liberty. Beyond a doubt, it was this belief which led the people from the first to object, as they sometimes did unreasonably

object, to the augmentation of the national powers. Perhaps they could not always explain — perhaps they did not always fully understand — all the grounds of this conviction. It has been, as it were, an instinct; and for one, I hope that instinct is as active and vigilant this day, as I am sure it was eighty years ago.

For I am persuaded that local self-government, to as great an extent as is consistent with national safety, is indispensable to the long continued existence of Republican government on a large scale. A Republic, in a great nation, demands those separate institutions, which imply in different portions of the nation some rights and powers with which no other portion of the nation can interfere. You may give the mere name of a Republic to a great many modes of national existence; but unless there are local privileges, immunities, and rights, that are not subject to the control of the national will, the government, although resting on a purely democratic basis, will be a despotism towards all the minorities. A great nation, too, that attempts republican government without such local institutions and rights, must soon lose even the republican form. Twice within the memory of some who are yet living, have the people of France tried the experiment of calling themselves a Republic; and France, be it remem-

bered, has been, ever since her great Revolution, essentially a democratic country. But her republics have never been anything but huge democracies, acting with overwhelming force sometimes through a head called a Directory, sometimes through a First Consul, sometimes through a President, but ending speedily in an Emperor and a Despotism. It is impracticable for a great and powerful democratic nation, whose power is not broken and checked by local institutions of self-government, to avoid conferring on its head and representative a large part or the whole of its own unlimited force. If that head is not clothed with such power, there will be anarchy. Louis Napoleon, by the present theory of French law, is the representative of the whole authority of the French nation — so constituted by universal suffrage; and if his power did not in fact correspond to this theory, order could not be preserved in France. The most skeptical person may be convinced of this, who will read the Constitution of the French Empire, remembering that it is the work of the Emperor himself.

Turning now to our own country, let us suppose that the States of this Union, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, were obliterated to-day, and that the people of this whole country were a consolidated democracy, “one and indivisible.” No laws would

then be made, no justice administered, no order maintained, no institutions upheld, save in the name and by the authority of the nation. What sort of a Republic, think you, would that be? If it started with the name and semblance, how long would it preserve the substance of Republican institutions? In order to act at all in the discharge of the vast duties devolving upon it, the government of such a Republic, extending over a country so enormous, must more and more be made the depositary of the irresistible force of the nation; and the theory that the will of the government expresses in all cases the will of the ruling majority, must soon confer upon it that omnipotent power, beneath which minorities and individuals can have no rights.

This is no mere speculation. Every reflecting man in this country knows that he has some civil rights, which he does not hold at the will and pleasure of a majority of the people of the United States. He knows that he holds these rights by a tenure which cannot lawfully be touched by all the residue of the nation. This is Republican liberty, as I understand and value it; and without this principle in some form of active and secure operation, I do not believe that any valuable Republican liberty is possible in any great Democratic country on the face of this earth. Certainly, it is not possible for us.

It seems to one who looks back upon our history, and who keeps before him the settled conditions of our liberty, almost impossible to believe that in consequence of a direct collision between the rightful supremacy of the nation and a wrongful assertion of State Sovereignty, we are exposed to all the evils of civil war, and to the danger of destroying the true principles of our system, in the effort to maintain them. That this danger is real and practical, will be conceded now, by every man who will contemplate the projects that spring up on all sides, looking to the acquisition of powers which have never belonged to the Federal Union by any theory under which it has yet existed. The main resemblance between these projects is that none of them will fit the known basis of the Constitution; and that as means, therefore, of curing the disorders of our country, or of making men obedient to the Constitution, their tendency is merely mischievous. At the same time, they are none of them founded on any theory of a new Union, or of a new form of national existence, which their authors can explain to us or to themselves. One man, for instance, wishes the government to assume the power of emancipating all the slaves of the South, by some decree, civil or military. But he cannot possibly explain what the government of the

Union is to be, when it has done this. Another man wants a sweeping confiscation of all the property of all the people of the revolted States, guilty and innocent alike. But he does not tell you what kind of a sovereign the United States is to be, after such a seizure shall have been consummated. A third, in addition to these things, and as if in imitation of the Austrian method of dealing with rebellious Hungary, wishes to declare a sweeping forfeiture of all political rights; an utter extinguishment of the corporate State existence, and a reduction of the people of the revolted States to a condition of military or some other vassalage. But he not only does not show how the Constitution enables the Federal Government to obliterate a State, but he does not even suggest what the Union is to be, when this is done, or even whence the requisite physical force is to be derived. Multitudes of politicians tell us that slavery is the root of all the national disasters, and that we must "strike at the root." But none of them tell us how we are to pass through these disasters to a safer condition, or what the condition is to be when we shall have "struck at the root."

Now it seems to me, endeavoring as I do to repress all merely vain and useless regrets for what is passed, and to find some safe principle of action

for the present and the future, that there is one thought on which the people of the United States should steadily fix their attention. We have seen that our National Union has had three distinct stages. The first was the Union formed by sending delegates to the Revolutionary Congress, and by a general submission to the measures adopted by that body for the common defence. The second was the closer league of the Confederation, the powers of which were defined by a written charter. The third was the institution of a government proper, with sovereign but enumerated powers, under the Constitution. Now I infer from what I see of some of the currents of public and private opinion, that many persons entertain a vague expectation that the military operations now necessarily carried on by the Federal Government will result in the creation of new civil relations, a new Union and a new Constitution of some kind, they know not what. He would be a very bold and a very rash man, who should undertake to predict what new constitution can follow a civil war in a great country like this. But looking back to the commencement of our national existence, we see that there never has been a change in the form of the Union; there never has been a new acquisition of political power by the central government, which has been gained by force.

Such additions of foreign territory, as we have obtained by arms or treaty, have merely increased the area of the Union, but they have not augmented the political powers of the government in the smallest degree. The inhabitants of those regions have come into the Union subject to the same powers to which we, who were original parties to the formation of the Constitution, have always been subject, and to no others. The national authority has never gained the slightest increase of its political powers by force of arms. In every stage in which its powers have been augmented, the increase has been gained by the free, voluntary consent of the people of each State, without coercion of any kind.

This consideration certainly affords no reason why the Government of the United States should not vindicate its just authority under the Constitution, over the whole of its territory, by military power. The right of the Government of this Union to exercise the powers embraced in the Constitution rests, I repeat, upon a voluntary, irrevocable cession of those powers by the people of each State; and no impartial publicist in the world will deny that the right to put down all military or other resistance to the exercise of those powers rests upon a just and perfect title. This title is founded on a public grant.

But when you come to the idea of acquiring

other and further powers by the exercise of force, you come to a very different question. You then have to consider whether a people whose civil polity is founded on the title given by consent—who have never known or admitted any other rule of action than that expressed in the maxim that “governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed,”—can proceed to found any new political powers on a military conquest over a rebellion, without changing the whole character of their institutions. For my own part, with the best reflection I have been able to give to this momentous subject, I have never been able to see how a majority of the American people can proceed to acquire by military subjugation, or by military means, or maxims, any *new* authority over the people or institutions of any State or class of States, without falling back upon the same kind of title, as that by which William of Normandy and his descendants acquired and held the throne of England. That title was founded on the sword.

Perhaps there are some who will say, if this is to be the issue, let it come. I can have no argument with those who are prepared to accept, or who wish for, this issue. All that I know or expect in this world, of what may be called civil happiness, is staked on the preservation of our republican consti-

tutional freedom. If others are prepared to yield it; if others are willing to barter it for the doubly hazardous experiment of obtaining control over the destiny of a race not now subject to our sway, or dependent on our responsibility; if others are ready to change the foundation of our Union from free public charters to new authorities obtained by military subjugation — I cannot follow them. I shall bear that result, if it comes, with such resignation as may be given to me. But you will pardon me, fellow-citizens, if, with my humble efforts, I yet endeavor to sustain those, be they many or few, who faithfully seek to carry us to the end of these great perils with the whole system of our civil liberties unimpaired. You will still, I trust, give every honest man the freedom to struggle to the last for that inestimable principle, on which the very authority of your government to demand the obedience of all its citizens was founded by those who created it.

The object for which we are urged by some to put at imminent hazard the foundation principle of our Federal system, is, emancipation of the slaves of the South. No one can be less disposed than myself to undervalue the capacity of my countrymen to do a great many things — and to do them successfully. One would suppose, however, that a

proposition to effect a sweeping change in the condition of four millions of the laboring peasantry of a great region of country, and to do it in almost total ignorance of the methods in which that particular race can be safely dealt with, so as to produce any good, — would be a proposition upon which even our self-confidence would be likely to pause. One would suppose that such an idea might suggest an inquiry into the limits of human responsibility. It is not allowed among sound moralists, that there is any rule which authorizes a statesman to undo an original wrong, at the imminent hazard of doing another wrong, as great or greater; and there is no rule of moral obligation for a statesman, that is not applicable to the conduct of a people.

Setting aside, then, for a moment, all idea of constitutional restraint, let me put it to each one of you to ask himself how many persons there are in all the North, on whose judgment you would rely for a reasonably safe determination as to what ought to be done with slavery, — having a single view to the welfare of that race? Of course I do not speak of disposing of a few hundred individuals, but of general measures or movements affecting four millions of your fellow-creatures. It has been my fortune, in the course of life, to know a few truly great statesmen in this our Northern latitude, and

to know many other persons, for whose general opinions on what concerns the welfare of the human race I should have profound respect. But I have never seen the man, born, educated and living away from contact with slavery as it exists in the South, whom I could regard as competent to determine what radical changes ought to be made in the condition of a race, of whom all that we yet know evinces their present incapacity to become self-sustaining and self-dependent. In such a case, it appears to me a very plain moral proposition, that our Maker has not cast upon us the responsibility of becoming his agents in the premises. But it further appears to me that, in this case, he has surrounded my moral responsibility with other limitations which I cannot transcend. If the order of civil society in which I am placed imposes on me an obligation to refrain from acting on the affairs of others ; if I cannot break that obligation without destroying the principle of a beneficent government and overturning the foundations of property ; if I cannot use the means which I am tempted to employ without danger of unspeakable wrong ; or if the utter inefficacy of those means is apparent to me and to all men, — what is my duty to Him who sets the moral bounds of all my actions ? It is to use those means, and those only, against which He

has raised no such gigantic and insuperable moral obstacles. That no valuable military allies can be found among the negroes of the South ; that no description of government custody or charge of them can become more than a change of masters ; and that nothing but weakness to the national cause results from projects that look to the acquisition of national power over their condition, — are truths on which the public mind appears to be rapidly approaching a settled conviction.

I add one word more upon this topic ; and I do it for the purpose of saying in the presence of this community, that any project for arming the blacks against their masters deserves the indignant rebuke of every Christian in the land. When the descendants of those whom Chatham protected against ministerial employment of the Indian scalping-knife, so forget the civilization of the age and their own manhood as to sanction a greater atrocity, we may hang our heads in shame before the nations of the earth.

But there is another aspect of this matter, which it would be entirely wrong to overlook. The great army which has rallied with such extraordinary vigor and alacrity to the defence of the Union and the preservation of the Constitution, — which has endured so much, and has exhibited such heroic

qualities, — is not a standing army of hired mercenaries. It is an army of volunteers, of citizen soldiers who have left their homes and entered the service of their country, for a special purpose which they distinctly understood. Permit me to say that you are bound to remember this ; — or, rather let me cast aside the language of exhortation, and assert, in your name, that you do remember it with pride and exultation. The purpose for which these men were asked to enter the public service was the protection of the existing Union and the existing Constitution from attempts to overthrow or change them by organized violence ; and that purpose is the most important element in their relation to the Government. No other army in the world ever entered the service of any power, with an understanding so distinct, so peculiar, so circumscribed in respect to the objects for which it was to be used ; so directly addressed to the moral sense and intelligent judgment of intelligent men. I cannot doubt that I speak the sentiments of nine men out of every ten in this community, when I say that to change that purpose, and to use that army for any other end than the defence of the Constitution as it is, and the restoration of the Union of our forefathers, would be a violation of the public faith.

It is now proposed to enlarge that army by a further call for volunteers. Let them come forth, making no conditions with the Government; for the Government has made its own conditions, and has made them in accordance with the letter and the spirit of the Constitution. The purposes and objects of the war, as declared at the beginning, can never be changed, unless the people shall be so untrue to themselves as to compel a change; and when they do that, they will be themselves responsible for the defeat of their own hopes.

There is yet another topic, on which, as it seems to me, we ought carefully and soberly to reflect. I mean the history of opinion concerning the nature of the Union, and the causes which from time to time have produced disorganizing doctrines respecting it. But let me ask you here not to misunderstand me. I seek no occasion to fasten upon particular persons one or another measure of responsibility for what has occurred; and, therefore, in pursuance of a rule which I have imposed on myself in the preparation of this discourse, the name or designation of no living man, in the North or the South, will pass my lips this day.

Whoever is well acquainted with the political history of this country, since the adoption of the Federal Constitution, must know that there have

been developed at various times, certain strange opinions concerning the nature of the Federal Union, the foundation of its authority, and the character of the obligations which we owe to it. In general, the people of the United States have been content to rest upon that theory respecting their government which has always prevailed in its official administration, in whatever hands that administration has been lodged ;—this theory being that the central government holds certain direct and sovereign, but special, powers over the whole people, ceded to it by the voluntary grant of the people of each State. But a sense of injury in certain localities, springing from wrong supposed to have been committed or meditated by the ruling majority, or by those who at the time exercised the power of the majority, has not infrequently led men here as elsewhere, to indulge in speculations and acts quite inconsistent with the only basis on which the government can be said to have any real authority whatever. To enumerate all these occasions, or to recite the intemperate conduct that has attended them in periods of great excitement, is unnecessary. But there is one of them, which may serve as an ample illustration of all that I desire to say on this special topic.

It is commonly said, — and with much logical

truth,—that the doctrines of Nullification lead, by natural steps, to the doctrines of Secession ; and the late Mr. Calhoun, who is justly considered as the patron, if not the author, of the former, is also popularly regarded as the father of the latter. But it is important for us, in more aspects than one to know that Mr. Calhoun did not contemplate or desire a dissolution of the Union. He adopted a doctrine respecting it which does indeed lead, when consistently followed out, to what is called the constitutional right of secession ; but he did not see this connection, or intend the consequence. There is reason to believe that if his confidential correspondence during the times of Nullification shall ever see the light, it will be found that he was a sincere lover of the Union, and was wholly unconscious that he was sowing, in the minds of those who were to come after him, seeds that were to bear a fatal fruit. It was in his power, at one time, to have arrested the career of the Nullifiers in South Carolina, for to them his word was law ; and if he had so done, he would probably have been placed by his numerous, powerful, and attached friends, out of that State, in nomination at least for the highest office in the country.

But what was it that led that subtle, acute and generally logical intellect to embrace a theory

respecting the Constitution which was entirely at variance with the facts that attended its establishment? The process was very simple, with a mind of a highly metaphysical and abstract turn. Mr. Calhoun had persuaded himself, contrary to an earlier opinion, that a protective tariff was an unconstitutional exercise of power by the General Government, oppressive to South Carolina; and he cast about for a remedy. He saw no relief against this fancied wrong, likely to come from a majority of Congress and the people of the Union; and reasoning from the premises that the Constitution is a compact between sovereign *States*, an infraction of which the parties can redress for themselves when all other remedy fails, he reached the astounding conclusion, that the operation of an act of Congress may be arrested in any State, by a State ordinance, when that State deems such act an unconstitutional exercise of power. But he always maintained that this was a remedy within the Union, and not an act of revolution, or violence, or secession.

This memorable example of the mode in which opinion respecting the nature of our Union is affected, is full of instruction at the present time. But, let no one misunderstand or misrepresent the lesson that I draw from it; and, that no one may

have an excuse for so doing, let me be as frank and explicit as my temporary relation to this audience demands. I do not say that the course and result of the late Presidential election furnishes the least justification or excuse for what the South has done. I have never believed that any circumstances of a constitutional election, could of themselves afford a justification to any State, or any number of States, in withdrawing from the Union. Neither do I say, or believe, that any condition of opinion respecting a right to withdraw, can afford the slightest apology for that conduct on the part of individuals, in or out of the government, in respect to which there must always remain in every sound mind a great residuum of moral condemnation. Neither do I doubt at all the existence of a long-cherished purpose on the part of some Southern political men, to seize the first pretext for breaking up the Union of these States.

But, my fellow-citizens, it does appear to me, — and there is practical importance in the inquiry, in reference to a future restoration of the Union, — that we ought soberly to consider, whether any mere conspiracy of politicians could have found a *willing people*, if causes had not long been in operation, which have promoted the growth of doctrines

and feelings about the nature and benefits of the Union fatal to its present dominion over their minds and hearts.

What has been going on here in the North during the last twenty or twenty-five years? We have had a faction, or sect, or party, — call it what you will, — constantly increasing, constantly becoming more and more an element in our politics, which has made, not covert and secret, but open and undisguised war upon the Constitution, its authority, its law, and the ministers of its law, because its founders, for wise and necessary purposes, threw the shield of its protection over the institutions of the South. If there is a disorganizing doctrine, or one diametrically hostile to the supremacy of the Constitution, which that faction has not held, inculcated, and endeavored to introduce into public action, I know not where in the whole armory of disunion to look for it. They never cared whether the Constitution was a compact between independent *States*, or an instrument of sovereign government resting on the voluntary grant and stipulation of the people of each State. Destroy it, they said, — destroy it! for, be it one thing or another, it contains that on which the heavens cry out, and against which man ought to rebel. And so they

went on doing their utmost to undermine all respect for its obligations, and to render of no kind of importance the foundations on which its authority rests. The more that public men in the North, from weakness, or ambition, or for the sake of party success, assimilated their opinions to the opinions of this faction, the more it became certain that the true ascendancy and supremacy of the Constitution could never be regained, without some enormous exertion of popular energy, following some newly enlightened condition of the popular understanding. When the country was brought to the sharp and sudden necessity of vindicating the nature and authority of the Union, there was throughout the North a general popular ignorance of its real character, and a wide-spread infidelity to some of its important obligations.

What has been going on in the South during the same period? On this point there is much to be learned by those who seek the truth. If you will investigate the facts, you will find that thirty years ago no such opinion as a right of secession had any general acceptance in the South. No general support was given in the South to the conduct of South Carolina, in the matter of nullification. Very few Southern statesmen or politicians of eminence, not belonging to that State, followed Mr. Calhoun

and Mr. Hayne; and when the great debate on the nature of the Constitution was closed, the general mind of the South was satisfied with the result.

How is it now? The simple truth is, that this great heresy of secession — understood by Southern politicians as a right resulting from the nature of the Union — is a growth of the last twenty-five years; and it has become the prevalent political faith with the most active of the educated men of the South who have come into public life during this period. It is my belief, founded on what I have had occasion to know, that the great body of Southern opinion respecting the Constitution, its nature, its obligations, and its historical basis, has undergone a complete revolution since the year 1835. What Mr. Calhoun never contemplated as a remedy against supposed unconstitutional legislation, has become familiar to men's minds as a remedy against that which was striking deeper than legislation; which might never take the form of Congressional action, but was constantly taking every form of popular agitation; which might never become the tangible and responsible doctrine of administration, but was yet all the more formidable and irritating, because it lay couched in an irresponsible popular sentiment, fomented by

appeals which were designed to deprive constitutional ties and obligations of their binding moral force.

Are we told that these things do not stand in any relation of cause and effect? Are we so simple, so uninstructed in what influences the great movements of the human mind, that we cannot see how intellect and passion and interest may be affected by what passes before our eyes? Must I wait until the whole fabric of free constitutional government is pulled down upon my head, and I am buried beneath its ruins, before I cry out in its defence? Must I postpone all judgment respecting the causes of its disintegration, until it has gone down in the ashes of civil war, and History has written the epitaph over the noblest commonwealth that the world has seen? I fear that there is a too prevalent disposition to surrender ourselves as passive instruments into the hands of fate, — too much of abandonment to the current of mere events, — too great a practical denial of our own capacity to save our country by a manly assertion of the moral laws on which its preservation depends. Can it be that we are losing our faith in that Ruler who has made the safety of nations to depend on something more than physical and material strength, who has given us moral power over

our own condition, and has surrounded us with countless moral weapons for its defence?

It is marvellous through what a course of instruction, through what discipline of suffering and calamity, the people of this country have had to pass, in order fully to comprehend the truth that the nature of their government depends upon sound deduction from a series of historical facts; and that it must, therefore, be defended by consistent popular action. It is now somewhat more than thirty years since Daniel Webster, combining in himself more capacities for such a task than had ever been given to any other American statesman, demonstrated that our national government can have no secure operation whatever, unless the obviously true and simple deduction from the facts of its origin is accepted as the basis of its authority. You know what he taught. You know that he proved — if ever mortal intellect proved a moral proposition — that in the exercise of its constitutional powers the national government is supreme, because every inhabitant of every State has covenanted with every inhabitant of every other State that it shall be so; that even when the national Legislature is supposed to have overstepped its constitutional limits, no State interposition, no State Legislation, can afford lawful remedy or relief; and that all adverse State action,

whether called by the name of Nullification or by any other name, is unlawful resistance. We are glad enough now to rest upon his great name; we march proudly under his imposing banner, to encounter the hosts of "constitutional secession." But how was it with us, even before he was laid in that unpretending tomb, which rises in the scene that he loved so well, and overlooks the sounding sea, by the music of whose billows he went to his earthly rest? Did we follow in his footsteps? Did we requite his unequalled civil services? Did we cherish the great doctrine that he taught us, as the palladium of a government which must perish if that doctrine loses its pre-eminence in the national mind? How long or how well did we preserve the recollection of his teachings, when our local interests and feelings were arrayed against the action of the Federal Power? I will not open that record. I would to Heaven that it were blotted out forever. But I cannot stand here this day and be guilty of anything so unfaithful to my country, as to admit that under a government whose authority can live only when sustained by popular reverence for its sanctions and popular belief in its foundations, opinion in the South has not been affected by what has transpired in the North.

I have endeavored to state, with fairness and

precision, the principle on which the American Union was founded, and to show that its preservation depends upon keeping the national and the State sovereignties each within the proper limits of its appropriate sphere. I am aware that the opinion has been formed to a great extent in foreign countries and in the South, and by some among us, that this principle is no longer practicable; that the Union of free and slave States in the same nation has become an exploded experiment; and that our interests are so incompatible that a reconstruction, on the old basis at least, ought not to be attempted. We should probably all concede that this view of the subject is correct, if we believed that the incompatibility is necessary, inherent and inevitable. But there is not enough to justify the breaking up of such a union, if the supposed incompatibility is but the result of causes which we can reach, or if it arises from an unfaithful compliance with the terms of our association. We can make such an association no longer practicable if we choose to do so. We can prevent it from becoming impracticable, if we are so resolved. If the free States, as one section, and the slave States as another, will not respect their mutual obligations, then there is an end of the usefulness of all effort. If we, of the North, will not religiously and honestly respect the constitutional right of every State to main-

tain just such domestic institutions as it pleases to have, and protect that right from every species of direct and indirect interference, then there is an absolute incompatibility. If they, of the South, will not as honestly and religiously maintain the right of the Federal Union to regulate those subjects and interests which are committed to it by the Constitution, then there is, in like manner, an incompatibility of precisely the same nature. If the parties, in reference to the common domains, will admit of no compromise or concession, but each insists on applying to them its own policy as a national policy, then the incompatibility is as complete from that cause as it is from the others. The difficulty is not in the principle of the association, for nothing can be clearer than that principle ; and when it has been honorably adhered to, no government in the world has worked more successfully. But the difficulty has arisen from disturbing causes that have dislocated the machine ; and what we have now to ascertain is, whether the PEOPLE on both sides will treat those causes as temporary, and remove them, or will accept them as inevitable and incurable, and thus make the separation final and conclusive.

In the gloomy conception of the old Grecian tragedy, no room was left by the poets for the moral energies of man, there was no force in

human struggles, no defence in human innocence or virtue. Higher than Jupiter, higher than the heavens, in infinite distance, in infinite indifference to the fortunes of men or gods, sate the mysterious and eternal power of Destiny. Before time was, its decrees were made; and when the universe began, that awful chancery was closed. No sweet interceding saints could enter there, translated from the earth to plead for mankind. No angels of love and mercy came from human abodes, to bring tidings of their state. No mediator, once a sufferer in the flesh, stood there to atone for human sin. The wail of a nation in its agony, or the cry that went up from a breaking human heart, might pierce into the endless realms of space, might call on the elements for sympathy, but no answer and no relief could come. He who was pre-ordained to suffer, through whatever agency, suffered and sank, with no consolation but the thought that all the deities, celestial and infernal, were alike subject to the same power.

Are we, too, driven by some relentless force, that annihilates our own free wills and dethrones Him who is Supreme? Are we cast helpless and drifting, like leaves that fall upon the rushing stream? Must we give way to blank despair? No, no, no! There are duties to be done—to be done by us: for whatever may be the result of the military struggle now

pending, — whatever may be the effect of victories that have been or shall be won — whatever are to be our future relations with the people of the South, the time is coming when we and they, face to face, and in the eye of an all-seeing God, must determine how we will live side by side as the children of one eternal Parent. For that approaching day, and for the sake of a restoration of that which arms alone cannot conquer, let me implore you to make some fit and adequate preparation of instruments and agents and means and influences. Trust to the humanizing effects of a new and better Intercourse. Trust to the laws of Nature, which have poured through this vast continent the mighty streams that bind us in the indissoluble ties of Commerce. Trust in that Charity — the follower and the handmaid of Commerce — which clothes the naked and feeds the hungry and forgives the erring. Trust in the force of Kindred Blood, which leaps to reconciliation, when the storms of passion are sunk to rest. Trust in that divine law of Love, which has more power over the human soul than all the terrors of the dungeon or the gibbet. Trust in the influence over your own hearts and the hearts of others, of that Religion which was sent as the messenger of Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men. Trust in the wise, beneficent, impartial and neutral spirit of your

Fathers, who gave tranquillity, prosperity and happiness to the whole land. Trust in God: and you may yet see your national emblem, not as the emblem of victory, but as the sign of a reunited American people, floating in the breath of a merciful Heaven, and more radiant with the glory of its restored constellation, than with all the triumphs it has won, or can ever win, over a foreign foe.

ORATION

DELIVERED BEFORE

THE CITY AUTHORITIES OF BOSTON,

ON THE

FOURTH OF JULY, 1863,

BY

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



BOSTON:

J. E. FARWELL & COMPANY, PRINTERS TO THE CITY,

37 CONGRESS STREET.

1863.

CITY OF BOSTON.

In Board of Aldermen, July 6, 1863.

ORDERED: That the thanks of the City Council be, and they are hereby presented, to OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, M. D., for the highly eloquent and truly loyal Address delivered before the Municipal Authorities of Boston, on the occasion of the celebration of the Eighty-seventh Anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence, and that he be requested to furnish a copy for publication.

Sent down for concurrence.

THOMAS C. AMORY, JR., *Chairman.*

In Common Council, July 9, 1863.

Concurred.

GEORGE S. HALE, *President.*

Approved July 10, 1863.

F. W. LINCOLN, JR., *Mayor.*

ORATION.

MR. MAYOR AND GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMON COUNCIL,
FELLOW-CITIZENS AND FRIENDS :

It is our first impulse, upon this returning day of our Nation's birth, to recall whatever is happiest and noblest in our past history, and to join our voices in celebrating the statesmen and the heroes, the men of thought and the men of action, to whom that history owes its existence. In other years this pleasing office may have been all that was required of the holiday speaker. But to-day, when the very life of the nation is threatened, when clouds are thick about us, and men's hearts are throbbing with passion, or failing with fear, it is the living question of the hour, and not the dead story of the past, which forces itself into all minds, and will find unrebuked debate in all assemblies.

In periods of disturbance like the present, many persons who sincerely love their country and mean to do their duty to her, disappoint the hopes and expectations of those who are actively working in her cause. They seem to have lost whatever moral force they may have once possessed, and to go drifting

about from one profitless discontent to another, at a time when every citizen is called upon for cheerful, ready service. It is because their minds are bewildered, and they are no longer truly themselves. Show them the path of duty, inspire them with hope for the future, lead them upwards from the turbid stream of events to the bright translucent springs of eternal principles, strengthen their trust in humanity, and their faith in God, and you may yet restore them to their manhood and their country.

At all times, and especially on this anniversary of glorious recollections and kindly enthusiasms, we should try to judge the weak and wavering souls of our brothers fairly and generously. The conditions in which our vast community of peace-loving citizens find themselves, are new and unprovided for. Our quiet burghers and farmers are in the position of river-boats blown from their moorings out upon a vast ocean, where such a typhoon is raging as no mariner who sails its waters ever before looked upon. If their beliefs change with the veering of the blast, if their trust in their fellow-men, and in the course of Divine Providence seems well-nigh shipwrecked, we must remember that they were taken unawares, and without the preparation which could fit them to struggle with these tempestuous elements. In times like these the faith is the man; and they to whom

it is given in larger measure, owe a special duty to those who for want of it are faint at heart, uncertain in speech, feeble in effort, and purposeless in aim.

Assuming without argument a few simple propositions, that self-government is the natural condition of an adult society, as distinguished from the immature state, in which the temporary arrangements of monarchy and oligarchy are tolerated as conveniences; that the end of all social compacts is or ought to be to give every child born into the world the fairest chance to make the most and the best of itself that laws can give it; that Liberty, the one of the two claimants who swears that her babe shall not be split in halves and divided between them, is the true mother of this blessed Union; that the contest in which we are engaged is one of principles overlaid by circumstances; that the longer we fight, and the more we study the movements of events and ideas, the more clearly we find the moral nature of the cause at issue emerging in the field and in the study; that all honest persons with average natural sensibility, with respectable understanding, educated in the school of northern teaching, will have eventually to range themselves in the armed or unarmed host which fights or pleads for freedom, as against every form of tyranny; if not in the front rank now, then in the rear rank by-and-by; assuming these

propositions, as many, perhaps most of us, are ready to do, and believing that the more they are debated before the public, the more they will gain converts, we owe it to the timid and the doubting to keep the great questions of the time in unceasing and untiring agitation. They must be discussed, in all ways consistent with the public welfare, by different classes of thinkers; by priests and laymen; by statesmen and simple voters; by moralists and lawyers; by men of science and uneducated hand-laborers; by men of facts and figures, and by men of theories and aspirations; in the abstract and in the concrete; discussed and rediscussed every month, every week, every day, and almost every hour, as the telegraph tells us of some new upheaval or subsidence of the rocky base of our political order.

Such discussions may not be necessary to strengthen the convictions of the great body of loyal citizens. They may do nothing towards changing the views of those, if such there be, as some profess to believe, who follow politics as a trade. They may have no hold upon that class of persons who are defective in moral sensibility, just as other persons are wanting in an ear for music. But for the honest, vacillating minds, the tender consciences supported by the trembling knees of an infirm intelligence, the timid compromisers who are always trying to curve the straight

lines and round the sharp angles of eternal law, the continual debate of these living questions is the one offered means of grace and hope of earthly redemption. And thus a true, unhesitating patriot may be willing to listen with patience to arguments which he does not need, to appeals which have no special significance for him, in the hope that some less clear in mind or less courageous in temper may profit by them.

As we look at the condition in which we find ourselves on this fourth day of July, 1863, at the beginning of the Eighty-eighth Year of American independence, we may well ask ourselves what right we have to indulge in public rejoicings. If the war in which we are engaged is an accidental one, which might have been avoided but for our fault; if it is for any ambitious or unworthy purpose on our part; if it is hopeless, and we are madly persisting in it; if it is our duty and in our power to make a safe and honorable peace, and we refuse to do it; if our free institutions are in danger of becoming subverted, and giving place to an irresponsible tyranny; if we are moving in the narrow circles which are to engulf us in national ruin; then we had better sing a dirge and leave this idle assemblage; and hush the noisy cannon which are reverberating through the air, and

tear down the scaffolds which are soon to blaze with fiery symbols; for it is mourning and not joy that should cover the land; there should be silence, and not the echo of noisy gladness in our streets; and the emblems with which we tell our nation's story and prefigure its future, should be traced not in fire but in ashes.

If, on the other hand, this war is no accident, but an inevitable result of long-incubating causes; inevitable as the cataclysms that swept away the monstrous births of primeval nature; if it is for no mean, unworthy end, but for national life, for liberty everywhere, for humanity, for the kingdom of God on earth; if it is not hopeless, but only growing to such dimensions that the world shall remember the final triumph of right throughout all time; if there is no safe and honorable peace for us but a peace proclaimed from the capital of every revolted province in the name of the sacred, inviolable Union; if the fear of tyranny is a phantasm conjured up by the imagination of the weak acted on by the craft of the cunning; if so far from circling inward to the gulf of our perdition, the movement of past years is reversed, and every revolution carries us farther and farther from the centre of the vortex, until, by God's blessing, we shall soon find ourselves freed from the outermost coil of the

accursed spiral; if all these things are true; if we may hope to make them seem true, or even probable, to the doubting soul, in an hour's discourse, then we may join without madness in the day's exultant festivities; the bells may ring, the cannon may roar, the incense of our harmless saltpetre fill the air, and the children who are to inherit the fruit of these toiling, agonizing years, go about unblamed, making day and night vocal with their jubilant patriotism.

The struggle in which we are engaged was inevitable; it might have come a little sooner, or a little later, but it must have come. The disease of the nation was organic and not functional, and the rough chirurgery of war was its only remedy.

In opposition to this view, there are many languid thinkers who lapse into a forlorn belief that if this or that man had never lived, or if this or that other man had not ceased to live, the country might have gone on in peace and prosperity until its felicity merged in the glories of the millennium. If Mr. Calhoun had never proclaimed his heresies; if Mr. Garrison had never published his paper; if Mr. Phillips, the Cassandra in masculine shape of our long prosperous Ilium, had never uttered his melodious prophecies; if the silver tones of Mr. Clay had

still sounded in the senate chamber to smooth the billows of contention; if the Olympian brow of Daniel Webster had been lifted from the dust to fix its awful frown on the darkening scowl of rebellion, we might have been spared this dread season of convulsion. All this is but simple Martha's faith, without the reason she could have given: "If Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died."

They little know the tidal movements of national thought and feeling, who believe that they depend for existence on a few swimmers who ride their waves. It is not Leviathan that leads the ocean from continent to continent, but the ocean which bears his mighty bulk as it wafts its own bubbles. If this is true of all the narrower manifestations of human progress, how much more must it be true of those broad movements in the intellectual and spiritual domain which interest all mankind? But in the more limited ranges referred to, no fact is more familiar than that there is a simultaneous impulse acting on many individual minds at once, so that genius comes in clusters, and shines rarely as a single star. You may trace a common motive and force in the pyramid builders of the earliest recorded antiquity, in the evolution of Greek architecture, and in the sudden springing up of those wondrous cathedrals of the twelfth and the following centuries,

growing out of the soil with stem and bud and blossom, like flowers of stone whose seeds might well have been the flaming aerolites cast over the battlements of heaven. You may see the same law showing itself in the brief periods of glory which make the names of Pericles and Augustus illustrious with reflected splendors; in the painters, the sculptors, the scholars of "Leo's golden days;" in the authors of the Elizabethan time; in the poets of the first part of this century following that dreary period, suffering alike from the silence of Cowper and the song of Hayley. You may accept the fact as natural, that Zwingli and Luther, without knowing each other, preached the same reformed gospel; that Newton, and Hooke, and Halley, and Wren, arrived independently of each other at the great law of the diminution of gravity with the square of the distance; that Leverrier and Adams felt their hands meeting, as it were, as they stretched them into the outer darkness beyond the orbit of Uranus in search of the dim, unseen planet; that Fulton and Bell, that Wheatstone and Morse, that Daguerre and Niepce, were moving almost simultaneously in parallel paths to the same end. You see why Patrick Henry, in Richmond, and Samuel Adams, in Boston, were startling the crown officials with the same accents of liberty, and why the Meck-

lenburg Resolutions had the very ring of the protest of the Province of Massachusetts. This law of simultaneous intellectual movement, recognized by all thinkers; expatiated upon by Lord Macaulay and by Mr. Herbert Spencer among recent writers; is eminently applicable to that change of thought and feeling, which necessarily led to the present conflict.

The antagonism of the two sections of the Union was not the work of this or that enthusiast or fanatic. It was the consequence of a movement in mass of two different forms of civilization in different directions, and the men to whom it was attributed were only those who represented it most completely, or who talked longest and loudest about it. Long before the accents of those famous statesmen referred to ever resounded in the halls of the Capital; long before the "Liberator" opened its batteries, the controversy now working itself out by trial of battle, was foreseen and predicted. Washington warned his countrymen of the danger of sectional divisions, well knowing the line of cleavage that ran through the seemingly solid fabric. Jefferson foreshadowed the judgment to fall upon the land for its sin against a just God. Andrew Jackson announced a quarter of a century beforehand that the next pretext of revolution would be slavery. De Tocqueville recog-

nized with that penetrating insight which analyzed our institutions and conditions so keenly, that the Union was to be endangered by slavery, not through its interests, but through the change of character it was bringing about in the people of the two sections; the same fatal change which George Mason, more than half a century before, had declared to be the most pernicious effect of the system, adding the solemn warning now fearfully justifying itself in the sight of his descendants, that "by an inevitable chain of causes and effects, Providence punishes national sins by national calamities." The Virginian romancer pictured the far-off scenes of the conflict which he saw approaching, as the prophets of Israel painted the coming woes of Jerusalem; and the strong iconoclast of Boston announced the very year when the curtain should rise on the yet unopened drama.

The wise men of the past, and the shrewd men of our own time who warned us of the calamities in store for our nation, never doubted what was the cause which was to produce first alienation and finally rupture. The descendants of the men "daily exercised in tyranny," the "petty tyrants," as their own leading statesmen called them long ago, came at length to love the institution which their fathers had condemned while they tolerated. It is the fearful realization of that vision of the poet where the lost

angels snuff up with eager nostrils the sulphurous emanations of the bottomless abyss, — so have their natures become changed by long breathing the atmosphere of the realm of darkness.

At last, in the fulness of time, the fruits of sin ripened in a sudden harvest of crime. Violence stalked into the senate chamber, theft and perjury wound their way into the cabinet, and, finally, openly organized conspiracy, with force and arms, made burglarious entrance into a chief stronghold of the Union. That the principle which underlay these acts of fraud and violence should be irrevocably recorded with every needed sanction, it pleased God to select a chief ruler of the false government to be its Messiah to the listening world. As with Pharaoh, the Lord hardened his heart, while He opened his mouth as of old He opened that of the unwise animal ridden by cursing Balaam. Then spake Mr. "Vice-President" Stephens those memorable words which fixed forever the theory of the new social order. He first lifted a degraded barbarism to the dignity of a philosophic system. He first proclaimed the gospel of eternal tyranny as the new revelation which Providence had reserved for the western Palestine. Hear, O heavens! and give ear, O earth! The corner-stone of the new-born dispensation is the recognized inequality of races; not that the strong

may protect the weak, as men protect women and children, but that the strong may claim the authority of Nature and of God to buy, to sell, to scourge, to hunt, to cheat out of the reward of his labor, to keep in perpetual ignorance, to blast with hereditary curses throughout all time the bronzed foundling of the New World, upon whose darkness has dawned the star of the occidental Bethlehem !

After two years of war have consolidated the opinion of the Slave States, we read in the "Richmond Examiner": "The establishment of the Confederacy is verily a distinct reaction against the whole course of the mistaken civilization of the age. For 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity,' we have deliberately substituted Slavery, Subordination, and Government."

A simple diagram, within the reach of all, shows how idle it is to look for any other cause than slavery as having any material agency in dividing the country. Match the two broken pieces of the Union, and you will find the fissure that separates them zigzagging itself half across the continent like an isothermal line, shooting its splintery projections, and opening its re-entering angles, not merely according to the limitations of particular States, but as a county or other limited section of ground belongs to freedom or to slavery. Add to this the official statement made in 1862, that "there is not one regiment or

battalion or even company of men, which was organized in or derived from the Free States or Territories, anywhere, against the Union ;” throw in gratuitously Mr. Stephens’s explicit declaration in the speech referred to, and we will consider the evidence closed for the present on this count of the indictment.

In the face of these predictions, these declarations, this line of fracture, this precise statement, testimony from so many sources, extending through several generations, as to the necessary effect of slavery *a priori*, and its actual influence as shown by the facts, few will suppose that anything *we* could have done would have stayed its course or prevented it from working out its legitimate effects on the white subjects of its corrupting dominion. Northern acquiescence or even sympathy may have sometimes helped to make it sit more easily on the consciences of its supporters. Many profess to think that Northern fanaticism, as they call it, acted like a mordant in fixing the black dye of slavery in regions which would but for that have washed themselves free of its stain in tears of penitence. It is a delusion and a snare to trust in any such false and flimsy reasons where there is enough and more than enough in the institution itself to account for its growth. Slavery gratifies at once the love of power, the love of money, and the love of ease ; it finds a victim for

anger who cannot smite back his oppressor, and it offers to all, without measure, the seductive privileges which the Mormon gospel reserves for the true believers on earth, and the Bible of Mahomet only dares promise to the saints in heaven.

Still it is common, common even to vulgarity, to hear the remark that the same gallows-tree ought to bear as its fruit the arch-traitor and the leading champion of aggressive liberty. The mob of Jerusalem was not satisfied with its two crucified thieves; it must have a cross also for the reforming Galilean, who interfered so rudely with its conservative traditions! It is asserted that the fault was quite as much on our side as on the other; that our agitators and abolishers kindled the flame for which the combustibles were all ready on the other side of the border. If these men could have been silenced, our brothers had not died.

Who are the persons that use this argument? They are the very ones who are at the present moment most zealous in maintaining the right of free discussion. At a time when every power the nation can summon is needed to ward off the blows aimed at its life, and turn their force upon its foes, —when a false traitor at home may lose us a battle by a word, and a lying newspaper may demoralize an army by its daily or weekly *stillicidium* of poison,

they insist with loud acclaim upon the liberty of speech and of the press ; liberty, nay license, to deal with government, with leaders, with every measure, however urgent, in any terms they choose, to traduce the officer before his own soldiers, and assail the only men who have any claim at all to rule over the country, as the very ones who are least worthy to be obeyed. If these opposition members of society are to have their way now, they cannot find fault with those persons who spoke their minds freely in the past on that great question which, as we have agreed, underlies all our present dissensions.

It is easy to understand the bitterness which is often shown towards reformers. They are never general favorites. They are apt to interfere with vested rights and time-hallowed interests. They often wear an unlovely, forbidding aspect. Their office corresponds to that of Nature's sanitary commission for the removal of material nuisances. It is not the butterfly, but the beetle, which she employs for this duty. It is not the bird of paradise and the nightingale, but the fowl of dark plumage and unmelodious voice, to which is entrusted the sacred duty of eliminating the substances that infect the air. And the force of obvious analogy teaches us not to expect all the qualities which please the general

taste, in those whose instincts lead them to attack the moral nuisances which poison the atmosphere of society. But whether they please us in all their aspects or not, is not the question. Like them or not, they must and will perform their office, and we cannot stop them. They may be unwise, violent, abusive, extravagant, impracticable, but they are alive, at any rate, and it is their business to remove abuses as soon as they are dead, and often to help them to die. To quarrel with them because they are beetles and not butterflies, is natural, but far from profitable. They grow none the worse for being trodden upon, like those tough weeds that love to nestle between the stones of court-yard pavements. If you strike at one of their heads with the bludgeon of the law, or of violence, it flies open like the seed-capsule of a snap-weed, and fills the whole region with seminal thoughts which will spring up in a crop just like the original martyr. They chased one of these enthusiasts who attacked slavery, from St. Louis, and shot him at Alton in 1837; and on the 23d of June just passed, the Governor of Missouri, Chairman of the Committee on Emancipation, introduced to the Convention an Ordinance for the final extinction of slavery! They hunted another through the streets of a great Northern city in 1835, and within a few weeks a regiment of col-

ored soldiers, many of them bearing the marks of the slave-driver's whip on their backs, marched out before a vast multitude tremulous with newly-stirred sympathies, through the streets of the same city, to fight our battles in the name of God and Liberty!

The same persons who abuse the reformers, and lay all our troubles at their door, are apt to be severe also on what they contemptuously emphasize as "sentiments" considered as motives of action. It is charitable to believe that they do not seriously contemplate or truly understand the meaning of the words they use, but rather play with them, as certain so-called "learned" quadrupeds play with the printed characters set before them. In all questions involving duty, we act from sentiments. Religion springs from them, the family order rests upon them, and in every community each act involving a relation between any two of its members implies the recognition or the denial of a sentiment. It is true that men often forget them or act against their bidding in the keen competition of business and politics. But God has not left the hard intellect of man to work out its devices without the constant presence of beings with gentler and purer instincts. The breast of woman is the ever-rocking cradle of the pure and holy sentiments which will sooner or later steal their way into the mind of her sterner companion; which

will by-and-by emerge in the thoughts of the world's teachers, and at last thunder forth in the edicts of its lawgivers and masters. Woman herself borrows half her tenderness from the sweet influences of maternity ; and childhood, that weeps at the story of suffering, that shudders at the picture of wrong, brings down its inspiration "from God, who is our home." To quarrel, then, with the class of minds that instinctively attack abuses, is not only profitless but senseless ; to sneer at the sentiments which are the springs of all just and virtuous actions, is merely a display of unthinking levity, or of want of the natural sensibilities.

With the hereditary character of the Southern people moving in one direction, and the awakened conscience of the North stirring in the other, the open conflict of opinion was inevitable, and equally inevitable its appearance in the field of national politics. For what is meant by self-government, is that a man shall make his convictions of what is right and expedient regulate the community so far as his fractional share of the government extends. If one has come to the conclusion, be it right or wrong, that any particular institution or statute is a violation of the sovereign law of God, it is to be expected that he will choose to be represented by those who share his belief, and who will in their wider sphere

do all they legitimately can to get rid of the wrong in which they find themselves and their constituents involved. To prevent opinion from organizing itself under political forms may be very desirable, but it is not according to the theory or practice of self-government. And if at last organized opinions become arrayed in hostile shape against each other, we shall find that a just war is only the last inevitable link in a chain of closely-connected impulses of which the original source is in Him who gave to tender and humble and uncorrupted souls the sense of right and wrong, which, after passing through various forms, has found its final expression in the use of material force. Behind the bayonet is the lawgiver's statute, behind the statute the thinker's argument, behind the argument is the tender conscientiousness of woman,—woman, the wife, the mother,—who looks upon the face of God himself reflected in the unsullied soul of infancy. “Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies.”

The simplest course for the malcontent is to find fault with the order of Nature and the Being who established it. Unless the law of moral progress were changed, or the Governor of the Universe were dethroned, it would be impossible to prevent a great uprising of the human conscience against a

system, the legislation relating to which, in the words of so calm an observer as De Tocqueville, the Montesquieu of our laws, presents "such unparalleled atrocities as to show that the laws of humanity have been totally perverted." Until the infinite selfishness of the powers that hate and fear the principles of free government swallowed up their convenient virtues, that system was hissed at by all the decent members of the old-world civilization. While in one section of our land the attempt has been going on to lift it out of the category of tolerated wrongs into the sphere of the world's beneficent agencies, it was to be expected that the protest of Northern manhood and womanhood would grow louder and stronger until the conflict of principles led to the conflict of forces. The moral uprising of the North came with the logical precision of destiny ; the rage of the "petty tyrants" was inevitable ; the plot to erect a slave empire followed with fated certainty ; and the only question left for us of the North, was whether we should suffer the cause of the Nation to go by default, or maintain its existence by the argument of cannon and musket, of bayonet and sabre.

The war in which we are engaged is for no meanly ambitious or unworthy purpose. It was primarily,

and is to this moment, for the preservation of our national existence. The first direct movement towards it was a civil request on the part of certain Southern persons, that the Nation would commit suicide, without making any unnecessary trouble about it. It was answered with sentiments of the highest consideration, that there were constitutional and other objections to the Nation's laying violent hands upon itself. It was then requested, in a somewhat peremptory tone, that the Nation would be so obliging as to abstain from food until the natural consequences of that proceeding should manifest themselves. All this was done as between a single State and an isolated fortress; but it was not South Carolina and Fort Sumter that were talking; it was a vast conspiracy uttering its menace to a mighty nation; the whole menagerie of treason was pacing its cages, ready to spring as soon as the doors were opened; and all that the tigers of rebellion wanted to kindle their wild natures to phrensy, was the sight of flowing blood.

As if to show how coldly and calmly all this had been calculated beforehand by the conspirators, to make sure that no absence of malice aforethought should degrade the grand malignity of settled purpose into the trivial effervescence of transient passion, the torch which was literally to launch

the first missile, figuratively, to “fire the southern heart” and light the flame of civil war, was given into the trembling hand of an old white-headed man, the wretched incendiary whom history will handcuff in eternal infamy with the temple-burner of ancient Ephesus. The first gun that spat its iron insult at Fort Sumter, smote every loyal American full in the face. As when the foul witch used to torture her miniature image, the person it represented suffered all that she inflicted on his waxen counterpart, so every buffet that fell on the smoking fortress was felt by the sovereign nation of which that was the representative. Robbery could go no farther, for every loyal man of the North was despoiled in that single act as much as if a footpad had laid hands upon him to take from him his father’s staff and his mother’s Bible. Insult could go no farther, for over those battered walls waved the precious symbol of all we most value in the past and most hope for in the future,—the banner under which we became a nation, and which, next to the cross of the Redeemer, is the dearest object of love and honor to all who toil or march or sail beneath its waving folds of glory.

Let us pause for a moment to consider what might have been the course of events if under the influence of fear, or of what some would name

humanity, or of conscientious scruples to enter upon what a few please themselves and their rebel friends by calling a “wicked war;” if under any or all these influences we had taken the insult and the violence of South Carolina without accepting it as the first blow of a mortal combat, in which we must either die or give the last and finishing stroke.

By the same title which South Carolina asserted to Fort Sumter, Florida would have challenged as her own the Gibraltar of the Gulf, and Virginia the Ehrenbreitstein of the Chesapeake. Half our navy would have anchored under the guns of these suddenly alienated fortresses, with the flag of the rebellion flying at their peaks. “Old Ironsides” herself would have perhaps sailed out of Annapolis harbor to have a wooden Jefferson Davis shaped for her figure-head at Norfolk,—for Andrew Jackson was a hater of secession, and his was no fitting effigy for the battle-ship of the red-handed conspiracy. With all the great fortresses, with half the ships and warlike material, in addition to all that was already stolen, in the traitors’ hands, what chance would the loyal men in the Border States have stood against the rush of the desperate fanatics of the now triumphant faction? Where would Maryland, Kentucky, Missouri, Tennessee,—saved, or looking to be saved, even as it is, as by fire,—have been in the day of

trial? Into whose hands would the Capital, the archives, the glory, the name, the very life of the Nation as a nation, have fallen, endangered as all of them were, in spite of the volcanic outburst of the startled North which answered the roar of the first gun at Sumter? Worse than all, are we permitted to doubt that in the very bosom of the North itself, there was a serpent, coiled but not sleeping, which only listened for the first word that made it safe to strike, to bury its fangs in the heart of Freedom, and blend its golden scales in close embrace with the deadly reptile of the cotton-fields. Who would not wish that he were wrong in such a suspicion? yet who can forget the mysterious warnings that the allies of the rebels were to be found far north of the fatal boundary line; and that it was in their own streets, against their own brothers, that the champions of liberty were to defend her sacred heritage?

Not to have fought, then, after the supreme indignity and outrage we had suffered, would have been to provoke every further wrong, and to furnish the means for its commission. It would have been to placard ourselves on the walls of the shattered fort, as the spiritless race the proud labor-thieves called us. It would have been to die as a nation of freemen, and to have given all we had left of our rights into

the hands of alien tyrants in league with home-bred traitors.

Not to have fought would have been to be false to liberty everywhere, and to humanity. You have only to see who are our friends and who are our enemies in this struggle, to decide for what principles we are combating. We know too well that the British aristocracy is not with us. We know what the West End of London wishes may be the result of this controversy. The two halves of this Union are the two blades of the shears, threatening as those of Atropos herself, which will sooner or later cut into shreds the old charters of tyranny. How they would exult if they could but break the rivet that makes of the two blades one resistless weapon! The man who of all living Americans had the best opportunity of knowing how the fact stood, wrote these words in March, 1862: "That Great Britain did, in the most terrible moment of our domestic trial in struggling with a monstrous social evil she had earnestly professed to abhor, coldly and at once assume our inability to master it, and then become the only foreign nation steadily contributing in every indirect way possible to verify its pre-judgment, will probably be the verdict made up against her by posterity, on a calm comparison of the evidence."

So speaks the wise, tranquil statesman who represents the nation at the Court of St. James, in the midst of embarrassments perhaps not less than those which vexed his illustrious grandfather, when he occupied the same position as the Envoy of the hated, new-born Republic.

“It cannot be denied,” — says another observer, placed on one of our national watch-towers in a foreign capital, — “it cannot be denied that the tendency of European public opinion as delivered from high places, is more and more unfriendly to our cause;” — “but the people,” he adds, “everywhere sympathize with us, for they know^a that our cause is that of free institutions, — that our struggle is that of the people against an oligarchy.” These are the words of the Minister to Austria, whose generous sympathies with popular liberty no homage paid to his genius by the class whose admiring welcome is most seductive to scholars has ever spoiled; our fellow-citizen, the historian of a great Republic which infused a portion of its life into our own, — John Lothrop Motley.

It is a bitter commentary on the effects of European, and especially of British institutions, that such men should have to speak in such terms of the manner in which our struggle has been regarded. We had, no doubt, very generally reckoned on the sympa-

thy of England, at least, in a strife which, whatever pretexts were alleged as its cause, arrayed upon one side the supporters of an institution she was supposed to hate in earnest, and on the other its assailants. We had forgotten what her own poet, one of the truest and purest of her children, had said of his countrymen, in words which might well have been spoken by the British Premier to the American Ambassador asking for some evidence of kind feeling on the part of his Government :

“Alas! expect it not. We found no bait
To tempt us in thy country. Doing good,
Disinterested good, is not our trade.”

We know full well by this time what truth there is in these honest lines. We have found out, too, who our European enemies are, and why they are our enemies. Three bending statues bear up that gilded seat, which, in spite of the time-hallowed usurpations and consecrated wrongs so long associated with its history, is still venerated as the throne. One of these supports is the pensioned church; the second is the purchased army; the third is the long-suffering people. Whenever the third caryatid comes to life and walks from beneath its burden, the capitals of Europe will be filled with the broken furniture of palaces. No wonder that our ministers find the privileged

orders willing to see the ominous republic split into two antagonistic forces, each paralyzing the other, and standing in their mighty impotence a spectacle to courts and kings; to be pointed at as helots who drank themselves blind and giddy out of that broken chalice which held the poisonous draft of liberty!

We know our enemies, and they are the enemies of popular rights. We know our friends, and they are the foremost champions of political and social progress. The eloquent voice and the busy pen of John Bright have both been ours, heartily, nobly, from the first; the man of the people has been true to the cause of the people. That deep and generous thinker, who, more than any of her philosophical writers, represents the higher thought of England, John Stuart Mill, has spoken for us in tones to which none but her sordid hucksters and her selfish land-graspers can refuse to listen. Count Gasparin and Laboulaye have sent us back the echo from liberal France; France, the country of ideas, whose earlier inspirations embodied themselves for us in the person of the youthful La Fayette. Italy,—would you know on which side the rights of the people and the hopes of the future are to be found in this momentous conflict, what surer test, what ampler demonstration can you ask than the eager sympathy of the Italian patriot whose name is the hope of the toiling many,

and the dread of their oppressors wherever it is spoken; the heroic Garibaldi?

But even when it is granted that the war was inevitable; when it is granted that it is for no base end, but first for the life of the nation, and more and more, as the quarrel deepens, for the welfare of mankind, for knowledge as against enforced ignorance, for justice as against oppression, for that kingdom of God on earth which neither the unrighteous man nor the extortioner can hope to inherit, it may still be that the strife is hopeless, and must therefore be abandoned. Is it too much to say that whether the war is hopeless or not for the North, depends chiefly on the answer to the question whether the North has virtue and manhood enough to persevere in the contest so long as its resources hold out? But how much virtue and manhood it has can never be told until they are tried, and those who are first to doubt the prevailing existence of these qualities, are not commonly themselves patterns of either. We have a right to trust that this people is virtuous and brave enough not to give up a just and necessary contest before its end is attained, or shown to be unattainable for want of material agencies. What was the end to be attained by accepting the gage of battle? It was to get the better of our assailants, and

having done so, to take exactly those steps which we should *then* consider necessary to our present and future safety. The more obstinate the resistance, the more completely must it be subdued. It may not even have been desirable, as Mr. Mill suggested long since, that the victory over the rebellion should have been easily and speedily won, and so have failed to develop the true meaning of the conflict, to bring out the full strength of the revolted section, and to exhaust the means which would have served it for a still more desperate future effort. We cannot complain that our task has proved too easy. We give our Southern army, — for we must remember that it is our army, after all, only in a state of mutiny, — we give our Southern army credit for excellent spirit and perseverance in the face of many disadvantages. But we have a few plain facts which show the probable course of events; the gradual but sure operation of the blockade; the steady pushing back of the boundary of rebellion, in spite of resistance at many points, or even of such aggressive inroads as that which our armies are now meeting with their long lines of bayonets — may God grant them victory! — the progress of our arms down the Mississippi; the relative value of gold and currency at Richmond and Washington. If the index hands of force and credit continue to move in the ratio of the past two years, where will the Confederacy be in twice or thrice that time?

Either all our statements of the relative numbers, power and wealth of the two sections of the country signify nothing, or the resources of our opponents in men and means must be much nearer exhaustion than our own. The running sand of the hour-glass gives no warning, but runs as freely as ever when its last grains are about to fall. The merchant wears as bold a face the day before he is proclaimed a bankrupt, as he wore at the height of his fortunes. If Colonel Grierson found the Confederacy "a mere shell," so far as his equestrian excursion carried him, how can we say how soon the shell will collapse? It seems impossible that our own dissensions can produce anything more than local disturbances, like the Morristown revolt, which Washington put down at once by the aid of his faithful Massachusetts soldiers. But in a rebellious state dissension is ruin, and the violence of an explosion in a strict ratio to the pressure on every inch of the containing surface. Now we know the tremendous force which has compelled the "unanimity" of the Southern people. There are men in the ranks of the Southern army, if we can trust the evidence which reaches us, who have been recruited with packs of blood-hounds, and drilled, as it were, with halters around their necks. We know what is the bitterness of those who have

escaped this bloody harvest of the remorseless conspirators; and from that we can judge of the elements of destruction incorporated with many of the seemingly solid portions of the fabric of the rebellion. The facts are necessarily few, but we can reason from the laws of human nature as to what must be the feelings of the people of the South to their Northern neighbors. It is impossible that the love of the life which they have had in common, their glorious recollections, their blended histories, their sympathies as Americans, their mingled blood, their birthright as born under the same flag and protected by it the world over, their worship of the same God under the same outward form, at least, and in the folds of the same ecclesiastical organizations, should all be forgotten, and leave nothing but hatred and eternal alienation. Men do not change in this way, and we may be quite sure that the pretended unanimity of the South will some day or other prove to have been a part of the machinery of deception which the plotters have managed with such consummate skill. It is hardly to be doubted that in every part of the South, as in New Orleans, in Charleston, in Richmond, there are multitudes who wait for the day of deliverance, and for whom the coming of "our good friends, the enemies," as Beranger has it, will be like the advent of the angels to

the prison-cells of Paul and Silas. But there is no need of depending on the aid of our white Southern friends, be they many or be they few ; there is material power enough in the North, if there be the will to use it, to overrun and by degrees to recolonize the South, and it is far from impossible that some such process may be a part of the mechanism of its new birth, spreading from various centres of organization, on the plan which Nature follows when she would fill a half-finished tissue with blood-vessels, or change a temporary cartilage into bone.

Suppose, however, that the prospects of the war were, we need not say absolutely hopeless, — because that is the unfounded hypothesis of those whose wish is father to their thought, — but full of discouragement. Can we make a safe and honorable peace as the quarrel now stands ? As honor comes before safety, let us look at that first. We have undertaken to resent a supreme insult, and have had to bear new insults and aggressions, even to the direct menace of our national capital. The blood which our best and bravest have shed will never sink into the ground until our wrongs are righted, or the power to right them is shown to be insufficient. If we stop now all the loss of life has been butchery ; if we carry out the intention with which we first

resented the outrage, the earth drinks up the blood of our martyrs, and the rose of honor blooms forever where it was shed. To accept less than indemnity for the past, so far as the wretched kingdom of the conspirators can afford it, and security for the future, would discredit us in our own eyes and in the eyes of those who hate and long to be able to despise us. But to reward the insults and the robberies we have suffered, by the surrender of our fortresses along the coast, in the national gulf, and on the banks of the national river, — and this and much more would surely be demanded of us, — would place the United Fraction of America on a level with the Peruvian guano-islands, whose ignoble but coveted soil is open to be plundered by all comers !

If we could make a peace without dishonor, could we make one that would be safe and lasting? We could have an armistice, no doubt, long enough for the flesh of our wounded men to heal and their broken bones to knit together. But could we expect a solid, substantial, enduring peace, in which the grass would have time to grow in the war-paths, and the bruised arms to rust, as the old G. R. cannon rusted in our State arsenal, sleeping with their tom-pions in their mouths, like so many sucking lambs? It is not the question whether the same set of

soldiers would be again summoned to the field. Let us take it for granted that we have seen enough of the miseries of warfare to last us for a while, and keep us contented with militia musters and sham-fights. The question is whether we could leave our children and our children's children with any secure trust that they would not have to go through the very trials we are enduring, probably on a more extended scale and in a more aggravated form.

It may be well to look at the prospects before us, if a peace is established on the basis of Southern independence, the only peace possible, unless we choose to add ourselves to the four millions who already call the Southern whites their masters. We know what the prevailing,—we do not mean universal,—spirit and temper of those people have been for generations, and what they are like to be after a long and bitter warfare. We know what their tone is to the people of the North; if we do not, De Bow and Governor Hammond are school-masters who will teach us to our heart's content. We see how easily their social organization adapts itself to a state of warfare. They breed a superior order of men for leaders, an ignorant commonalty ready to follow them as the vassals of feudal times followed their lords; and a race of bondsmen, who, unless this war changes them from

chattels to human beings, will continue to add vastly to their military strength in raising their food, in building their fortifications, in all their mechanical work of war, in fact, except, it may be, the handling of weapons. The institution proclaimed as the corner-stone of their government, does violence not merely to the precepts of religion, but to many of the best human instincts, yet their fanaticism for it is as sincere as any tribe of the desert ever manifested for the faith of the Prophet of Allah. They call themselves by the same name as the Christians of the North, yet there is as much difference between their Christianity and that of Wesley or of Channing, as between creeds that in past times have vowed mutual extermination. Still we must not call them barbarians because they cherish an institution hostile to civilization. Their highest culture stands out all the more brilliantly from the dark background of ignorance against which it is seen; but it would be injustice to deny . . . that they have always shone in political science, or that their military capacity makes them most formidable antagonists, and that however inferior they may be to their Northern fellow-countrymen in most branches of literature and science, the social elegancies and personal graces lend a singular charm to the best circles among their dominant class.

Whom have we then for our neighbors, in case of separation,—our neighbors along a splintered line of fracture extending for thousands of miles,—but the Saracens of the Nineteenth Century; a fierce, intolerant, fanatical people, the males of which will be a perpetual standing army; hating us worse than the Southern Hamilcar taught his swarthy boy to hate the Romans; a people whose existence as a hostile nation on our frontier, is incompatible with our peaceful development? Their wealth, the proceeds of enforced labor, multiplied by the breaking up of new cotton-fields, and in due time by the re-opening of the slave-trade, will go to purchase arms, to construct fortresses, to fit out navies. The old Saracens, fanatics for a religion which professed to grow by conquest, were a nation of predatory and migrating warriors. The Southern people, fanatics for a system essentially aggressive, conquering, wasting, which cannot remain stationary, but must grow by alternate appropriations of labor and of land, will come to resemble their earlier prototypes. Already, even, the insolence of their language to the people of the North is a close imitation of the style which those proud and arrogant Asiatics affected toward all the nations of Europe. What the “Christian dogs” were to the followers of Mahomet, the “accursed Yankees,” the

“Northern mudsills” are to the followers of the Southern Moloch. The accomplishments which we find in their choicer circles, were prefigured in the court of the chivalric Saladin, and the long train of Painim knights who rode forth to conquest under the Crescent. In all branches of culture, their heathen predecessors went far beyond them. The schools of mediæval learning were filled with Arabian teachers. The heavens declare the glory of the Oriental astronomers, as Algorab and Aldebaran repeat their Arabic names to the students of the starry firmament. The sumptuous edifice erected by the Art of the Nineteenth Century, to hold the treasures of its Industry, could show nothing fairer than the court which copies the Moorish palace that crowns the summit of Granada. Yet this was the power which Charles the Hammer, striking for Christianity and civilization, had to break like a potter’s vessel; these were the people whom Spain had to utterly extirpate from the land where they had ruled for centuries!

Prepare, then, if you unseal the vase which holds this dangerous Afrit of Southern nationality, for a power on your borders that will be to you what the Saracens were to Europe before the son of Pepin shattered their armies, and flung the shards and shivers of their broken strength upon

the refuse heap of extinguished barbarisms. Prepare for the possible fate of Christian Spain; for a slave market in Philadelphia; for the Alhambra of a Southern Caliph on the grounds consecrated by the domestic virtues of a long line of Presidents and their exemplary families. Remember the ages of border warfare between England and Scotland, closed at last by the union of the two kingdoms. Recollect the hunting of the deer on the Cheviot hills, and all that it led to; then think of the game which the dogs will follow open-mouthed across our Southern border, and all that is like to follow which the child may rue that is unborn; think of these possibilities, or probabilities, if you will, and say whether you are ready to make a peace which will give you such a neighbor; which may betray your civilization as that of half the Peninsula was given up to the Moors; which may leave your fair border provinces to be crushed under the heel of a tyrant, as Holland was left to be trodden down by the Duke of Alva!

No! no! fellow-citizens! We must fight in this quarrel until one side or the other is exhausted. Rather than suffer all that we have poured out of our blood, all that we have lavished of our substance to have been expended in vain, and to bequeath an unsettled question, an unfinished conflict, an unavenged

insult, an unrighted wrong, a stained escutcheon, a tarnished shield, a dishonored flag, an unheroic memory to the descendants of those who have always claimed that their fathers were heroes ; rather than do all this it were hardly an American exaggeration to say, better that the last man and the last dollar should be followed by the last woman and the last dime, the last child and the last copper !

There are those who profess to fear that our Government is becoming a mere irresponsible tyranny. If there are any who really believe that our present Chief Magistrate means to found a dynasty for himself and family, — that a *coup d'etat* is in preparation by which he is to become ABRAHAM, DEI GRATIA REX, — they cannot have duly pondered his letter of June 12th, in which he unbosoms himself with the simplicity of a rustic lover called upon by an anxious parent to explain his intentions. The force of his argument is not at all injured by the homeliness of his illustrations. The American people are not much afraid that their liberties will be usurped. An army of legislators is not very likely to throw away its political privileges, and the idea of a despotism resting on an open ballot-box, is like that of Bunker Hill Monument built on the waves of Boston Harbor. We know pretty nearly how much of sincerity there is in

the fears so clamorously expressed, and how far they are found in company with uncompromising hostility to the armed enemies of the Nation. We have learned to put a true value on the services of the watch-dog who bays the moon, but does not bite the thief !

• The men who are so busy holy-stoning the quarter-deck, while all hands are wanted to keep the ship afloat, can no doubt show spots upon it that would be very unsightly in fair weather. No thoroughly loyal man, however, need suffer from any arbitrary exercise of power, such as emergencies always give rise to. If any half-loyal man forgets his code of half decencies and half duties so far as to become obnoxious to the peremptory justice which takes the place of slower forms in all centres of conflagration, there is no sympathy for him among the soldiers who are risking their lives for us ; perhaps there is even more satisfaction than when an avowed traitor is caught and punished. For of all men who are loathed by generous natures, such as fill the ranks of the armies of the Union, none are so thoroughly loathed as the men who contrive to keep just within the limits of the law, while their whole conduct provokes others to break it ; whose patriotism consists in stopping an inch short of treason, and whose political morality has for its safeguard a just respect for the jailer and the hangman ! The

simple preventive against all possible injustice a citizen is like to suffer at the hands of a government which in its need and haste must of course commit many errors, is to take care to do nothing that will directly or indirectly help the enemy, or hinder the government in carrying on the war. When the clamor against usurpation and tyranny comes from citizens who can claim this negative merit, it may be listened to. When it comes from those who have done what they could to serve their country, it will receive the attention it deserves. Doubtless there may prove to be wrongs which demand righting, but the pretence of any plan for changing the essential principle of our self-governing system is a figment which its contrivers laugh over among themselves. Do the citizens of Harrisburg, or of Philadelphia, quarrel to-day about the strict legality of an executive act meant in good faith for their protection against the invader? We are all citizens of Harrisburg, all citizens of Philadelphia, in this hour of their peril, and with the enemy at work in our own harbors we begin to understand the difference between a good and bad citizen; the man that helps and the man that hinders; the man who, while the pirate is in sight, complains that our anchor is dragging in his mud, and the man who violates the proprieties, like our brave Portland brothers, when they jumped on board the

first steamer they could reach, cut her cable, and bore down on the Corsair, with a habeas corpus act that lodged twenty buccaneers in Fort Preble before sunset!

We cannot, then, we cannot be circling inward to be swallowed up in the whirlpool of national destruction. If our borders are invaded, it is only as the spur that is driven into the courser's flank to rouse his slumbering mettle. If our property is taxed, it is only to teach us that liberty is worth paying for as well as fighting for. We are pouring out the most generous blood of our youth and manhood; alas! this is always the price that must be paid for the redemption of a people. What have we to complain of, whose granaries are choking with plenty, whose streets are gay with shining robes and glittering equipages, whose industry is abundant enough to reap all its overflowing harvest, yet sure of employment and of its just reward, the soil of whose mighty valleys is an inexhaustible mine of fertility, whose mountains cover up such stores of heat and power, imprisoned in their coal measures, as would warm all the inhabitants and work all the machinery of our planet for unnumbered ages, whose rocks pour out rivers of oil, whose streams run yellow over beds of golden sand, — what have we to complain of?

Have we degenerated from our English fathers, so that we cannot do and bear for our national salvation what they have done and borne, over and over again, for their form of government? Could England, in her wars with Napoleon, bear an income tax of ten per cent., and must we faint under the burden of an income tax of three per cent.? Was she content to negotiate a loan at fifty-three for the hundred, and that paid in depreciated paper, and can we talk about financial ruin with our national stocks ranging from one to eight or nine above par, and the “five-twenty” war loan eagerly taken by our own people to the amount of nearly two hundred millions, without any check to the flow of the current pressing inwards against the doors of the Treasury? Except in those portions of the country which are the immediate seat of war, or liable to be made so, and which, having the greatest interest not to become the border states of hostile nations, can best afford to suffer now, the state of prosperity and comfort is such as to astonish those who visit us from other countries. What are war taxes to a nation which, as we are assured on good authority, has more men worth a million now, than it had worth ten thousand dollars at the close of the Revolution, — whose whole property is a hundred times, and whose commerce, inland and foreign, is five

hundred times what it was then? But we need not study Mr. Stillé's pamphlet and "Thompson's Bank Note Reporter," to show us what we know well enough—that so far from having occasion to tremble in fear of our impending ruin, we must rather blush for our material prosperity. For the multitudes who are unfortunate enough to be taxed for a million or more of course we must feel deeply, at the same time suggesting that the more largely they report their incomes to the tax-gatherer, the more consolation they will find in the feeling that they have served their country. But—let us say it plainly—it will not hurt our people to be taught that there are other things to be cared for besides money making and money spending; that the time has come when manhood must assert itself by brave deeds and noble thoughts; when womanhood must assume its most sacred office, "to warn, to comfort," and, if need be, "to command" those whose services their country calls for. This Northern section of the land has become a great variety shop, of which the Atlantic cities are the long-extended counter. We have grown rich for what? To put gilt bands on coachmen's hats? To sweep the foul sidewalks with the heaviest silks which the toiling artisans of France can send us? To look through plate-glass windows, and pity the brown soldiers,—

or sneer at the black ones? to reduce the speed of trotting horses a second or two below its old minimum? to color meerschaums? to flaunt in laces, and sparkle in diamonds? to dredge our maidens' hair with gold-dust? to float through life, the passive shuttlecocks of fashion, from the avenues to the beaches, and back again from the beaches to the avenues? Was it for this that the broad domain of the Western hemisphere was kept so long unvisited by civilization? — for this, that Time, the father of empires, unbound the virgin zone of this youngest of his daughters, and gave her, beautiful in the long veil of her forests, to the rude embrace of the adventurous Colonist? All this is what we see around us, now, — now, while we are actually fighting this great battle, and supporting this great load of indebtedness. Wait till the diamonds go back to the Jews of Amsterdam; till the plate-glass window bears the fatal announcement, *For Sale or to Let*; till the voice of our Miriam is obeyed, as she sings,

“Weave no more silks, ye Lyons looms!”

till the gold-dust is combed from the golden locks, and hoarded to buy bread; till the fast-driving youth smokes his clay-pipe on the platform of the horse-car; till the music-grinders cease because none will

pay them ; till there are no peaches in the windows at twenty-four dollars a dozen, and no heaps of bananas and pine-apples selling at the street-corners ; till the ten-flounced dress has but three flounces, and it is felony to drink champagne ; — wait till these changes show themselves, the signs of deeper wants, the preludes of exhaustion and bankruptcy ; then let us talk of the Maelstrom ; — but till then, let us not be cowards with our purses, while brave men are emptying their hearts upon the earth for us ; let us not whine over our imaginary ruin, while the reversed current of circling events is carrying us farther and farther, every hour, beyond the influence of the great failing which was born of our wealth, and of the deadly sin which was our fatal inheritance !

Let us take a brief general glance at the wide field of discussion we are just leaving.

On Friday, the twelfth day of the month of April, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and sixty-one, at half-past four of the clock in the afternoon, a cannon was aimed and fired by the authority of South Carolina at the wall of a fortress belonging to the United States. Its ball carried with it the hatreds, the rages of thirty years, shaped and cooled in the mould of malignant deliberation. Its wad

was the charter of our national existence. Its muzzle was pointed at the stone which bore the symbol of our national sovereignty. As the echoes of its thunder died away, the telegraph clicked one word through every office of the land. That word was WAR !

War is a child that devours its nurses one after another until it is claimed by its true parents. This war has eaten its way backward through all the technicalities of lawyers, learned in the infinitesimals of ordinances and statutes ; through all the casuistries of divines, experts in the differential calculus of conscience and duty, until it stands revealed to all men as the natural and inevitable conflict of two incompatible forms of civilization, one or the other of which must dominate the central zone of the continent, and eventually claim the hemisphere for its development.

We have reached the region of those broad principles and large axioms which the wise Romans, the world's lawgivers, always recognized as above all special enactments. We have come to that solid substratum acknowledged by Grotius in his great Treatise : " Necessity itself, which reduces things to the mere right of Nature." The old rules which were enough for our guidance in quiet times, have become as meaningless " as moonlight on the dial

of the day." We have followed precedents as long as they could guide us ; now we must make precedents for the ages which are to succeed us.

If we are frightened from our object by the money we have spent, the current prices of United States stocks show that we value our nationality at only a small fraction of our wealth. If we feel that we are paying too dearly for it in the blood of our people, let us recall those grand words of Samuel Adams :

"I should advise persisting in our struggle for liberty, though it were revealed from heaven that nine hundred and ninety-nine were to perish, and only one of a thousand were to survive and retain his liberty !"

What we want now is a strong purpose ; the purpose of Luther, when he said in repeating his Pater Noster, *fiat voluntas MEA*, — let *my* will be done ; though he considerably added *quia Tua*, — because my will is Thine. We want the virile energy of determination which made the oath of Andrew Jackson sound so like the devotion of an ardent saint that the recording angel might have entered it unquestioned among the prayers of the faithful.

War is a grim business. Two years ago our women's fingers were busy making "Havelocks." It seemed to us then as if the Havelock made half

the soldier ; and now we smile to think of those days of inexperience and illusion. We know now what War means, and we cannot look its dull, dead ghastliness in the face unless we feel that there is some great and noble principle behind it. It makes little difference what we thought we were fighting for at first ; we know what we are fighting for now, and what we are fighting against.

We are fighting for our existence. We say to those who would take back their several contributions to that undivided unity which we call the Nation ; the bronze is cast ; the statue is on its pedestal ; you cannot reclaim the brass you flung into the crucible ! There are rights, possessions, privileges, policies, relations, duties, acquired, retained, called into existence in virtue of the principle of absolute solidarity, — belonging to the United States as an organic whole, — which cannot be divided, which none of its constituent parties can claim as its own, which perish out of its living frame when the wild forces of rebellion tear it limb from limb, and which it must defend, or confess self-government itself a failure.

We are fighting for that Constitution upon which our national existence reposes, now subjected by those who fired the scroll on which it was written from the cannon at Fort Sumter, to all those chances

which the necessities of war entail upon every human arrangement, but still the venerable charter of our wide Republic.

We cannot fight for these objects without attacking the one mother cause of all the progeny of lesser antagonisms. Whether we know it or not, whether we mean it or not, we cannot help fighting against the system that has proved the source of all those miseries which the author of the Declaration of Independence trembled to anticipate. And this ought to make us willing to do and to suffer cheerfully. There were Holy Wars of old, in which it was glory enough to die, wars in which the one aim was to rescue the sepulchre of Christ from the hands of infidels. The sepulchre of Christ is not in Palestine! He rose from that burial-place more than eighteen hundred years ago. He is crucified wherever his brothers are slain without cause; he lies buried wherever man, made in his Maker's image, is entombed in ignorance lest he should learn the rights which his Divine Master gave him! This is our Holy War, and we must fight it against that great General who will bring to it all the powers with which he fought against the Almighty before he was cast down from Heaven. He has retained many a cunning advocate to recruit for him; he has bribed many a smooth-tongued preach-

er to be his chaplain; he has engaged the sordid by their avarice, the timid by their fears, the profligate by their love of adventure, and thousands of nobler natures by motives which we can all understand; whose delusion we pity as we ought always to pity the error of those who know not what they do. Against him or for him we are all called upon to declare ourselves. There is no neutrality for any single true-born American. If any seek such a position, the stony finger of Dante's awful Muse points them to their place in the antechamber of the Halls of Despair,

— “with that ill band

Of angels mixed, who nor rebellious proved,
Nor yet were true to God, but for themselves
Were only.” —

— “Fame of them the world hath none

Nor suffers; mercy and justice scorn them both.
Speak not of them, but look, and pass them by.”

We must use all the means which God has put into our hands to serve Him against the enemies of civilization. We must make and keep the great river free, whatever it costs us; it is strapping up the forefoot of the wild, untamable rebellion. We must not be too nice in the choice of our agents. *Non eget Mauri jaculis*, — no African bayonets wanted, — was well enough while we did not yet know

the might of that desperate giant we had to deal with ; but *Tros*, *Tyriusve*, — white or black, — is the safer motto now ; for a good soldier, like a good horse, cannot be of a bad color. The iron-skins, as well as the iron-clads, have already done us noble service, and many a mother will clasp the returning boy, many a wife will welcome back the war-worn husband, whose smile would never again have gladdened his home, but that, cold in the shallow trench of the battle-field, lies the half-buried form of the unchained bondsman whose dusky bosom sheaths the bullet which would else have claimed that darling as his country's sacrifice !

We shall have success if we truly *will* success, — not otherwise. It may be long in coming, — Heaven only knows through what trials and humblings we may have to pass before the full strength of the Nation is duly arrayed and led to victory. We must be patient, as our fathers were patient ; even in our worst calamities we must remember that defeat itself may be a gain where it costs our enemy more in relation to his strength than it costs ourselves. But if, in the inscrutable providence of the Almighty, this generation is disappointed in its lofty aspirations for the race, if we have not virtue enough to ennoble our whole people, and make it a nation of sovereigns, we shall at least hold in undying honor

those who vindicated the insulted majesty of the Republic, and struck at her assailants so long as a drum-beat summoned them to the field of duty.

Citizens of Boston, sons and daughters of New England, men and women of the North, brothers and sisters in the bond of the American Union, you have among you the scarred and wasted soldiers who have shed their blood for your temporal salvation. They bore your Nation's emblems bravely through the fire and smoke of the battle-field; nay, their own bodies are starred with bullet-wounds and striped with sabre-cuts, as if to mark them as belonging to their Country until their dust becomes a portion of the soil which they defended. In every Northern graveyard slumber the victims of this destroying struggle. Many whom you remember playing as children amidst the clover blossoms of our Northern fields, sleep under nameless mounds with strange Southern wild flowers blooming over them. By those wounds of living heroes, by those graves of fallen martyrs, by the hopes of your children, and the claims of your children's children yet unborn, in the name of outraged honor, in the interest of violated sovereignty, for the life of an imperilled Nation, for the sake of men everywhere and of our common humanity, for the glory of God and the advancement of His Kingdom on earth, your Country

calls upon you to stand by her through good report and through evil report, in triumph and in defeat, until she emerges from the great war of Western civilization, Queen of the broad continent, Arbitress in the councils of earth's emancipated peoples; until the flag that fell from the wall of Fort Sumter floats again inviolate, supreme, over all her ancient inheritance, every fortress, every capital, every ship, and this warring land is once more a United Nation!

ORATION

DELIVERED BEFORE

THE CITY AUTHORITIES OF BOSTON,

ON THE

FOURTH OF JULY, 1864,

BY

HON. THOMAS RUSSELL,



BOSTON :

J. E. FARWELL AND COMPANY, PRINTERS TO THE CITY,

37 CONGRESS STREET.

1864.

CITY OF BOSTON.

In Board of Aldermen, July 5, 1864.

. ORDERED: That the thanks of the City Council be and they are hereby presented, to the HON. THOMAS RUSSELL, for the eloquent and patriotic Oration delivered before the Municipal Authorities of Boston, on the occasion of the Celebration of the Eighty-Eighth Anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence; and that he be requested to furnish a copy for publication.

Passed; sent down for concurrence.

OTIS NORCROSS, *Chairman.*

In Common Council, July 7, 1864.

Concurred.

GEORGE S. HALE, *President.*

Approved July 8, 1864.

F. W. LINCOLN, JR., *Mayor.*

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ORATION.

MEETING to keep the anniversary of our Nation's birth in this time of the Nation's trial, — assembled to renew our allegiance to the flag, dearer to us in its hour of peril than when it waved in unchallenged dominion over half a continent, while the varying fortune of war “half conceals, half discloses” that beloved symbol, — how shall we approach our theme, except by reverently lifting our eyes toward Him who holds the destinies of nations in his hands, and beseeching him, that as He was with the fathers; so He may ever be with us? .

In more peaceful times it would be pleasant to linger among the grand events that heralded the advent of Independence, — to trace the growth of Liberty through the stormy times of the Stamp Act and Tea Tax; through all the agonies and glories of provincial and colonial life, back to the day when the wearied Mayflower furlled her sails within the protecting sweep of Cape Cod, and when the woods of New England first rang with the anthems of our Pilgrim Fathers. And while you will agree with me that the day is

to be kept, not by adorning the tombs of the dead, but by taking such counsel as is fitted to guard the homes of the living and the heritage of their children, yet even now we shall do well to glance for a moment at the stirring scenes which immediately preceded the Declaration, asking always what is the lesson which those days teach to ours?

It is good to tread, in imagination, the courts of the Old State House, and to hear James Otis pleading against Writs of Assistance, breathing into Independence the breath of life, founding his argument upon those principles of natural right, which would strike every fetter from human limbs.

We enter Faneuil Hall and the Old South Church, and learn at thronged town meetings how cheap our fathers held trade, wealth, comfort, life, when their rights as men were at stake. We hear the pulpits resounding with appeals to patriotism and denunciations of oppression. We see the women of America denying themselves the choicest luxury of their daily meals, wearing homespun garments, weaving homespun garments, rejoicing that in any way they could contribute to the greatness of their country.

We feel the thrill that runs through all the colonies; we hear the word that trembles on every lip. The thrill is an instinct for Union, and the word is "join or die." We learn that American Independence could only be achieved through Union, and we

know that by Union alone can it be maintained. And it is not "for empire" that the North is fighting; but for national existence; and, therefore, "on this line," and for this end we must fight it out, till it pleases God to send us victory.

Loud threats roll across the sea, loudest of all against the unruly province of Massachusetts Bay and the rebellious town of Boston. So it has ever been; so may it ever be. Far distant be the day when the friends of tyranny shall speak well of Boston; when the haters of human rights shall cease to hate old Massachusetts.

But, while hated by those whose enmity was honor, the patriot province and the "martyr town" were loved by all who loved liberty. When the Boston Port Bill sought to crush out the life of this community by cutting off its trade—a threat not unknown in later times—then, not only from all the villages of New England, but from distant States, came the freewill offerings of friends.

First of all—we will remember it even now—came the generous gift of rice from South Carolina, which in the hour of Carolina's need our fathers gladly repaid. And, a little later, when certain members of Congress denounced the fanaticism of New England, spoke of the contest as her war, and proposed that she should be left to fight alone, the great statesman of South Carolina rejoiced that there was

such a people, and spoke of New England as an asylum where honest men might take refuge, if all the rest of the world should prove false to freedom.

When the sons of Carolina have learned to love liberty with all the warmth of that century, and all the light of this, then may the children of the two proud old Commonwealths once more remember that their fathers loved each other as brothers.

The distress of Boston was discussed in Virginia, where the most eloquent speech was made by George Washington. And this was his speech: "I will raise a regiment of a thousand men. I will subsist them at my own expense. I will march at their head to the relief of Boston." How, in the hour of national peril, the man of action stands pre-eminent above the man of words! How, for the last three years, has our country, through all her bleeding wounds, cried out for one such man! How all hearts rejoice in the belief that at last the man of action has been found in our silent, persistent, triumphant General Grant?

The time for action rapidly approached. On the evening of the 18th of April, 1775, British soldiers met at the foot of the Common on their way to East Cambridge and to Concord. As they embarked, two lanterns, provided by the care of Paul Revere, flung out their light from the steeple of the Old North Church to warn the minute-men of Middle-

sex that now the hour had come to strike for freedom. It was a happy omen, — true token that, whenever the liberties of America are in danger, the warning light shall still shine from the church. Thank God, that in our day the light is not dimmed; that in the hands of our watchmen the trumpet sends forth no uncertain sound.

And now, as the martyrs of Lexington fall on the village green, in the gray light of morning as Harrington falls, and rises, and seeks to meet his wife, who is hastening to embrace him, and sinks again and dies, before she can fold him in her arms, — tell me, shall we unite in the lamentations of those whose dearest friends had been slain in sight of their homes, or shall we join in the well-known exclamation of Samuel Adams, himself a fugitive, when he heard the fatal volley, and cried out in words so often quoted, “Oh, what a glorious morning is this!” — glorious, because he knew that what was sowed in tears should be reaped in triumph; glorious, because history had taught him that God’s appointed method for the remission of national sins and for the regeneration of national life has always been by “the shedding of blood.”

Next, we stand by the North Bridge at Concord and listen to “the shot heard round the world!” Among the little band of patriots, let us fix our eyes on one. The words are few which tell us what we

know of Isaac Davis ; but they sketch a village hero. He hears the alarm-drum, and, making haste to obey the summons, as he leaves his house at Acton, he says to his wife, "Take good care of the children," as if the shadow of death fell even then upon his eyes. His company march to Concord to the liveliest of homely tunes, as little martial as the Spartan flute, which poets have loved to commemorate. He briefly reports to the commanding officer : "I have n't a man that is afraid to go." He claims the advance, and as he steps forward to meet the fatal bullet, a light glows on his face and kindles in his eyes, which his companions never could describe and never could forget. Who knows what visions were vouchsafed to him in that moment,—visions of independence achieved, of America triumphant—promises, it may be, of the greater glory yet to be ? When we read of such a death, we know what the poet meant when he wrote—

"One glorious hour of crowded life,
Is worth an age without a name."

It was a sad moment when his lifeless form was born to the presence of his bereaved wife. But as years rolled on,—as the news of Saratoga and Yorktown, of peace and victory, were carried to the desolated home,—who does not believe that grief was forgotten in joy and pride, and gratitude, that she

had been allowed to make so dear a sacrifice for her country's cause? And when the representatives of thirty powerful States ministered to her wants; when the words of monumental inscriptions, of orators and of historians paid tribute to the dead, do you think she envied her neighbors, who together had lived out their eighty years of peace and comfort? or would she not rather exclaim: "I would not give the memory of my dead husband for any position in Christendom!"

Some of you have sent to the war husbands, brothers, sons, who will no more return forever. For you there is a mournful sound even in the bells that usher in the old Jubilee of Freedom. The morning and noon, and evening salutes seem like the minute-guns that mark the burial of the dead. But because they died for Union and for Liberty you do not count their lives as lost. Already, those whose friends fell on the 19th of April, 1861, feel comforted as they see loyal Maryland standing side by side with Massachusetts, and Baltimore pressing hard upon the advancing footsteps of Boston. And when the work of loyalty is complete; when our country stands before the world triumphant and peaceful, purified by adversity, ennobled by her trials, with old prejudices forgotten, with new powers displayed, with grand virtues developed, with a new name among the nations, with a new and nobler life in her own heart; when the old national anthems, the old

national standard, the old national anniversary, shall be the common glory of all the States, and of all the people in all the States, then will the blood of the fallen have borne its perfect fruit, and the sorrow of death will be swallowed up in the joy of victory.

The swift pursuit that followed the retreating British, and besieged them within the walls of Boston, attested the ready patriotism of our fathers. But it bore witness, also, to the drill and discipline with which those fathers had prepared the militia of New England for their country's service. Here, too, is a lesson for this day; and here, again, we match the lesson of the past. After the lapse of eighty-six years, Massachusetts was again called on for prompt action in arms. Her response is part of the history of the Union. All honor to the patriotism, that rallied so grandly to defend the Capital. Honor to the noble Governor in whom that patriotism was embodied. And one word of remembrance and of honor to-day and always, for the predecessor of that Governor, who recognized the value of a citizen soldiery, before it was fashionable to recognize it; who helped to raise the volunteer militia from their low estate, and prepared them for the service of their country. "Holiday soldiers," men called them once. And, in many a bloody field, they have shown that the day which brings them face to face with armed Rebellion is to them the brightest holiday of their lives.

Next, in reviewing the early scenes of war, we stand on Bunker Hill and share the varied emotions that belong to the 17th of June. In darker hours we have loved to remind each other that our existence as a nation dates from a lost battle. On the evening of that day swift couriers told the country that our fathers had retreated; that Charlestown was in ashes; that Warren was among the slain. But they told of such a spirit, and aroused such a spirit, as was an assurance of final victory. So did this contest begin with a lost battle for the North. But, as we saw how the tidings were received, we could not call it wholly a disaster. We saw a noble nation not sinking in despair, but rising in defiance. The languid love of country which had slept in hours of peace, became "the live thunder" of awakened and indignant loyalty. And the people came forward offering their substance, their services, their lives; ready to sacrifice that which it is harder to give up, even their political prejudices, forgetting past differences, burying all partisanship, determined that while treason threatened the Capital, they would know nothing but an endangered country and an insulted flag. Oh, for a return of that spirit! It were cheaply purchased by the bombardment of a Northern city.

Again, I thought of Bunker Hill, as early on a gloomy morning in December, 1862, I stood by the

banks of the Rappahannock, and witnessed the withdrawal of a brave, noble, baffled army. The dim stars looked down sadly upon our retiring troops, and the wind that swept through the valley seemed to be sighing for the defeat of a great cause, and the downfall of a great nation. But as I sat by the camp-fires of the bivouac,—better still, as I stood by the bedside of wounded soldiers in many a hospital, and heard men freshly borne from that lost battle at Fredericksburg, longing for health and strength that they might once more follow to the field the same commander, any commander,—always the same dear flag,—I felt that, in spite of all that we had lost, the triumph of the North was sure.

One lesson more from Bunker Hill. It has been said, that when Pitcairn mounted the rampart of the redoubt, he fell pierced by a bullet from the musket of a colored volunteer. And do you ask, “is the inevitable negro here also?” Yes, he is here. He stood on Bunker Hill, as afterwards he stood in the lines at Rhode Island, in the earthworks at Red Bank, as now he stands side by side with the bravest before the walls of Richmond, where the crimsoned ground gives token that he is indeed, “of one blood” with his comrades. He is here, by no fault of his, by no choice of his, for our good or for evil; for good, if we frankly accept his proffered aid, with its honest, natural results; for evil, if now, when our rivers are turned

into blood, and when the first-born in so many a household lies dead, we still refuse to listen to the voice that thunders from on high — “LET MY PEOPLE GO.”

After the 17th of June, the heart of the nation cried out for independence, while Congress, lagging far behind the people, delayed to speak the decisive word. Before the 19th of April, “no thinking man” breathed such a wish. The leading patriots repelled the charge of desiring it, as a slander. In 1774, Congress, on the motion of a most radical member, passed a resolve, which not only excluded all idea of separation, but admitted the right of Parliament to lay taxes for the regulation of trade. And timid, honest men pointed to this vote, and could not see that ages of progress had rolled on since it was passed. They failed to recognize the truth stated by Paine in his *Common Sense*, that “all plans and proposals prior to the 19th of April, i. e. the commencement of hostilities, are like an old almanac, however proper once, useless and superseded now.” They did not know that in revolutionary times the wisdom of last year is folly, and the truth of yesterday is a lie to-day.

Bolder spirits said: “What was true in 1774, has ceased to be true in ’75, in the presence of actual war. Concord and Bunker Hill, the burning of Charlestown and Falmouth, the fall of Warren and Montgomery, have changed our relations to England, and conferred new rights on the colonists. The land which has been

enriched with the blood of so many brave men must forever be a free land. Since we must fight, it should be with every power, and for the highest prize." They argued truly, that foreign nations which would care little for a technical issue of constitutional law, would be moved to sympathy when the contest concerned the freedom of a continent. These bolder counsels, and safer, became bolder, finally prevailed, and our country took its place among the nations of the earth.

I need hardly point out the parallel of our own day. In 1861, Congress, "by a vote nearly unanimous," resolved that Government had no right and no purpose to attack slavery in the States; and, as the conservatives of '75 turned to the resolutions of '74, so do many worthy men cling to the vote of 1861. But the people have said: "Events have changed, and our rights have changed with them. Slavery is no longer a quiet, 'domestic institution.' It is an aggressive force; it has become the strength of the Rebellion. It is an engine of war which treason uses against us, and which we ought to turn against treason." They have called upon our rulers to put on the whole armor of the powers with which the fact of war has supplied them. They have urged that in repressing Rebellion, it is not only a right but a duty to wield "the State's whole thunder." And as history records that the folly of Stamp Act, and Tea Tax and Port Bill made us an independent nation, so future historians will relate that

the madness of Secession and the crime of Rebellion wrought the deliverance of a race from bondage. And it will be reckoned among the chief glories of our age and of our country, that —

“In her councils statesmen met,
Who knew the seasons, when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet.”

Before uniting in the Declaration Congress had done the other act that renders their name immortal. They had placed Washington at the head of the army. Would that time allowed us to trace his steps from his first bloodless victory on Dorchester Heights, victory of the spade and pickaxe, those emblems of soldierly endurance and patience, of which his whole life was the fitter emblem,—on through the reverses in New York, the brilliant retreat across New Jersey, the sorrows of Valley Forge, to the crowning glory of Yorktown. Every hour of his life for these seven years teaches a people engaged in a war for existence the duty of unconditional loyalty to their country, unwavering hope of her triumph. These are the great lessons which his life affords to ours.

I use the word loyalty as representing the sentiment, the instinct, the passion of patriotism. I know it has been denied by foreign writers that this virtue is possible in a republic, and it has been said on high

legal authority at home, that it only includes those duties which are "required" by the Constitution and the laws. Fortunately, no such theory had chilled the hearts of our people, our sailors and our soldiers. They did not ask foreign authors whether they were capable of this virtue, nor take legal advice as to the precise measure of allegiance which they owed to the Union. They have taken counsel of their own hearts, and clustered round the symbol of American loyalty,—not the person of a monarch, but a stainless flag. And for those who deny the possibility of passionate loyalty in republican bosoms, their simple answer has been that for it they can die.

This sentiment imposes no terms on Government. It does not demand the adoption of our favorite measures or the promotion of our favorite men. It simply follows the standard of the Republic. Its language is—

"All that I am, and have, and hope,"

on earth, I consecrate to thee, my country. Even rights which are held dear in peace, a patriot gladly gives up in the hour of war, for he knows that all rights, and possessions, and hopes depend upon his country's triumph. Honest advice and fair criticism are not only rights, but duties. The intellect as well as the heart should pay its whole tribute to the Government engaged in war. But if any man (no mat-

ter to what party or faction he belongs) purposely thwarts the efforts of Government in crushing Rebellion,—if he opposes its policy in war simply because it is the policy of Government,—if for personal or political ends he rejoices in its failures, and makes light of its success, and magnifies its losses, and exaggerates its errors,—if any man, from whatever motive, seeks to weaken the arm of his country when it is lifted against Rebellion, that man is a traitor to America.

Here the civilian may learn a lesson from the soldier. When the first day at Shiloh is to be retrieved, or Fort Donelson is to be carried, or Missionary Ridge is to be climbed, then is no time to quarrel about pay or rations or promotions, no time to make ill-founded complaints or well-founded complaints. Then is the time to advance with one tread and to strike as with one hand, till treason yields before united loyalty. I borrow my confession of faith from the lips of one brave soldier, as I find its best illustrations in the lives of all brave soldiers. “My creed,” said Burnside, “my creed is brief. This Government must be sustained. This Rebellion must be put down.” And no words can equal the lesson of single-hearted devotion to country, taught by the lives of such patriots as Grant and Meade and Hancock, who seek no end but their country’s good,—who know no politics except her salvation.

I take an illustration of this virtue, as soldiers understand it, from the well-known story of that Ohio Colonel, who, on the second day of Murfreesboro', just as he was leading his regiment to the charge, saw his son fall mortally wounded at his side. He longed to kneel by the side of his dying boy. He longed to hear the words of farewell which that boy might speak for the mother who should no more see her child returning to his home. But there was duty to be done,—there was Rebellion to be crushed,—there was a country to be served; and he only said to one that could be spared, "Look out for Johnny," and led his regiment right onward to battle and to victory. Just so straightforward, so unwavering, so unconditional, should be the loyalty with which we "march under the flag, and keep step to the music" of an imperilled Union.

Does it seem hard to reconcile freedom of thought and speech with devoted support of a Government whose warlike policy you do not wholly approve? Learn a lesson, then, from the course of Daniel Webster, during the war of 1812. He did not approve the war; he thought it might have been avoided; he knew it might be better managed; but it was his country's war and it was just; and he who claimed the right of free discussion for himself and his children,—he who would maintain it, liv-

ing or dying, exerted all his powers to make the war successful. In later days, when taunted by Mr. Calhoun, with his conduct at this period, he pointed to the record, and defied any man to show that, in anything, he had been wanting in fidelity or loyalty to the country which he served. He might well boast that he and such as he had advocated that gallant Navy, whose thunders testified to the loyalty of New England, while they shook the supremacy of Old England on the seas. It is but a few days, since the feeble remnant of a noble regiment marching through our streets reminded us that the example of Daniel Webster had not been lost upon his son; and that in the hour of his country's need he had been faithful unto death.

Take another illustration from English history. When the minds of men were maddened by the French Revolution, England plunged into a series of wars that ought to teach her forever the folly of interfering in the affairs of other States. And in the darkest hour of that contest, when Austerlitz had almost blotted out the boundaries from the map of Europe, the chief opponent of the war was placed in power. And how did Charles Fox bear himself during the few months that remained to him of life? Hear what the great tory poet said of him:—

“When Europe crouched 'neath France's yoke,
And Austria bowed and Prussia broke,

And the firm Russian's purpose brave
Was bartered by a timorous slave,
Even then dishonor's peace he spurned,
The sullied olive-branch returned,
Stood for his country's glories fast,
And nailed her colors to the mast."

In that spirit all the North should be to-day, as one man for the Union.

Never had men such motives as Americans now have for unbounded devotion to country. A great weight of glory urges us on. An unfathomable gulf of infamy and despair awaits us if we fail. It is no less true because we have heard it so often—it is the more true because we have almost forgotten it, that on the issue of this contest hang all our earthly hopes. If disunion prevails we can only look forward to new disunions, to border war, to civil war, to foreign domination, to usurpation, to anarchy, to all manner of desolation. To-night the loving father, as he looks upon his sleeping children, may well say, "if this Rebellion triumphs, it were better for them that they had never been born."

Even now a foreign reviewer looks for, "the dim headlands of new empire," that are to emerge from the stormy sea in which the Union has sunk. He speaks of new disintegration of the Union as certain, and gloats over the prospect, that this war, with all its horrors, is only the first act in a grand drama of

revolutions. It is well to be taught by an enemy. Never before was presented to a nation so immediately the issue of victory or death.

It is not for ourselves alone ; it is for the poor and oppressed of all lands, that we would maintain this great City of Refuge. Hear what a liberal writer of the greatest and richest among European empires has just said of his own country: "Millions of our laboring population live constantly in view of penal pauperism, and nearly a million of them on the average are actually paupers. They pass through life without hope ; they die in degradation ; the only haven of their old age, after a life of toil, is the workhouse." He might have added that, from this powerful monarchy, peaceful, insolent in its prosperity, the working men are now flying by tens of thousands and seeking an asylum here,—hastening from that

"Land of settled government"

to this distracted theatre of civil war. What an assurance of faith, what an omen of victory ! From the interested forebodings of tory lords and of Quarterly Reviewers, I turn to the instinctive action of the poor Irish immigrant, and gain new hope for my country.

Nor is it only as a refuge ; it is as an example alike to oppressors and oppressed, that we would

maintain the Union. How in past days our example has cheered the hopes of those who love the rights of man. From Italy, from Hungary, from Poland — I dare not quite forget her; from Ireland, true “Niobe of nations,” the victims of wrong have looked toward America, and found hope.

I recall the words of Lord Brougham in his earlier and better days. “Long,” he said, “long may that great Union last! its endurance is of paramount importance to the peace of the world, to the best interests of humanity, to the general improvement of mankind.”

Yes, long may it endure! The prayer shall be granted, although many a friend prove false.

If we needed any additional stimulus to our patriotism we ought to find it in the devoted loyalty of the Unionists at the South. When the story of their fidelity, their endurance, their sufferings is fully written, we shall gain new ideas of the capacity of men for heroism. Shame on us, if, while we can keep a regiment in the field, we deliver up these men and women to the tender mercies of the Rebel government.

And does the loyalty of any man waver because of the vast sacrifices we have made? Those very sacrifices are reasons why we cannot falter in our course. Voices from the past bid us go on. The slumbers of the dead would be disquieted if we failed in service to the cause for which they fell. As we looked last week upon “the riderless horse” of the brave Colonel

Blaisdell, we felt a new thrill of devotion. The community that sends such a man as General Stevenson to die is pledged never to desert the cause for which he gave his life. Time would fail me if I sought to recall the names of those who have fought bravely and died nobly. Honor and fame and gratitude to their memory forever; and better than honor and fame and gratitude, unwavering devotion to the cause which has been hallowed by their blood. Nor does the call to duty come from the dead alone. The mere presence of a brave man like Colonel Guiney, the commander of "the fighting ninth regiment," who honors us to-day, ought to arouse us all. Well might I be silent, and let his "dumb wounds" plead for the cause he loves and serves so well.

One limit bounds the exercise of unconditional loyalty. It is the limit recognised by that loyal Scotchman, who "would die to serve his country, but would not do a base act to save her." No duty requires us to undervalue the courage of our opponents. Self-respect should teach us to cease from thus libelling the valor of our own soldiers. It is time to refrain from ridiculing the "fleet-footed Virginians," when we remember that their State has given to the Rebel side the misguided virtues of Robert Lee and of Stonewall Jackson. The time may come when Southern men will no longer sneer at the avarice of Yankees who have sacrificed untold millions for a principle,

nor scoff at the cowardice of men whose steel they have so often felt. Let us honestly admit that we are surprised at the energy and endurance of the Rebels ; that we wonder at the display of their power in the construction of mail-clad ships, of railroad material, of all the enginery of war. And may we not hope that this newborn skill is providentially designed, with free labor, to guide the South by unknown ways to strange industrial glories, and to make of it a worthy portion of the reconstructed Union? And is it too wild a dream, that one bond of that Union shall be the mutual respect which each section has learned to feel for the prowess of the other displayed upon a hundred battle-fields?

It is no part and no proof of loyalty to denounce as traitors those who only differ with us as to the true method of crushing Rebellion. Within the limits of devotion to the Union there is room for wide difference of opinion as to measures and men. Is it wise or just to announce to the South and to foreign nations that the North is almost equally divided between Unionists and Rebels ; that the great State of Pennsylvania can only give a slender majority against treason ; that it needs a sharp contest, every Spring, to decide whether New Hampshire is for Rebellion or against it, and that no one is quite sure on which side the State of New York now stands? — No : reason with your neighbors ; tell them, if you think so, that their

course threatens ruin to the country ; convince them if you can ; vote them down if you can ; but do not lightly hurl the charge of treason against those whose whole hope in life is bound up in the preservation of the Union.

I know that these views may not be altogether acceptable. Wholesale denunciation is cheaper and easier and more popular. But if I should fail to say this, — if I should seem to denounce as disloyal those, who have given their blood or the blood of their children for the Union, I should lack the approval of one voice, without which the applause of the world is altogether vanity.

I spoke of the duty of hope. I call it a duty. And to me the schoolboy who plays at putting down Rebellion, and shouts to his comrades that “ we shall beat the Rebels yet,” is a truer patriot, and for this hour a better statesman than the ablest member of Congress, who can find no higher use for his talents than to depress our hopes, and divide our energies, and to paralyze our counsels.

I do not mean that unreasoning and vainglorious hope, which looks for overwhelming victory whenever a brigade changes its position ; and prophesies the immediate end of Rebellion at every trifling success of our arms. That false hope, too often followed by unmanly and unpatriotic despair, has been a curse to the Nation. I mean that well-grounded confidence

founded in the knowledge of our resources and in the assurance of right, which is among the chief of our resources ; that abiding hope, which in adversity and prosperity, through good report and through evil report, follows the fortunes of the country, and trusts in God for its triumph.

I find a motto for patriots in the phrase, which a brave king gave to the statesmen of Great Britain, when foreign war and civil dissension threatened the existence of the nation, and when the people too readily gave themselves up to unreasonable elevation and depression of spirits. He wrote to a friend, that crossing the German Ocean on a stormy night, with a head wind and a heavy sea, he heard the captain calling out every minute to the helmsman: "Steady, steady, steady." And he gave this to be the watchword of every loyal Englishman, until the day of peril should pass away. So, it might be our watchword now, — "Steady." No slacking of effort in the moment of success ; no dejection in the hour of danger. "Steady" for the Union and the right. If I could be heard by him who holds the helm of state, I would say to him, even, — "Steady. The ship you steer is freighted with the best hopes of man. The destinies of generations unborn depend upon you. At last, the ship is steering for the North Star. Now, steady, steady, steady."

I find grounds of hope in the devotion with which

our people on land and sea, at home and in the field, have upheld the cause of their country. In gloomy hours I call to mind the heroic deeds with which the war has been filled, and I dare not doubt our final triumph. I think of the Cumberland going down with her flag flying, her mutilated gunner, firing one more shot for the honor of the country ; of that other gunner, who shut himself in the magazine of a burning ship, that he might not add to her danger by trying to escape ; of the dying General, whose last wish was that he might lie with his face toward the enemy ; of our heroic Bartlett, whose example shows that no wounds less than mortal can hold back a patriot from his country's service, and whose courage stayed the hand even of Rebel sharpshooters, — a breath of chivalry wafted from the regions of old romance. I remember Sergeant Carney at Fort Wagner seizing the flag as the standard-bearer fell ; maimed, crawling on his hands and knees, but holding it up from contact with the ground, and saving "the symbol dear." I call to mind the pilot of the Escort, who, with a bullet in his brain, steered the boat that bore General Foster to rescue our beleaguered troops, living only to accomplish his work, with memory, judgment, reason all gone, living twelve minutes on loyalty alone, shaming in those minutes how many of our useless lives. I remember all these noble men and noble acts and noble deaths, and I cannot believe that God

has decreed failure to a cause for which such blood has been shed.

When I think of the heroism displayed in the field, of the devotion shown at home, of the men and women whose lives have been saved from guilty dissipation, or from that utter frivolity which is only a hair's breadth this side of guilty dissipation, redeemed and consecrated to patriotism, I find some compensation even for the horrors that have befallen us. I see that there is life saved as well as life lost, and, joining with the poet—

“Count it a covenant that HE leads us on
Beneath the cloud and through the crimson sea.”

The part which the women of the North have taken in this contest must not be omitted, often as it has been set forth. When, on the twelfth of May, the glorious Hancock hurled his triumphant columns upon the panic-stricken ranks of Rebellion, first among the foremost, and bravest of the brave was our own “young gallant” Barlow. I say our own, for, although enlisted in New York, he was born and bred in Massachusetts; and bright as her roll of honor is, we cannot afford to lose one such name as his. Soldiers who saw that charge have told me that it was like the bursting of a thunder-cloud; and well I know the fiery soul that lent electric force to the falling bolt. And you will not ask what has this to do with the

services of women ; for all America has heard that when the youthful General lay stretched upon the field at Gettysburg, pierced by five ghastly wounds, not thought to be worth the trouble of paroling by his captors, given up for dead, then his faithful wife found him, with just enough of blood left in his veins to enable him to be nursed into a hero once more, — stood by him, and would not let him die, but gave him again to his country. And what she did on a conspicuous stage, a thousand women have done in the hospital, on the field of battle, in the soldiers' homes, in ten thousand busy circles of industry, — and thus woman has given whole regiments to do battle for the Union.

Nor thus alone have women served their country's cause. Loving wives have said to their husbands : " Go, fight for the heritage of our children ;" and tender mothers have charged their sons : " Make me proud of you by your death or by your life."

We have heard of the noble woman who said to her son : " Take the commission. If you accept the command of a colored regiment, I shall feel as proud of you as if you had been shot." He took the command, and died in glory, leading his brave men to battle. And the double wreath of pride was woven for that mother's brow. We have heard of that true-hearted girl who turned from the fresh grave of her brother, and such a brother, to say to the Governor :

“We thanked you when you gave our brother a commission. We thank you more to-day.” And in all this devotion to the right we see an omen of victory.

Even in the prodigality which is the tasteless and accursed fashion of this day there is ground of hope. I wonder that men and women can enjoy the vulgar luxury which is the madness of the hour. I wonder that they can endure it, while their dearest friends are dying in the field, and their best hopes are all endangered. But I see in it proofs of untouched resources, of almost boundless wealth ; and I have faith that, when danger is imminent, all these resources will be consecrated to the service of the country.

I find grounds of hope even in the strange atrocities with which this Rebellion has been stained. I would do justice to the courage of our enemies. Language can hardly do justice to their cruelty. As I read of the captives at Fort Pillow, butchered, burned alive, then buried so hastily that the hands of the dead appeared on the surface of the earth, which refused to hide the crime, I thought of those “poor hands” of which Burke spoke so pathetically,—powerless here, but mighty when stretched towards the heavens for justice. We are told that in the Revolution the murder of one woman by the Indian allies of England, mourned and condemned by the British General, had power to arouse States and to array armies on our side. It enabled the heroic Stark to turn back the

tide of battle, and to prepare for the capture of Burgoyne. What then must be the result of these repeated horrors, not condemned, but justified and applauded by the Southern press, — accepted as part of their system of warfare? The slaughter and the starvation of prisoners are not the weapons of a cause to which victory has been decreed.

When Grant thunders against the walls of Richmond, his batteries will have a strength not shown by the army returns. Great wrongs, cruel agonies, gigantic offences will add force to his artillery.

Remember, this is not a solitary instance of Rebel cruelty. At Milliken's Bend, prisoners of war, taken in arms for their country, guilty of no crime, except the color of their skin, were literally crucified upon the trees of the forest. Ah, it needed not this crime to remind us that the strongest bond which links together all nations and races of men is the recollection that the same great sacrifice was once offered for all.

From those haunted forests, from the blood-stained enclosure of Fort Pillow, from the dungeons, where prisoners of war have been starved into imbecility or death, from a hundred plantations where a little pile of ashes has been the only memorial of a foul murder, there has gone an army of martyrs, who stand before the throne, and cry, "How long, O Lord, how long?"

Men talk of retaliation. When the record of these

outrages has been fully spread before the nations of Europe, then retaliation is begun. When the patience of a just God is exhausted, then will the blood of the fallen be gloriously avenged.

I spoke of hope. Let us rather call it faith,—faith that a Rebellion founded in a denial of human rights, and sustained by daily wrongs, cannot be destined to prevail. Because we are so thoroughly in the right,—because the interests of mankind for generations to come depend upon our success,—because the hopes and prayers of good men everywhere, the living and the dead, are with us,—we cannot fail.

When the battle of Lookout Mountain was fought, the imagination of men was greatly moved when they learned that the victory of the gallant Hooker was won literally above the clouds. It is my faith, that the battle of America is indeed to be fought and won far above the clouds. Beyond the circle of the heavens sits the Sole Giver of Victory, and decrees triumph to the nation that supports His laws. Therefore, we will not fear for America, whatever may befall her. If dark days come—if delay still tries our patience, we will remember the protracted toils of our fathers, and call to mind the outstretched arm by which their deliverance was wrought. We need not go back so far to find omens of good. Recall the gloomy days through which we lived, one year ago, when with heavy hearts we prepared to keep this

anniversary. The invading Rebels stood on our soil. Their faces were set towards our chief cities. And some, who had hoped till then, lost all hope. The heavens seemed deaf to the prayers of loyal men. Some were adjudged to be impious in their despairing cries. So passed for us the first of July, the second, and the third. The fourth of July came, and as we looked toward Gettysburg the flashes of Meade's artillery —

“ Gave proof through the night
That our flag was still there.”

We looked again and it waved over captured Vicksburg; and yet a little while, and it streamed from the ramparts of Port Hudson, where Massachusetts hands had placed it, and we knew that the dear old flag was safe. Passing through such a danger, saved by such a deliverance, he is a coward that doubts the final triumph of the Union. Whether we win or lose this campaign, let us hope for that triumph.

Failure, if it comes, will only rekindle the spirit of our nation. The lust of gold, the madness of luxury and fashion, the strife of party, will give way to universal patriotism, in the presence of a peril which we feel. Foreign intervention, if that is threatened, will make of us, more than ever, more than anything, one people. I look for another day of perfect union, of indignant loyalty, of assured victory.

“’Tis the day, when the men of the slumbering North
Again for the land of our pride shall come forth,
And speaking stout words, which stout hearts shall maintain,
Proclaim our fair country a NATION again —

The men of the North.

For the *tides of the sea* are unruffled and slow,
And as calmly and coldly their pulses may flow,
But as soon shall you roll back that fathomless tide
As turn from their slow-chosen purpose aside

The men of the North.”

I cannot believe that the glories of our fathers’ days and of their fathers’, the grand voices that sound from two centuries of civilized life in America, are but a prelude to the dirge which humanity would chant over the grave of a ruined nation and a lost hope. I rather count the sad tidings which too often grieve our ears, as the mournful notes which will lend grandeur to that full anthem of praise which shall burst from the heart of a redeemed nation as they shout with one accord: “Sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously.”

O, that the grand old man, who has just gone home from Earth, could have lived to see that day. You know how true and brave, how loyal and hopeful he was to the last moment of his life. Our children’s children will be glad to hear from us, that we knew a man who had seen Washington, and who was worthy

to see him. He who remembered the achievement of his country's independence, longed to behold her final triumph. And who doubts that he will see it? Employed, as we love to believe —

“In those great offices, that suit
The full-grown energies of heaven,”

he will look from the skies and feel new joy, even there, as he sees that right is victorious, and that the will of God is done in the councils of men.

Peace under Liberty.

ORATION

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

CITY AUTHORITIES OF BOSTON,

ON THE

FOURTH OF JULY, 1865,

BY

J. M. MANNING.

TOGETHER WITH

AN ACCOUNT OF THE MUNICIPAL CELEBRATION OF THE EIGHTY-NINTH ANNIVERSARY

OF

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.



BOSTON:

J. E. FARWELL & COMPANY, PRINTERS,

NO. 37 CONGRESS STREET.

1865.

CITY OF BOSTON.

In Common Council, July 6, 1865.

ORDERED: That the thanks of the City Council be presented to the Rev. Jacob M. Manning for the highly eloquent and patriotic Oration delivered by him before the Municipal authorities on the celebration of the Declaration of American Independence, July 4, 1865, and that he be requested to furnish a copy for publication.

Sent up for concurrence.

WM. B. FOWLE, *President.*

In Board of Aldermen, July 10, 1865.

Concurred.

G. W. MESSINGER, *Chairman.*

Approved July 11, 1865.

F. W. LINCOLN, JR., *Mayor.*

A true copy. Attest:

S. F. McCLEARY, *City Clerk.*

O R A T I O N .

HERETOFORE on occasion of our National Anniversary the speakers summoned to address you have sometimes pressed on your hearing ideas and sentiments respecting which you earnestly differed from them and one another. And hereafter, should the exigencies of the country at any time require, Boston cannot lack courageous men, instant in season, who will speak the unwelcome truths which she ought to hear. But the task of to-day, though perhaps not less difficult, is more agreeable. The duty you have imposed upon me, if I rightly apprehend it, is to aid in giving utterance to the feeling which now fills all our hearts. In saying this, I assume that the feeling itself is right; a patriotic joy, exultant with the ecstasies and tender over the agonies of successful war,—a joy full of gratitude for the deliverance already vouchsafed, and causing us to renew our solemn vow that no promise to man, contained in the Declaration of Independence, shall be left unfulfilled.

It has been said of John Adams, that upon the passage of the Resolution of Independence, July 2, 1776, his mind "heaved like the ocean after a storm." Thus does a nation's heart heave to-day. The voice of its thanksgiving is as the voice of many waters. A mystic chord, stretched from our one heart across the intervening years, vibrates responsively to the words of "the colossus in that debate." Our joy seeks the lofty utterance in which he exclaimed, "the day is past. The second day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epocha in the history of America; to be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great Anniversary Festival, commemorated as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty, from one end of the continent to the other, from this time forward, forevermore." He adds, "You will think me transported with enthusiasm, but I am not." "Through all the gloom, I can see the rays of light and glory." "You and I may rue," but "posterity will triumph."

"Posterity will triumph." Yes, we stand in the dawn of the day whose glory was foreseen by the Fathers. Now is fulfilled the word which was then spoken. We are the citizens of an independent and regenerated country. We breathe an atmosphere which is invigorating to liberty. Plymouth Rock, so long refused of the builders, has become the corner-

stone of the republic. To-day we nationalize the prayer for Massachusetts, devoutly saying, "God save the United States of America!" The ark, to which we committed our liberties when the flood of Rebellion came, and from which the dove was sent forth again and again only to return each time with the olive branch in her mouth, now rests upon the summits of victory. And on this most auspicious birthday of the nation, we are going forth from that ark to build our altar, and to look on the bow in the clouds, which tells us that war shall no more deluge our land.

Has it been befitting, hitherto, that we should celebrate the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence? Then it is doubly befitting that we should do so from this time forth. To those who have rebelled and been defeated, we do not presume that this propriety will appear. Nor are we anxious to succeed in meeting their views of the fitness of things. Four years ago they intimated that we were not prosperous enough; and to-day, forsooth, we are too prosperous to keep the feast. Then they ridiculed the solemnity of which they are now disposed to complain. But loyalty does not choose treason for her teacher when she goes to school. As we were hopeful in the day of adversity, so will we be grateful in the day of triumph. We did not omit our feast when Freedom was threatened,

nor will we now that Slavery is overthrown. Yet we indulge in no ungenerous exultation. We rejoice not at the discomfiture of our enemies, but in the Salvation of the Republic. We dreaded war with them, knowing that our own blood flowed in their veins. We clung to the common traditions and glory of the past. We were charitable and forbearing almost to the verge of recreancy. And that patience and long suffering are to-day our vantage-ground. We are sure that no malignity mingles with our joy; but only a just indignation, not untinged with pity and grief. We rejoice not that half a continent is laid waste or covered with mourning, but that liberty has taken another step forward in the world. Whatever of tenderness there may be in our hearts, if we were silent in view of what God has wrought, the very stones would cry out.

It has been said by one of our English critics, that we violated the spirit of this festival, when we undertook to put down the Rebellion by force of arms. "Henceforth," was his language, "the observance of the Fourth of July is an unmeaning ceremony." But that conclusion was reached from an inadequate premise. The critic seemed to see only half of what the Declaration of Independence proclaims. Let no one be misled by the name of that immortal paper. Besides the right of revolution, to which the name especially

points, the paper itself declares that there is an inalienable right of liberty, which belongs equally to all men. But allowing our critic his premise, what was that right of revolution declared by the Fathers? Was it something that would legitimate the Southern Rebellion? Was it a principle which we violated in putting down that Rebellion by force? The Fathers of the Republic did not believe in wantonly breaking up any form of government. The oppression must be intolerable and morally wrong, and revolt the only available means of redress, in order to justify such a course. Had the national rule become wicked and intolerably oppressive to the South?

Imagine the conspirators at Montgomery saying that "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind required that they should declare the causes which impelled them to the separation." What were those causes, when fairly stated? A golden passage in the first draft of the Declaration had been dropped to please the Southern delegates. At the framing of the Constitution that noble charter was again compromised to bring South Carolina into the Union. Concession after concession was made to the Slave States, and they seized one centre after another of the Federal power. They wielded the Government of the country; and gradually published their design to make it the bulwark and propagandist of barbarism. Would such

a statement as this show “a decent respect to the opinions of mankind?” . Do we see here any warrant for using that carefully defined Right of Revolution which the Fathers claimed? No, they dared not make an honest appeal to history. Their better nature told them that they could give only the most monstrous of reasons for what they did. Hence the fictions of State Sovereignty and the Right of Secession, by which they sought to escape. The war under Abraham Lincoln hostile to the Declaration of Independence? It was reluctantly accepted to rescue that Declaration from the spoiler. Had we failed to crush the Rebellion, and had foreign powers stooped to the infamy of a full recognition; had we lost everything else, still we should not have lost our fidelity to those rights which the Fathers of the Republic held sacred.

But this is not all. So far from having fallen back, we stand higher to-day than on any previous birthday of the nation. Did the first war with England establish the Right of Revolution? The war for the Union has not yielded that right, but saved it from an infamous abuse. And our time-hallowed festival, while retaining all its earlier meaning, is to-day vastly more significant than ever before. We should feel that we have met to inaugurate a new jubilee of freedom. Those voices of the Declaration which proclaim liberty and equality are no longer muffled. They peal forth clearly in

every note of joy, and they fall only upon willing ears. To-day, for the first time, the mighty chorus is entire. Our feast is kept not merely in the oldness of the letter, but in the newness of the spirit. As we are amending the Constitution, so I could wish that we might amend the Declaration, by restoring to it those words which were blotted at the demand of Slavery. "He has waged cruel war against human nature itself, violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty in the persons of a distant people who never offended him, captivating and carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither. This piratical warfare, the opprobrium of INFIDEL powers, is the warfare of the CHRISTIAN King of Great Britain. Determined to keep open a market where MEN should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or to restrain this execrable commerce. And that this assemblage of horrors might want no fact of distinguished die, he is now exciting these very people to rise in arms among us, and to purchase that liberty of which he has deprived them, by murdering the people upon whom he has obtruded them; thus paying off former crimes committed against the LIBERTIES of one people with crimes which he urges them to commit against the LIVES of another." That is what Jefferson said when he

would show "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind," by stating the causes which impelled the colonies to declare their independence. For more than fourscore years that passage has lain rusting, like a sword in its scabbard. But the malign Power which doomed it to such ignominy has been overthrown. We draw it forth to-day, amid the new glory which has risen upon us. We brandish aloft its reburnished blade, that it may flash across the sea the double record, — who it was that planted, and who that has uprooted the institution of American slavery.

Standing upon the higher summits of the Declaration, as we now do, it is natural for us to review the path by which we have ascended. Homer, carefully enumerates, in the Second Book of the Iliad, the ships which bore the Greeks to the Trojan war. And it would be a serious neglect on this anniversary, did I fail to name some of the more important events which have brought us to our present position. The rush of events since the opening of the last Spring has indeed been overwhelming. We seem to be looking over the awful brow of Niagara; and the voice of the cataract is the only voice that can utter our emotions. But let us go back from the downfall to the source of the mighty current, and follow it forward.

The Rebellion had its fountains far away in our

history. The little rills began to flow into each other after the Colonial period, and the large streams thus formed became more and more visible as the question of admitting new States was forced upon the country. At length all these streams of disloyalty were gathered into a single basin; and then it was that we beheld the Lake Superior of treason, spreading itself broadly out in the full daylight, and kissing the bended cheek of England on its farther shore. That was the inland sea, around which we went shuddering throughout the year 1861, vainly expostulating with those who would trust their all to its waters. Before the year had dawned, a weak old man, soon to vacate the high office which he had allowed treason to control, told us, in words that would have appalled our hearts had we been base enough to believe them, that the Rebellion was wrong, and that any forcible resistance of it would also be very wrong. There was nothing to do but stand, through a hundred terrible days, bowed in shame and chafing with a just rage, until the mighty Northwest should reach out its long arm and haul up our starry flag to the height from which it had fallen. That long arm never failed us, and it left the proud symbol floating securely when it vanished suddenly out of sight. But how furious the storm in which the banner went up, and by which it was instantly assailed? The sea of Rebellion, changed to a foam-

ing whirlpool after the first thunderclap at Charleston, swept into its broad circle State after State, senators, judges, churches, a large portion of the Army and Navy, and so much of the public property as could be placed in its way. When our Congress met, on the 4th of July, the usurpation had an army with full ranks, superbly officered, well supplied and drilled, and every branch of its affairs, whether at home or abroad, was in able and experienced hands. Before the first leaves of Autumn fell, we had lost Ellsworth,—the rising star of our volunteer soldiery; Senator Douglas,—from whose position and known loyalty much was expected; Winthrop and Greble,—one a child of genius, the other a true son of Mars; and General Lyon, who, more than any other loyal officer up to that time, had shown the qualities of a great commander. The humiliating battle of Bull Run had been fought,—revealing disloyalty in high places, exposing our ignorance of the art of war, uncovering the approaches to the Capital, and sending a thrill of anguish and terror throughout the land. Later in the season came the surrender of Lexington,—opening Missouri to the foot of the invader; the battle of Ball's Bluff,—costing us the lamented Baker, whose great popularity bound the Pacific to the Atlantic coast as with hooks of steel, and quenching the light in many New England homes; and, toward the going out of the year, came the irreg-

ular capture of Mason and Slidell, and the advice of the Earl of Derby to the British Government, "that outward-bound ships should signalize English vessels that war with America was probable." The attitude of the Border States had paralyzed the Administration, and divided the sentiment of the North; Congress could do little more than save itself from falling a prey to treason; feelings of humanity compelled the President to recognize "the Confederacy," so far as to treat with it for exchange of prisoners; belligerent rights, and the moral power of sympathy had already been secured to it from the leading foreign powers, Russia, "faithful among the faithless," excepted; and pirates were roaming over the high seas, commissioned by the arch-conspirator Davis, "to sink, burn, and destroy everything which flew the ensign of the so-called United States of America."

But this carnival-year of treason was not without its signs of promise to us. The telegram of Secretary Dix to the special agent in New Orleans, "if any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot;" the heroism of Anderson and his devoted comrades; the sublime response to the first call for troops, Massachusetts, as of old, leading the van; the elastic energy of the nation under the stunning blow of Bull Run; the battle of Rich Mountain, saving to us Western Virginia; the capture of the forts

at Hatteras Inlet, under Admiral Stringham and General Butler; the glorious achievement of the Navy at Port Royal, under the lamented Dupont; the stubborn and bloody fight near Belmont, where General Grant first gave token of that daring, coolness, modesty, strategy, and invincible nerve, which have since won him our eternal gratitude; the moral courage and wisdom of Mr. Seward, in appeasing the wrath of England over the affair of the "Trent;" these events were all unmistakable omens that the triumphing of the wicked would be short.

The huge volume of the Rebellion, thus sensibly diminished, now shrunk at a rapid rate. The new year (1862) gave Mason and Slidell to England, by whom they were "coldly received;" Edwin M. Stanton, the Cato among our heads of departments, became Secretary of War; the battle of Mill Spring settled the issue in the Border States; the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson, and of Roanoke Island, brought the nation to its feet in a frenzy of delight; Pea Ridge followed, crushing the Rebel cause in Missouri; then came the Providential exploit of the first Monitor, swiftly avenging the loss of the "Congress" and "Cumberland," and opening a new era in the history of naval warfare. On the heels of these victories treads that at Newbern, confirming our supremacy in Eastern North Carolina; that at Winchester, where "Stonewall" Jackson was

defeated and driven back; and the terrific struggle of Pittsburg Landing, where unflinching determination again prevailed, chiefly through General Sherman, — “his martial features terrible,” then, as ever, the Telamonian Ajax of the war. We were puzzled, rather than made anxious, when we knew that Lee had evacuated Manassas; soon the coasts of Georgia and Florida were ours; General Pope and Commodores Foote and Davis, had opened the Mississippi far downwards; and when New Orleans had surrendered to Farragut, who found the people there so insolent that he turned them over to General Butler, in that glad hour it seemed to us that we could already discern the angel of peace, his feet beautiful upon the mountains, bringing good tidings, and saying unto us, “Your God reigneth.”

Our God did reign. And because He loved us, He did not suffer us at that time to triumph. Again the Rebellion began to unfold its narrowed volume. All eyes were now fixed upon the Army of the Potomac, — noblest Army the world has ever seen, — grand at last with the splendors of victory, as it was grand at first in the gloom of disaster. Wasted in its slow advance, after the barren successes at Yorktown and Williamsburg, it lay, the victim of an invisible destroyer, along the muddy slopes of the Chickahominy. General Banks, assailed by the combined forces of Jackson

and Ewell, had skilfully withdrawn his little army from the Valley of the Shenandoah. It was determined that the force under McDowell should cover Washington, and not the right wing of the Army of the Potomac. Jackson was thus at liberty to co-operate with Lee against McClellan, whose plan for falling back had been discovered by Stuart's famous raid, and whose difficulties had been increased rather than lessened, by the costly victories of Fair Oaks and Mechanicsville. The first attempt at withdrawal was the signal for furious pursuit. But our brave columns, though vastly outnumbered, were not once beaten in the field. Their march was not a retreat in the proper sense of the term; and each time they turned upon the pursuing legions of the foe, at Gaines's Mills, the Chickahominy, Peach Orchard and Savage's Station, White Oak Swamp and Malvern Hill, they sent those legions, mangled and disheartened, backward. It was not in the fighting, but through divided counsels, that the campaign proved a failure. The Army still supposed itself on the way to Richmond, when the order came for it to move toward Washington. Then it was that the Rebellion rolled out its hidden masses. At Cedar Mountain it struck a blow that darkened many homes in New England; and this was but the opening of the series of assaults which culminated in the second battle of Bull Run, and which swept on until met by

an impassable barrier at South Mountain and Antietam. Nor did the sweep of the Rebellion seem to grow less, but only more vast, at the great battles of Fredericksburg, Murfreesboro,' and Chancellorsville. The elections in the North had been carried against the loyal cause, the assassination of Senator Sumner had been threatened in New York, and the Congress at Richmond had proposed an alliance with the States on the Pacific coast.

But our God was reigning. The school of calamity had opened our eyes to see those four millions of blacks, who everywhere had a welcome for us, and whose forced labors enabled the Rebels to keep their armies in the field. Our Congress, whose achievements for freedom we cannot too much admire, had smoothed the way for the President. With Slavery abolished in the District, and forever shut out from the Territories; with Hayti fully recognized, the Fugitive Slave Law repealed, and the Confiscation Act passed, it was easy for Abraham Lincoln, pressed on by military necessity, to issue that decree of EMANCIPATION which made him the saviour of his country, and of a race of men. Thoughts of foreign interference were now at an end; and Heaven, though trying our faith for a time, at length began to smile. The enlistment of the blacks as soldiers rapidly followed; and to our own Governor Andrew especially is

due the high honor of urging that measure forward to complete success. On the fourth of July, 1863, the Rebellion had received its death wound. Vicksburg fell, involving the fall of Port Hudson, and thus opening the Mississippi; and victory settled on our banners at Gettysburg, after a contest which history, as I think, will pronounce the great and decisive battle of the war.

I need not speak of the brave men who there fought. The classic genius of Everett, now immortal, has embalmed their names; and the matchless Eulogy of the Martyr-President, has left nothing for eloquence or poetry to add. Now, upon the failure of the July riots, the Rebellion withdrew into its inmost recesses, knowing that its life depended on keeping out of the way. The battle of Fort Wagner, costing us so dear; and that at Chickamauga, revealing the great commander in General Thomas; and others of less note, in the South and West, did not change the fixed course of events. Grant and Sherman, in their own close counsels, were forecasting the final campaign. General Burnside opened the gates of East Tennessee. The battle of Mission Ridge, and the storming of Lookout Mountain, where Hooker's warriors seemed to wield the artillery of the clouds, secured an open door into Georgia. Deeply pained, but unhindered, by the disaster on Red River, the new regiments rallied on the

banks of the Rapidan under the Lieutenant-General, and near Chattanooga under his great subordinate. The Rebels were confused and bewildered in their hiding-places, not knowing what the omens foretokened. They comprehended the game only when they had lost it. The movement of Meade's army to the South of Petersburg, so costly but so necessary, and involving such immense sacrifice of life at Spottsylvania, the Wilderness, Laurel Hill, Coal Harbor, and on the banks of James River, closed the iron hand of fate upon the main army of the Rebellion. It was now dangerous for that army to remain stationary, and far more dangerous for it to attempt to move. The defeat of Sigel and Hunter, and the raids near Washington, could not loosen the stubborn hold of Grant. The failure of the assault planned by Burnside, and the pause of Sherman before Atlanta, sent the currency and the heart of the country down to their lowest point notwithstanding the glorious news from the "Kear-sarge," and the anxiety of the Rebels to treat for peace. But had certain politicians at that time read the purpose of the leading generals, they would not have advised the two wings of the Republican party to drop their separate candidates and unite under some common leader; nor would certain other politicians have voted the war a failure, and clamored for an armistice and a compromise. The grasp upon the throat of the

Rebellion was not relaxed ; Sherman resumed his work upon its extremities, hurling the fragments westward to be completely crushed by Thomas at Franklin and Nashville ; the bright pennant of Farragut floated victoriously off the harbor of Mobile ; and Sheridan's ride in the Valley sealed the fate of the writhing victim. Every life sacrificed by the Southern leaders after that date was a murder. They knew their cause to be hopeless ; only their desperate pride sustained them. Victory carried the national election. The fall of Savannah, Charleston, Wilmington, and Goldsboro' was but the effect of a cause that had already operated. They went down like oaks in the still night after the hurricane has swept over them ! The mad blows at Hatcher's Run and Fort Stedman, which recoiled so terribly ; the quailing before Sheridan's swift squadrons, all the way round from Lynchburg to Five Forks, the utter collapse, when the final word was given, " up boys, and at them," were an overthrow too awful for my poor description. I can but recur to the figure with which I began this recital. The long gathering, the now unfolding and now contracting waters, were forced to the precipice. In the mists rising out of the abyss into which they went thundering down, we saw calmly shining the bright bow of promise ; and our awed and swelling hearts could only exclaim, " The Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

How shall I fitly impress you with the grandeur of this result to our country? Let us first contrast the opening with the close of the Rebellion. Never before did treason start up so pompously, and perish so ingloriously. At the secession of South Carolina, Mr. Keitt said: "We have carried the body of this Union to its last resting-place, and now we will drop the flag over its grave." But he is in a traitor's gory grave, and the flag still waves on high. When the conspirators met at Montgomery, Davis said, "the South is determined to maintain her position, and make all who oppose her, smell Southern powder, and feel Southern steel." But that steel and powder are ours to-day, and Davis — *quantus mutatus ab illo* — smells a gibbet in the air. Mr. Stephens said, "in the conflict, thus far, success has been on our side, complete throughout the length and breadth of the Confederate States. It is upon [the enslavement of the African race] as I have stated, our social fabric is firmly planted; and I cannot permit myself to doubt the ultimate success and full recognition of this principle throughout the civilized and enlightened world." But the only response to that atrocious sentiment, thus far, has been a universal cry of indignation; and Mr. Stephens now has other use for his philosophy, in a fortress whose name (Fort Warren) reminds him of the revered martyr to liberty on Bunker Hill. After the outrage on Fort Sumter,

the Rebel Secretary of War said, "I will prophesy that the flag which now flaunts the breeze here will float over the dome of the Capitol at Washington before the first of May. Let them try Southern chivalry and test the extent of Southern resources, and it may float eventually over Faneuil Hall itself." The Governor of South Carolina also said, "we have humbled the flag of the United States. It is the first time in the history of this country that the Stars and Stripes have been humbled. It has been humbled, and humbled by the glorious little State of South Carolina." But the flag then "humbled" is exalted at length, and those who rolled the sacrilege as a "sweet morsel" under their tongues, are vagabonds and fugitives in the earth. The fate of all the leaders in the Rebellion gives a new meaning to the words of a king of Israel; "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off." Not only did they sell their birth-right, but that which they most feared has come upon them. We recall here the terrible lines of Addison, and, slightly changing them, exclaim: —

"There is some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heaven,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the wretch
Who seeks his greatness in his country's ruin."

The Rebellion begins and ends its career on a stage

where tragedy and comedy struggle together for the mastery. In its final shout, "*Sic semper tyrannis*," we hear its own doom pronounced; and it goes out of history, as the body of the assassin has gone, into the blackness of darkness forever. Around it hangs the memory of its great swelling words; of sacrilege to the bones of the dead; of Fort Pillow massacres, St. Albans raids, yellow-fever plots, and attempts to burn cities full of women and children. A host of skeleton shadows from Libby, Saulisbury, and Andersonville flit above the place of its torment. It forever hears the horror and laughter of the world shouted after it. And if there be any words, in all the circle of literature, which it may fitly utter, they are: "Let the day perish wherein I was born! Let it not be joined unto the days of the year, nor come into the number of the months! Let no joyful voice come therein. Let them curse it that curse the day; let the stars of the twilight thereof be dark."

Respecting the change that has come over the aristocracy of England, I will be very brief. They are eating their own words at a rapid rate; and the wry faces which they make, while "chewing the bitter cud," are our ample revenge. If they can afford to remember the indecent haste with which they listened to the conspirators; with which they threatened war over the affair of the "Trent;" with which they vir-

tually became allies of the Rebellion ; we certainly can. Our disgust is stirred not a little at their eulogy of our Martyr-President, whom a short time before they had so insultingly maligned ; but if they can afford to extend such sympathy, we may well keep silent, and gratefully — *smile*. Lee and Johnston, and Forrest, and Taylor, and Kirby Smith, having surrendered, of course the surrender of England follows. Like a certain Confederate General, she “surrenders unconditionally on condition that she is unconditionally pardoned.” The bills are rather large after that little pleasantry of the “Alabama.” Our portly friend protests that he didn’t steal the butter and put it in his hat ; and therefore, though something very much *like* butter is streaming down his glowing cheeks, yet, if he *says* he didn’t, possibly he didn’t. We mean that our memory shall be as short as England’s ; that is, we will forget the hostility of the titled few, and remember the sympathy of the untitled many among her subjects.

As for France and Mexico, we cannot forget the exposed heel of Achilles ; and we shall take care that no Paris, with poisoned arrow, wounds us to death on our Southwestern border.

It might be thought ungenerous to contrast our present feelings with those of the vanquished ; let us therefore remember how we felt at the outbreak of the Rebellion, and from the contrast thus suggested

learn the greatness of our cause for rejoicing. We shall never forget that Saturday on which Sumter fell, nor the Sunday next following. Least of all shall we ever forget the Sunday next following the massacre of our loyal soldiers in Baltimore. Sabbaths we cannot call those days, for they brought no rest to us. We were astounded, bewildered, appalled. We went unto the house of God, only to calm ourselves there under His great shadow, as we looked forth on the gathering tempest of war. Then we gazed down a horrible vista of devastation, famine, tears, blood, and wild disorder. We looked, "And behold, a pale horse; and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him." We saw the iron-hoofed demon of war,—his neck clothed with thunder, pawing in the valleys, displaying the glory of his nostrils, swallowing the ground with fierceness and rage, saying among the trumpets, "Ha, ha!" smelling the battle, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting; we saw this mighty waster going forth to trample down all our beautiful civilization, to fill every house in the land with mourning, to turn the moon into blood, and cast the stars unto the ground like untimely figs. But lo, the vision is changed! Another angel has sounded, even the angel of peace. We look up, and, behold, all the *stars* are in their places. Their bands have not been loosed nor their sweet influence disowned.

“The terrible steed lies with nostril all wide,
And through it there rolls not the breath of his pride.”

Yes, the gloom and horror are behind us, and the glory before. We lay aside the spirit of heaviness, and put on the bright apparel of joy. For He that now cometh — escorted by our returning conquerors — is meek and lowly. His coming is as showers upon the mown grass. We see waste places rejoicing at His approach, the wilderness budding and blossoming, the rose growing again in Sharon, the lily reappearing in the valley, the hills clothed with flocks and corn and the free floods clapping their hands. Up, come ye, let us spread our garments in the way; let us cut down branches, and strew them before this King of Peace! Let us go before, and follow after, and sing, “Be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors.” Let the children, also, with their glad hosannas, swell our chorus of welcome. For Peace cometh, crowned with war’s victories, to sway a benign sceptre over the land.

Only a little more than four years ago we were bringing home, from the bloody pavement in Baltimore, our young soldiers, slain for rushing between the raised dagger of treason and the nation’s life. Sorrowful indeed was that funeral; for the air was thick with startling omens, and the tidings, coming on every pulse of the electric wires, smote us like the sirocco’s

breath. But to-day the grave of those martyrs is holy ground. You have recently made a pilgrimage to their sculptured monument, going with songs of joy, and with garlands in your hands, to tell to a thousand generations that Liberty does not forget, in the day of her triumph, those "who made their lives an offering" for her sake. A little more than four years ago all our hearts were on board the "Star of the West," sailing into Charleston harbor, carrying food to a little band of starving men; only to be warned back by a hostile shot, and to be forced to look on, in powerless indignation and shame, while the encircling batteries of treason vomited forth their inhuman fury upon that small and fainting company; until the stars of our nationality went down, insulted but not dishonored, into the smoke and flames of fratricidal war. But lo, the change! A rod out of heaven has touched and transfigured the scene. Since the magnolias last bloomed, all our hearts have been on board another ship, bearing upon it some of the scarred veterans of freedom, and with them the heroic Anderson, who carried with him the same starry Symbol that first went down. This they lifted up to its former proud height, amid shoutings, the sobbings of joy, jubilant music, and thunders of loyal cannon. And thus was proclaimed, to all traitors, and the enemies of liberty everywhere, that the covenant which makes these

States a nation is an everlasting bond; and that their Union — by the sweet ministries of peace, if possible, but, if necessary, by the thunderbolts of war — “must and shall be preserved.” No vain boasting, no empty exultation, no vulgar triumph over the vanquished, but a solemn admonition to us and our children, and to all the world, that “whosoever falleth on this rock shall be broken, and on whomsoever it falleth it shall grind him to powder!”

But I proceed to some of the more lasting results of the war. Of its effect as realizing the spirit of the Declaration I have already spoken.

The triumph of our loyal arms has settled the question of sovereignty, as between the Union and the several States. It was said of the States of ancient Greece, that they lost their government by desiring severally to govern: *Greciæ civitates, dum imperare singulæ cupiunt, imperium omnes perdiderunt.* A similar fate threatened the American Republic, growing out of the heresy of State Sovereignty. But the war is at an end, and where are those Sovereign States? Do they appear, to negotiate a peace with the Federal Government? No; they cannot shield the assailants of the Union and Constitution. ‘Those assailants find,’ as Roman traitors once found, that “they must answer at the bar of the assembly as criminals, not pretend to

negotiate with the Republic as equals." The States are but municipalities ; in the government of the whole country is vested the sovereign power. We have heard of treason against a State ; but we now see that such a crime is always relative to the Union. No State, acting primarily and independently, defines the crime of treason and prescribes its penalty ; it exercises that function only by virtue of its connection with the United States. Robert E. Lee, fancying the authority of Virginia paramount to that of the Republic, became a traitor ; Andrew Johnson, true to his primary rather than his secondary allegiance, maintained his loyalty. "But if the question of sovereignty was not settled before the war, and if Lee honestly believed Virginia to be sovereign, ought he to suffer the penalty of treason ?" Certainly not for that simple belief. But he went further. He did that which he had often seen defined as treason in the Constitution of his country. Let no one be punished for believing the abstract doctrine of State Sovereignty ; but let those who have made war upon the United States, and the whole country through them, be taught the horrible nature of their crime. Treason, as we now perceive, is not properly an offence against Massachusetts, or Virginia ; not the killing of a public servant, however high his office ; but an attempt to murder the sovereignty of the people of the United States. No other crime can

compare with it in guilt. It is not merely hurling a single planet from its sphere, but destroying the power of gravitation itself. Thank God, the thin pretext, from which so many have leaped into bloody Rebellion, is no more ! Like the gourd of Jonah, it has perished with the night in which it grew up. All the people of the land know now, that in case of collision between civil authorities, they owe a single paramount allegiance ; and that they owe it to the Government whose organic law defines high treason, and declares that Congress shall determine its penalty.

The triumphant issue of the war has proved the power of an elective government to cope with armed Rebellion. Heretofore, the advocates of hereditary power have said, “ Your government by the people, with universal suffrage and a change of rulers every four years, may do very well on a small scale, and while you are held together by the necessity of making common cause against other nations. But wait till you have a broad territory, and many competing interests among your citizens : and then, in case of any considerable revolt, see how soon your country will go to pieces. Your Government, resting as it does on the shoulders of the masses, will have for its chief managers men of inferior ability ; the brief tenure of office will not train great leaders ; your ablest men, seeing themselves but units in the mass, will lack patriotism ;

in any threatening emergency, your nation will find itself unprepared." This reasoning was so plausible, and in part so philosophical, that some of us half believed it. Our hearts misgave us when we knew that certain of the States were banded together to destroy our Government. There did seem to be a want of patriotism among our ablest men; there was a lack of trained leaders; we were woefully unready to cope with the Rebellion. But one element in our favor, outweighing all the advantages of a monarchy, had been too much overlooked. The people knew that the Government was their government, and its cause their cause. If it was dishonored, they were dishonored; if it was lost, their earthly hopes were lost. No sophistries could blind them to the momentous issue. Hence the rush to arms. Hence the cheerful submission to taxes, and other necessary burdens and restraints. Hence the readiness to loan the nation whatever treasure it might need. Our first efforts were awkward and unsuccessful; and, of those whom we tried as leaders, one after another failed. But the resources were vast; the determination to conquer grew more stern; gradually we learned how; and those who wished us evil, and our own doubting hearts, were taught that what a free people *wills* it can perform. We have shown that the humblest man, if honest, can be the successful ruler of the mightiest nation on the

globe. The people are too intelligent, too much disposed to justice and public order, to need intellectual giants in the chairs of state. The wolf, and the bear, and the lion have been subdued to the habits of the lamb and the ox; "and a little child may lead them." The spirit of the people has made our rulers great. All fears respecting the stability of such a government as ours are forever dispelled. There is, in the nation, a centripetal power balancing its centrifugal power; it may be as permanent as it is beneficent, as strong as it is free. Hitherto our Republic has been called an experiment; it will be called so no longer. Royalists know this. They see that the weapon with which they have thus far defended their kings is wrested from them. They are asking themselves, with blanched cheeks, what they have done and said to us in the day of our trouble.

Let me here give way a moment to the mouth-piece of the English aristocracy. Hear it: "It has been vulgarly supposed that democracy is necessarily incompatible with strength and vigor of executive action, and that the concentration of power in a single despot is necessary for the conduct of a great war. That delusion the American struggle has dispelled. It has been thought that democracies were necessarily fickle to their rulers, unstable and wavering in their determination. That, too, the democracy of America

has disproved. It has been said that democracies were necessarily violent and cruel in their disposition, and that from impatience of discipline and obedience they are unapt for military success. No man can say that now. It has been said that democracies would not support the expenses of war and the burdens of taxation. This is proved not to be the case. No autocrat that the world has ever seen, has received a more firm and unbounded support, and commanded more unlimited resources than those which the American people have freely placed at the disposal of Mr. Lincoln. His re-election in 1864 was evidence of the wise and prudent firmness of the people who exercised the suffrage, and the result ought to have left no doubt on the minds of thoughtful men as to the necessary issue of the great contest." Comment is needless. To such language every American patriot says, as the friend of Antonio said to Shylock —

“ I thank thee, Jew, for giving me that word ! ”

The war has also proved that we are in no danger from military ambition. The soldiers of Cæsar and Napoleon were ready to follow their adored commanders in any attempt at usurpation. Not so our soldiers. They know what they have been suffering and fighting for ; for a Government which belongs to themselves, and which not even their most admired general, for

whom they would die any moment, can be permitted in the smallest particular to usurp or disown. Thank God, the American people are able to discriminate in their gratitude. No renown of the warrior can so dazzle them as to make them forget the proper subordination of the military to the civil power. Henceforth we shall be less nervous at popular admiration lavished on the successful general. It is not the blind applause of an unthinking populace, but thanks rendered to one who is expected to be a benefactor in the future as well as in the past. We are deeply grieved that it has cost the hero of Atlanta so dear, or that any other hero's tripping should be the price of this valuable lesson; and we are and always will be grateful to the man who could say to his troops, as Sherman did, in bidding them adieu after all that had happened, "be good citizens in peace as you have been good soldiers in war."

Another result of the struggle has been to strengthen, rather than shake, the foundation of our liberties. The essential theory of the Government is not changed, but confirmed and made to operate on a larger scale. It is an axiom of history that civil wars are ended only by compromise. That axiom has failed for once. The rebellions of England have revolutionized her government, though nominally it is much the same. When kings come out of wars with their subjects, they never

after sit as firmly as before on their thrones. They must humor the people, and yield more or less of the reality for the sake of the semblance of power. But our Government has not yielded anything to the Rebels yet, and will be guilty of a foolish act if it ever does. Its basis is broader and deeper to-day than when the war began. The people understand its spirit better, and are wedded to it by a more determined loyalty. The great problems forced upon their attention, have taught them their duties and revealed to them their rights. And the Institution with which they might have been tempted to compromise has ceased to exist. Was the way of the wicked ever more utterly turned upside down? The attempt was to assassinate Liberty; the result is that Slavery has been cast into an ignominious grave. The attempt was to rivet the chains of bondage on a race of men; the result is that they are and ever shall be free. The attempt was to carry a monstrous wrong upward to our Northern border; the result is that freedom and the right have been carried downward to our Southern border. This is a new feature in the history of rebellions. It teaches us that they "fight against the stars in their courses" who fight against the rights of man; that, as under the throne so upon the throne, the march of human liberty is forever onward, When it rises up none can hinder, and when it strikes none can stand.

The war has also deepened the affection of the people for the Union, in all parts of the land. The suffering and glory it has occasioned are a common heritage. The East and West can never forget that they have stood shoulder to shoulder throughout the terrible struggle — that they have rejoiced together over the same victories, and wept together over the same reverses. The blood of their sons has flowed together on a hundred battle-fields, and those sons are now sleeping side by side in the soldier's grave. Nor do we doubt that the era of wiser counsels and kindlier feeling, is coming to the people of the South; when they also, having learned the real cause of their troubles, shall reach forth a fraternal hand unto those who have broken the yoke of an Oligarchy from off their necks. Yes, it is our country; our one country; our redeemed and renovated country, that every American heart embraces to-day. We of the East can never resign our share in the glory of Sherman's army, and they of the West will ever claim that the army which conquered Lee was theirs. No patriot, from the Mississippi to the Pacific Coast, will ever admit to himself that the tomb of Abraham Lincoln is in a foreign country; and we who have "seen his star in the East" can never endure a strange flag waving over that shrine, as we go thither, with our sweet spices, to remember whom he loved and for whom he was offered.

I will name but one other result of the war, itself an effect of the results already named. The question of Sovereignty settled, the power of cohesion in a free government proved, and the Republic raised to leadership among the nations, our character as a people will naturally improve. Not that the American people have been especially bad, but they are in a condition to grow better. The consciousness of power begets a feeling of repose. It gives steadiness and self-poise to both nations and men. If Southern "chivalry" had been more genuine, it would have boasted less. If our country had been more truly "the home of the free," the shouts for freedom would have been less noisy. Those friends abroad who expect that we shall be made vain-glorious and insolent by our success, are mistaken. Being sure of our position, we shall lose our sensitiveness, and grow calmer and more self-possessed. Our nationality is vindicated. Other governments, contemptuous once, now look toward us with respect and fear. But their fear is groundless, so long as their treatment of us is just. The war has not made us a military people; but only shown that when we *must* fight we fight through to victory. Standing on our high places, we shall not breathe out slaughter against other nations, but the rather overlook their impotent unfriendliness. This new dignity will be promotive of peace everywhere. It will bring forth in us more of

the fruits of manly virtue. Ceasing to fear criticism, we shall be less criticized. The opinions of foreigners will not disturb us much hereafter. We shall learn to be content, and modestly proud, in the enjoyment of our own history, our own institutions, our own simple manners and customs. It is respectable now to be a citizen of the United States, — respectable anywhere. We have only to keep quietly in our place. We have a character, and that character will give a charm to American life. Those who have taunted us hitherto will henceforth treat us with deference. They will find a new merit in our literature, a new refinement in our society, — grace and dignity where all was vulgar and trivial before. We shall learn that success, as well as a good deed, shines very far “in a naughty world,” that it transforms a nation of plebeians into a nation of patricians, that it changes the worthless into the “most worshipful.” Heretofore America has imitated Europe; hereafter Europe will imitate America. And the influence of this new treatment, instead of puffing us up, will beget in us all a sober self-respect. It will render us a calmer people; will make us content with our citizenship, and all the simple republican customs bequeathed to us. Thus shall the most lasting, the grandest, the richest result of the mighty struggle be secured.

I now come to the most grateful, and withal the tenderest portion of my task. It is the offering of our united thanks unto those who have achieved for us the priceless boon. Soldiers from the Army and Navy, once soldiers but now again citizens, we hail you to-day as our benefactors and deliverers. We welcome you home from the fatigues of the march, the wearisome camp, and the awful ecstasy of battle. Through four terrible years you have looked without quailing on the ghastly visage of war. You have patiently borne the heats of Summer and the frosts of Winter. You have cheerfully exchanged the delights of home for the hardships of the campaign or blockade. Not only the armed foe, but the wasting malaria has lurked along your resistless advance. You know the agony and the transport of the deadly encounter. How many times, standing each man at his post, in the long line of gleaming sabres and bayonets, every hand clenched and every eye distended, you have caught the peal of your leader's clarion, and sprung through the iron storm to the embrace of victory! But all that has passed away. The mangled forests are putting on an unwonted verdure, the fields once blackened by the fiery breath of war are now covered with their softest bloom, and the vessels of commerce are riding on all the national waters. The carnage, the groans, the cries for succor, the fierce onset and sullen recoil, the thunders of the

artillery, and the missiles screaming like demons in the air, have given way to pæans, civic processions and songs of thanksgiving. The flag of your country, so often rent and torn in your grasp, and which you have borne to triumph again and again, over the quaking earth or through the hurricane of death in river and bay, rolls out its peaceful folds above you, every star blazing with the glory of your deeds, in token of a nation's gratitude. We come forth to greet you,—sires and matrons, young men and maidens, children and those bowed with age; to own the vast debt which we can never pay, and to say, from full hearts, “We thank you, God bless you!”

But while we thus address you, you are thinking of the fallen. With a soldier's generosity you wish they could be here to share in the thrice-earned welcome. Possibly they are here, from many a grave in which you laid them after the strife; pleased with these festivities, and with the return of joy to the nation, but far above any ability of ours either to bless or to injure. You may tarnish your laurels, or an envious hand may pluck them from you. But your fallen comrades are exposed to no such accident. They are doubly fortunate, for the same event which crowned them with honor has placed them beyond the possibility of losing their crown. Many of them died in the darkest hours of the Republic; others in the early dawn of peace,

while "the morning stars were singing together." But victory and defeat make no differences among them now. They all have conquered in the final triumph. Their names will alike thrill the coming ages, as loftily spoken by the tongues of the eloquent; and their deeds will forever be chanted by immortal minstrels. They were together "brave men, who repose in the public monuments, all of whom alike, as being worthy of the same honor, the country buried, not alone the successful or victorious; and justly, for the duty of brave men was done by all, their fortune being such as God assigned to each."

"By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there."

And ye know, departed soldiers of the Republic, that your President was a partaker in your "last full measure of devotion." Yes, you have him, for you deserve him more than we. Have you left many widows on the earth? Among them the wife of Abraham Lincoln is one. Are your fatherless children now waiting for us to pay over to them a little of the great debt we owe? Among them the children of Abraham Lincoln

mourn a father gone to be with you. The man so exalted, whose summons drew you from happy homes to be offered on the altars of war, has himself followed in the sacrificial column. His mortal form is laid as low as yours. It can no longer be said that he called you to a death which did not threaten him. O, ye sightless couriers of the air, waiting around that new-made sepulchre at Springfield, take up this truth — the invisible Republic where President and people still are one — and bear it abroad on gentle wings, and reveal it tenderly to every poor heart that bemoans a husband, or son, or friend, or brother slain! In the words of an ancient orator, “It becomes us to honor the dead, and to lament the living. For what pleasure, what consolation remains to them? They are deprived of those who love them, but who preferring virtue to every connection, have left them fatherless, widowed and forlorn. Of all their relations, the children, too young to feel their loss, are least to be lamented; but most of all the parents, who are too old ever to forget it. They nourished and brought up children to be the comforts of their age, but of these, in the decline of life, they are deprived, and with them of all their hopes. We shall best honor the dead, then, by extending our protection to the living. We must assist and defend their widows, protect and honor their parents, embrace and cherish their orphans. Who deserve more honor than the

dead? Who are entitled to more sympathy than their kindred?"

Nor in the field alone, has the meed of a nation's thanks been earned. At home the fair have toiled and waited for the brave. The flame on the altar of Hymen, which has burnt low while there was sterner work to do, will be kindled afresh at the return of the saviours of the country. The Soldiers' Aid Societies, the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, and the records of all our military hospitals, are an eternal monument to woman's patriotism and woman's love. And as, in the past, they have chosen to be widows of brave men rather than the wives of cowards, so now, neither scar nor crutch, nor artificial limb, will damage the suit of those who deserve the fair. Soldiers, while we applaud your heroism, there is also due, from you, a recognition of services by those who have not stood at the front. As I am enough of a civilian to speak their gratitude to you, so I have been enough of a soldier to return thanks in your name to them. They have exerted themselves to the utmost that you might lack no personal comfort, and that the sinews of war might ever be tense and strong. And as the various classes of loyal citizens look around upon one another to-day, each esteeming others better than himself, perhaps the truest word we can utter is that the whole loyal people of the

land, wherever any may have struggled or toiled, are the real and the only chief hero of the war.

We cannot forget, in this glad hour, how much we owe to the patriotic statesmen of former days. The noble record of the last two Congresses is but the carrying forward of what their predecessors had begun. We remember the perils and speak gently of the mistakes, while we admire what we will believe was the purpose of those men. It is not in our hearts to doubt on which side of the line of battle Rufus Choate would have stood, had he lived to see that line clearly drawn. In no man was the sentiment of nationality ever more intense than in him. "The Union broken up?" we can hear him exclaim with that preternatural voice of his, "never, while there's enough of Plymouth Rock left to make a gun flint of!" This whole bloody war has been but the old battle between Webster and Calhoun, fought through with other weapons and on a broader stage. Their thoughts have sped from the mouths of contending cannon; their words have clashed in the fierce shock of encountering steel. Their spirits have struggled in the air while loyalty and treason were struggling on the plain below. They have shuddered or smiled, as each one has seen his idea smitten down or winning the day. And when the final acclaim of the armies of the Union went up, could we not almost see the sullen ghost of Calhoun turning away

into the darkness? Could we not again hear Webster's voice coming to us in the grand music of the ocean, across his tomb at Marshfield, and saying, "the aspiration of my life is attained? I now *do* behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic known and honored throughout the earth; full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in *more* than their original lustre, not a stripe erased nor a star obscured; and everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heaven, there *is* emblazoned that sentiment, dear to every American heart — Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

You will not deem it merely a professional act in me, my friends, if I remind you that to God is due our supreme gratitude to-day. This obligation you have recognized in the service of prayer. The war has renewed our faith in a Divine Providence controlling the destinies of nations, and without which not a sparrow falleth. His throne has rested firmly on the vexed sea of Rebellion, and He has wielded all its wrath for our complete deliverance. In the first shot at Sumter we heard the voice of God saying, "arise, my people;" and in the last shot at Ford's Theatre we saw Him delivering over the sword of justice into the hands of one who believes that "treason is a crime,

and not merely difference of opinion." All along He has sent us defeats when our cause needed them. Many a deliverance has been so unexpected, and from sources so new and strange, that we could only say, "it is the Lord's doing;" nor did He permit the crowning success to come until liberty had been assured to all the inhabitants of the land. Perhaps there is no pious word on record, more expressive of what we should feel to-day, than Admiral Farragut's order after the taking of New Orleans: "Eleven o'clock this morning is the hour appointed to return thanks to Almighty God for his great goodness and mercy. At that hour the church pennant will be hoisted on every vessel of the fleet, and their crews assembled, will, in humiliation and prayer, make their acknowledgments therefor, to the Great Dispenser of all human events." Following this bright example, and that of many loyal governors and brave generals, and of our departed and our living President, — nay, indeed, speaking from the deep impulse of our own thankful hearts, — it is unto the Lord that we sing our new song, for he it is that hath done marvellous things: "His right hand and His holy arm have gotten Him the victory."

Let it not be inferred, from the tenor of these remarks, that I see no peril in the future. What shall

be the treatment of the disloyal, and what the basis of citizenship in the reconstructed States, are questions of grave concern.

Are we exhorted to be kind to the Rebels? That appeal is needless. We shall be kind to them. Many of us have very tender reasons for treating them kindly. We always have been kind to them; erring on that side, and yielding to their unjust demands, until they inferred that we could not be aroused to maintain our rights. We may accept it as an axiom, that the people of the North cannot be cruel towards the leaders in the South. All our danger, then, is on the other side. Let us not give other nations occasion to say that we make a commodity of justice. Let not the offenders themselves despise us for fearing to vindicate the majesty of the Republic. Will good citizens feel altogether safe, in our country, if it is to have admired Rebels roaming at large in all parts of it for a generation to come? Let us not be so kind to the disloyal as to be unkind to the loyal. Should not those in the South who have fought on our side be cared for before those who have fought against us? Those who have been true to the Government should be protected first. This is justice, whose claims are sacred. Nor is it magnanimity, but a crime which nature abhors, to cherish enemies who are outraging our friends. Shall we leave the blacks in the power

of the exasperated foe, knowing, as we do, that the savage spite which cannot touch us will be wreaked upon their unsheltered heads? I shall believe that the revolt of the rebel angels has succeeded, and that Satan now sits on the throne of God, if such horrible treachery can exist and go unscourged of heaven! While the Saviour of men was riding in triumph to Jerusalem, "He beheld the city, and wept over it." But those tears did not prevent Him from saying, "Behold your house is left unto you desolate." Imitating that divine act to-day, we raise our bitter cry over prostrate treason, even while we call on Justice to draw out her sharp sword. There is no malignity in our hearts, but a reverent prayer that the sovereignty of the nation may be magnified and made honorable. *They would have it so.* They trampled on our forbearance and warnings, and defied the power which should be "a terror to evil doers." Let justice be done without the least over-doing. Let their doom be so reasonable that no wicked sympathy shall dare to lift its head. Let them be put where no "foreign correspondent" can glorify them; where no unfriendly court can make use of them; where no lying pens of their own can fill the world with histories of their treason disguised as patriotism, and of their attempt to nationalize barbarism painted as a struggle for human liberty. Let them be so punished that their example

can never prove contagious, and be buried where the bloodhounds of despotism can never scent their graves !

Two acts of the struggle for liberty in America are past ; the third and consummating act is now upon us. The first act closed under Washington, when the Colonies were acknowledged to be free and independent States ; the second act closed under Lincoln, with the vindication of the sovereignty of the Union ; the third act will close when equal political rights are conceded to all men. God grant that the last act may not, like the first two, deluge the land with blood ! May the evil tree be plucked up in the hour of its weakness, before its roots have undergrown and its branches overspread the Republic. The Emancipation Proclamation was but incidental to the war for the Union. Not in the purpose of man, but by the arrangement of God, it has knocked off the chains of the slave. And it has done a negative, rather than a positive work. It has delivered the blacks from chattel slavery, but it has not introduced them into civil liberty. How this last act shall be achieved is the problem now forced upon the country. Our statesmen cannot evade it if they would ; it is taxing their wisdom beyond any other question of the hour ; and whoever solves it successfully will complete the grand American triumvirate. We could wish that the triumvirate, when full, might read —

Washington, Lincoln, Johnson. Do any say that it is inconsistent to demand citizenship for the blacks in the States now returning to the Union, while in many of the so-called Free States only the whites are admitted to the ballot? But the people of these latter States have not rebelled. Security for the future may require of disloyal communities what should not be exacted of the loyal. Only those who have broken the peace are put under bonds to keep the peace. "But the question of suffrage belongs to the States." So it does, while they are in their normal condition. Perhaps the day of military necessity is over; but is there not a necessity of state quite as pressing, which, if not yielded to, will ultimately become a military necessity? If you cannot do a righteous deed for its own sake, yet doing it to prevent war is better statesmanship than waiting for the war to come. A free government can be said to fulfil its purpose only when no class of persons under it has wrongs to be redressed. Emancipation is but a mockery of the blacks, especially while among their late masters, if they be not admitted to citizenship. Perhaps it did not occur to Mr. Lincoln, perhaps he thought it unwise at the time, to make his Proclamation perfect by adding to it: "And, that the promises herein contained may not prove illusory in the end, I do also proclaim, and cause to be published and proclaimed, that,

in reconstructing the State governments now disorganized, the blacks shall be admitted to all the rights of freemen on the same conditions with the whites." How much present anxiety would have been prevented by some such golden clause ! But we will believe that the question is in safe hands. Surely the Congress, if made wise by the events of the past, will not "guarantee a republican form of government" to any State, while there is manifestly, in that State, a spirit hostile to the very principles of republicanism. To the loyalty, wisdom, and patriotism of our statesmen we confide this grave concern. They alone can decide it peacefully ; and may God have them in his holy keeping !

Anticipating the gradual solution of all remaining difficulties, in a manner which shall fulfil the hopes of a generous patriotism, I see, before our country, a future too grand for my feeble portrayal ; a development of the resources of nature, a growth of manufactures, a commerce, civilization, and Christianity, which shall be the glory of the New World and the wonder of the Old. No man, standing at the sources of the Amazon, can bring within the range of his vision all its mighty course from the mountains to the sea ;—its broad tributaries with their interlacing streams ; its silent advance through primeval forests, and vaster sweep across luxuriant savannas ; the sails of adventurers, and of scientific explorers, moving up into its alluring

mystery ; the inexhaustible wealth of field and mine to which it is a natural highway ; the current, so like an ocean, with which it proudly yields at last to the ocean's embrace. And so, standing to-day by the sources of this new stream in American history, we cannot foresee all its unfolding volume ; its distant greatness, and grandeur, and majesty ; the destinies, mortal and immortal, of both nations and individuals, which it will gather upon its ample bosom, and bear onward and onward, into the unbounded hereafter. We can only lift up our overflowing hearts toward Him whose rod has brought the water out of the rock, and ask that He would direct its wondrous course ; draining the richness of all the civilizations into it, and causing it to bless the ages through which it shall roll, until it mingles in that sea of latter-day glory, whose law is peace, and whose tides and waves are the pulsations of a perfect love.

THE CELEBRATION.

THE CELEBRATION.

THE Committee of the City Council for making the necessary arrangements to celebrate the eighty-ninth anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence, July 4, 1865, was appointed February 18, and consisted of Aldermen John S. Tyler, Geo. W. Messinger, L. Miles Standish, Charles F. Dana, Geo. W. Sprague, Nathaniel C. Nash, and Edward F. Porter; Councilmen Wm. B. Fowle, John Miller, W. W. Elliott, N. J. Bean, Wm. W. Warren, Joseph Allen, F. W. Palfrey, John P. Ordway, S. H. Loring, J. C. Haynes, S. B. Stebbins, M. W. Richardson, and Sumner Crosby.

By invitation of the Committee, His Honor Mayor Lincoln was invited to consult with them, and to act with and for them on public occasions. Before the time had arrived for making definite and precise preparations for the celebration, the War came to an end, and it was considered on all hands that the Fourth of July ought to be signalized by demonstrations of joy even more extensive than have heretofore been customary. The appropriation was accordingly increased by the City Council, and the Committee devoted themselves to perfecting a programme of celebration which would gratify all classes and suit all proper tastes. The elements marred the full success of some

of the entertainments, but, as a whole, it is believed the celebration was satisfactory to the public, and a fit exposition of the prevalent happy state of feeling in the community.

According to custom, the bells were rung at sunrise, noon, and sunset, and salutes were fired upon the Common, by Capt. French's 2d Battery, at the same hours.

DECORATIONS.

The City Hall, and other public buildings and places were decorated freely with flags, mottoes, shields, &c. From the line crossing Chauncy Street was suspended a shield, bearing on one side the motto: "The security of the American Republic rests in the equality of human rights." (Reverse side.) "God bless the Union! It is dearer to us for the blood of our brave men shed in its defence." At the entrance to the Common, by Park Street, a large and beautiful banner motto was suspended. On the front side was the motto: "We exult that a Nation has not fallen." On one side of this motto was a figure of Justice, with the scales, &c. On the other side the Goddess of Liberty. On the reverse side of this banner a motto: "A new birth of Freedom," with the figure '65 underneath, flanked by a representation of the soldier and sailor. A similar banner, with the following mottoes, was at the Boylston and Charles streets entrance: "One Flag—One Government." (Reverse.) "The Union, it must be preserved."

On Beacon Street Mall, where tables were set for a collation to the "Veteran Soldiers," for nearly 350 feet, flags and other bunting were extended on both sides, and up into the

trees, in such a manner as to create a very picturesque effect. At the entrance, opposite Walnut Street, was a large canvas shield, bearing the motto : —

“ Honor to the gallant defenders of the Star-Spangled Banner.”

Nearer the foot of the Mall was another shield, on which were the mottoes : “ What the fathers gained in blood may the sons preserve by virtue ! ” and “ Liberty and Union, one and indivisible, now and forever ! ”

There was also attached to the trees bordering this display of bunting the names — Abraham Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, Hooker, Burnside, Hancock, Howard, and Sedgwick, on one side of the Mall, and on the opposite were the following names in similar order : Richmond, Vicksburg, Shenandoah Valley, Knoxville, Antietam, Wilderness, Petersburg, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, and Chancellorville.

The following mottoes were hung at the places designated, with flags : —

Across Winter Street, at Music Hall : —

“ Indemnity for the past and security for the future ; the noblest indemnity and the strongest security ever won, because founded in the redemption of a race.”

Reverse side — “ All honor to the Army and Navy of the United States. Animated by a love of their country, they went forward at its call, and have reaped what they well deserved — the Nation’s gratitude.”

Across Merchants Row from Faneuil Hall to Market : —

“ I leave you, hoping that the lamps of Liberty will burn in your bosoms until there shall no longer be a doubt that all men are created free and equal.” — ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Reverse side — “ All honor to the Citizen Soldiers of Massachusetts ! In the War for Independence in 1776, and in the War for Freedom in 1861, foremost to defend and prompt to shed their blood in support of man’s inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.”

Across Washington Street from Boston Theatre : —

“ Washington promulgated our principles — Warren died in their defence. We intend to perpetuate them.”

Reverse side — “ The memories of the fathers are the inspirations of her sons.”

A MORNING CONCERT

was given upon the Common, at 7 o’clock in the morning, and was listened to with apparent gratification by many thousand people. The musicians numbered eighty, under the direction of Mr. B. A. Burditt, and the pieces played were as follows : —

Hail Columbia.

Russian National Hymn.

Medley of Popular Airs.

England’s National Hymn.

Dirge in Memory of President Lincoln.

Hallelujah Chorus.

French National Air.

Ireland’s National Air.

German Fatherland.

Our Country’s National Airs.

Old Hundred.

THE CHILDREN'S CELEBRATION.

Musical and other entertainments, chiefly for the children of the Public Schools, were provided during the day at Music Hall, Andrews Hall, and the Boston Theatre. These entertainments were under the management of a Committee of the Warren Street Chapel, subject to the directions of the Subcommittee on Children's Celebrations. At the Music Hall, before and after the Oration, at 9, 3½, and 5½ o'clock, three National Organ Concerts were given by Mr. G. E. Whiting and Mrs. L. S. Frohock. At Andrews Hall, at 9, 11, 1, 3, and 5 o'clock, there were exhibitions of natural magic, legerde-main, ventriloquism, and Punch and Judy, by Henry Bryant. At the Boston Theatre there was dancing and promenade, with full bands of Music, from 9½ to 1, and 2½ to 6 o'clock. All these places were fully attended.

At the Music Hall, during the interval between the fourth and fifth performances on the programme of the first concert in the morning, His Honor Mayor Lincoln entered, escorting General Anderson and Admiral Farragut, who were greeted with loud cheers and tempestuous applause, waving of hats and handkerchiefs, every one rising in their seats.

The gentlemen being seated and the tumult subsiding, the Mayor came forward and said :—

My Friends : I thought to have the pleasure of introducing to you our noble guests here, but I perceive that they are already introduced and recognized by you,—bound to you heart to heart. Still, I will do myself the honor formally to present to you Vice-Admiral Farragut.

Admiral Farragut rose amid renewed and vociferous applause, and as soon as he could obtain silence, said : —

“ It affords me great pleasure to return thanks to you for this greeting, and after an absence of forty years to meet you on this glorious day.”

The Mayor : “ And now for the hero of Fort Sumter :”
(Great applause.)

General Anderson rose and said : —

“ I can only thank you, as I do, from the bottom of my heart.”

During the enthusiastic demonstrations of the audience which ensued, Miss Hattie Lincoln, daughter of His Honor the Mayor, presented to Admiral Farragut an elegant bouquet, and Miss Addie Standish, daughter of Alderman Standish, presented a similar one to General Anderson.

Mr. James R. Elliott then sang in fine style, “ Columbia, the gem of the ocean,” the audience joining in the chorus.

While singing the last verse, Mr. Elliott turned toward General Anderson and Admiral Farragut, singing these lines : —

“ May the wreaths they have worn never wither,
Nor the stars of their glory grow dim !
May the service united ne’er sever,
But they to their colors prove true !
Oh ! the Army and Navy forever !
Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue !”

Which were received with loud applause. Alderman George W. Messinger then presented two very handsome bouquets to Misses Lincoln and Standish, and soon after His Honor the Mayor and his distinguished guests retired, and drove to Andrews Hall, where the General and Admiral were received

with cheers from the children, who, at the Mayor's request, then sang a verse of "The Star-Spangled Banner." They thence proceeded to the Boston Theatre, the audience rising and the band in the balcony playing "Hail to the Chief," as they entered and advanced up the platform to the front of the stage, the young misses on the floor encircling the area in a double line.

Silence being restored, His Honor Mayor Lincoln said : —

"I beg to congratulate you all on the happy auspices of this occasion, and to present to you Vice-Admiral Farragut and Major-General Robert Anderson."

General Anderson thus replied to the loud applause of the youthful assembly : —

"My little friends, I wish that I could take you all by the hand and thank you for this welcome." (Great applause.)

Admiral Farragut said : —

"It affords me the deepest gratification to meet you on this glorious day, and to thank you for this complimentary reception." (Great applause and cheers.)

Nine young ladies in costume then came forward and danced the Highland Fling in a manner which was loudly applauded by the spectators. Mayor Lincoln and party withdrew shortly after, the band playing the National airs, and the large assembly cheering enthusiastically.

THE PROCESSION

was formed at City Hall (corner of Bedford and Chauncy streets) at ten o'clock. The Chief Marshal was Brevet Brig. Gen. Wm. S. Tilton, who was assisted by Col. P. R. Guiney,

Maj. J. Henry Sleeper, Capt. Nathan Appleton, and H. W. Tilton, Esq. as aids, and by the following assistant marshals : Lieut. Col. P. T. Hanley, Maj. J. W. Mahan, Capt. W. T. W. Ball, Capt. M. F. O'Hara, Capt. Wm. A. Hill, Lieut. C. F. Williams, Maj. W. T. Eustis, 3d, Maj. R. T. Lombard, Capt. Geo. D. Putnam, Capt. J. P. Jordan, Lieut. James Darling, Dr. E. G. Tucker, J. W. Wolcott, Jr., James H. Roberts, J. T. Fuller, Geo. F. Williams, Jr., Levi C. Barney, John D. Cadogan.

The procession marched in the following order : —

Twelve mounted Police Officers, in command of Sergeant John M. Dunn.

Col. Charles R. Codman and staff, in command of the escort.
Band from Gallop's Island.

Second Regiment of Infantry, under command of Lieut. Col. O. W. Peabody.

The Lincoln Guards of South Boston, Capt. M. E. Bigelow.

The Newton Zouaves, Capt. Alfred Schoff, a company of lads.

The 14th unattached Company of militia, Capt. Lewis Gaul.

Gilmore's Band with a Drum Corps.

The Boston Light Infantry Regiment, H. O. Whittemore, Captain commanding.

The 1st Battery Light Artillery, Capt. Cummings.

The 2d Battery Light Artillery, Capt. French.

Bond's Cornet Band.

Brig. Gen. Wm. S. Tilton, Chief Marshal, and Aids.

First Division. Col. Thomas Sherwin, Chief of Division.
Aids, Capt. Geo. M. Barnard, Jr., and Lieut. John G. Kinsley.

This Division was composed of the City Government, various present and past City, County, and State officials, officers of the N. E. Veteran Association, invited guests, and the Boston Scottish Club in Highland costume, and the American Hibernian Society with their officers and beautiful banners in a carriage, the members following on foot in good numbers and wearing their handsome regalia.

Second Division. Col. A. F. Devereux, Chief of Division. Aids, Lieut. Col. W. S. Davis, and Capt. A. P. Martin. This Division was composed entirely of returned soldiers, headed by cavalymen, preceded by a drum corps of young lads with Master Coffin, acting Drum Major.

Next was borne a banner on which was the motto, "The Nation's Defenders," who were represented by members of different Army Corps, each bearing a representation of their corps badge, as follows :—

1st Corps, "Buck's Eye."

2d Corps, "Clover."

3d Corps, "Diamond."

5th Corps, "Maltese Cross."

6th Corps, "Roman Cross."

9th Corps, "Anchor and Shield."

10th Corps, "Four-Bastioned Fort."

11th Corps, "Crescent."

20th Corps, "Heart."

Then came four large wagons, each drawn by four noble horses, furnished by Adams & Co.'s Express Company, and by

Jordan, Marsh, & Co., containing disabled veterans. As the brave and crippled men passed, the thousands of people who lined the sidewalks greeted them with hearty cheers.

The procession moved from City Hall in Chauncy Street, through Summer, Winter, Tremont, Park, and Beacon streets, to Arlington Street; through Arlington to Boylston Street; through Boylston to Park Square; through Park Square and Pleasant Street to Tremont Street; through Tremont, Dover, Washington, and Winter streets, to the Music Hall.

The City Council and guests entered Music Hall, and the escort conducted the veterans to the foot of Beacon Street Mall.

THE SOLDIERS' COLLATION.

Twenty tables were laid in Beacon Street Mall for the veteran returned soldiers and sailors, of which they partook with a hearty relish. After the eatables were disposed of, some of the veterans made brief remarks appropriate to the occasion, and among others Mr. Benjamin F. Norcross, a veteran sailor of thirty years' standing, who came home in the Canandaigua, made an interesting speech, which was listened to with marked attention. The company separated after giving cheers for the Army and Navy.

SERVICES IN THE MUSIC HALL.

The Music Hall was filled to overflowing. It had been appropriately draped, for the occasion, the names of the States and of John Hancock and the other signers of the Declaration of Independence, from Massachusetts, being prominent upon

the galleries. There were also mottoes making proper allusion to the preservation of the Union by the valor of our brave men.

Soon after 12 o'clock, Mayor Lincoln entered with Admiral Farragut and Gen. Anderson, who were received with tremendous cheering. The singing of the "Star-Spangled Banner," which opened the exercises, was by a Choir selected from the High and Grammar schools, under the direction of Mr. Carl Zerrahn, and received much applause. A prayer was offered by Rev. Henry W. Foote, when the "Chorus of Pilgrims," from "I Lombardi," was sung.

The Declaration of Independence was gracefully read by Master Charles Harris Phelps. Rev. Mr. Manning, then delivered his Oration. It was warmly applauded, particularly the allusions to the suppressed passage of the Declaration of Independence, and to Farragut, Stringham, Grant, Sherman, Anderson, and President Lincoln, and the great act of his administration.

The following Original Hymn, by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, was then sung to the Music of the "Old Hundredth Psalm."

Our Fathers built the house of God;
Rough-hewn, with haste its slabs they laid;
The savage man in ambush trod;
And still they worshipped undismayed.

They wrought like stalwart men of war,
Who wrung the state from heathen hands;
Who bore their faith's high banner far,
And in its name possessed the lands.

The skill of strife to peaceful arts,
Their perils over, glad gave way ;
The bond of freedom joined men's hearts
More near than meaner compact may.

We, followers of their task and toil,
Inherited their dangers too ;
Drove bloody rapine from our soil,
Th' oppressor dared, the murderer slew.

Our heavy work, like theirs, at end ;
Returning from the death-won field,
Brother with brother, friend with friend,
Again the house of God we build.

Oh ! may our ransomed freedom dwell
In truth's own citadel secure ;
And blameless guardians foster well
The mystic flame that must endure.

The flame of holy human love,
That makes our liberties divine ;
Let each strong arm its champion prove,
And each true heart its deathless shrine.

Benediction was pronounced by the Chaplain.

DINNER AT FANEUIL HALL.

At the close of the exercises at Music Hall, a procession was formed of the City Council and its guests, which marched directly to Faneuil Hall. The decorations of the Hall were somewhat more carefully and elaborately arranged than is customary on such occasions, and are thus described by the decorators, Messrs. Lamprell & Marble :—

“The entrance was through an arch of flags. From the centre of the ceiling was suspended a large star, twenty-five feet in diameter, composed of flags of all nations, in the centre of which was a blue field with silver stars. The points of the star were tipped with gilt ornaments. Radiating from the star were American pennants and various-colored bunting to the capital of each pillar; also red, white, and blue bunting extending around the cornice of the Hall. A large arch of green and gilt spanned the eagle, with a motto, “Peace—Reunion—Liberty.” On the pillars were emblems of war, U. S. shield, liberty cap, &c. From the arch, and attached to the pillars, were a canopy of blue field, with stars, enveloping the eagle. On the panels of the Gallery were the names of some of our most prominent army and naval officers. On one side of the clock was “FARRAGUT—Welcome, in the Cradle of Liberty, to the noble leader of our brave and gallant Navy, who, in his own career, has embodied the loyalty, the valor, and the courage which has borne our hardy tars on to glorious victory.” On the opposite side, “GRANT—All honor to the great Captain of the age, who combines the perseverance of Wellington with the strategy of Napoleon.” On the side galleries, “MEADE,” “SHERMAN,” “SHERIDAN,” “PORTER,” “FOOTE,” “STRINGHAM,” “WINSLOW,” and “ANDERSON”—Faithful among the faithless! Deserted by his Commander-in-Chief, he withstood all temptations, choosing death rather than the surrender of his country’s flag to sedition and treason.” Small glories of flags and shields were interspersed between the panels. White, red, and blue bunting extended in festoons around the base of the galleries, and

American flags and bunting were appropriately festooned in the rear of the rostrum. The lower windows were curtained with American flags and white, pink, and blue lace. The upper windows were decorated with flags of all nations. There were also large American flags on each side of the lower doors. Bronze medallions, life size, of the late President Lincoln, Secretary Seward, Lieutenant-General Grant, Major-General Meade, Major-General Butler, and Vice-Admiral Farragut, adorned the wall behind the Mayor's chair. On the rostrum in front, in the midst of a sea of beautiful mosses and flowers and aquatic plants, appeared a fine miniature representation of the U. S. ship Hartford, the flag-ship of Admiral Farragut at the battle of New Orleans."

His Honor Mayor Lincoln presided at the tables, and, upon his invitation, the Divine blessing was invoked by the Chaplain of the Day, Rev. Henry W. Foote.

The dinner was then spread, and the company occupied nearly an hour in the practical discussion of its merits. The cloth was then removed, when Mayor Lincoln rose and spoke as follows:—

"FELLOW-CITIZENS: Again, under happy auspices, we are assembled in Faneuil Hall, and, in company with distinguished guests, celebrate the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. For the past four years our civic feast has been omitted. We have repaired to other temples, as has been the custom of the people of Boston on this day since the close of the Revolutionary War, and with prayer and

praise have listened to those words of hope and cheer which were befitting the solemn exigency through which our country was passing ; but our hearts were not attuned to those jubilant strains, which graced in happier times the festivities of our commemorative exercises.

“ This venerated Hall, indeed, during this time, has not been closed. It has been exerting an influence from its traditional history, and from the live men whose eloquence has rung through its arches, as important as in any period since one stone was laid upon the other. Its doors have opened on their golden hinges to our armed men going to or coming from the gage of battle. They have been inspired by the patriotic memories which impregnate its walls. Their faith in the good old cause has been strengthened as they remembered the Fathers who rocked the cradle in the infancy of the Republic ; and their indignation has been aroused as they heard the traitor’s threat, that the Rebel flag would one day float over the sacred edifice. The stern discipline of sorrow and gloom was laid upon the land, to test the manhood of the people. The trial has been severe, and the sacrifice great ; but through the Providence of God, and the might of the gallant men on the land and on the sea, who have unflinchingly stood by their country in its hour of peril, the Republic is saved, and we rejoice to-day with shouts of triumph unexampled in our history.

“ What a contrast is the celebration of to-day to all which have preceded it ! Before the late Rebellion, it was our custom to assemble to rehearse the noble story of our Fathers. Sometimes the thoughtful would raise the question if we of

this generation were worthy of the rich inheritance they had bequeathed to us. We rejoiced, in holiday attire, over the deeds of our ancestors. Had a long peace and unexampled worldly prosperity sapped the foundations of public virtue? Had we become degenerate and unequal to the peculiar mission committed to us as one of the family of nations? The events of the last four years have answered these doubts. Our valor and mettle have been tried and tested; and we have shown to the world, and the record has been made on the historic page, that this people are ‘worthy sons of worthy sires;’ and that the impulses of a lofty patriotism beat as strongly in their bosoms as it did in the bosoms of those heroic men who pledged their lives and sacred honor, or stood the shock of battle in the war of the Revolution.

“The principles which they enunciated in the immortal document put forth to the world July Fourth, 1776, have received a more emphatic indorsement than even they were able to give them; and we stand to-day, in name and in spirit, in fact and in deed, a free and independent people. Chattel slavery, ‘that thorn in the flesh,’ which was so foreign to the genius of our Republican form of government, and which has had such an irritating influence upon the constitution of the body politic, no longer is a reproach to our fair name; and on this glorious anniversary, another race, born within the limits of the Republic, salutes our flag, as it rises in the morning’s fresh light, as their emblem of freedom and manhood.

“We to-day commence a new epoch in the history of the nation. Assuming a position in the world which neither

foreign nations nor domestic traitors can ever hereafter shake, our own military questions settled, we are to be called upon, as American citizens, to meet new duties and responsibilities growing out of an altered state of affairs. Following as a guide the principles laid down by the Fathers, instructed and enlightened by the events, recent and remote, which have transpired since the Federal Government was organized, crushing the spirit of despotism wherever it exists in old institutions, and infusing more of the spirit of liberty and humanity into all those which affect the present or the future happiness of the people, let patriotism, not party, be the touchstone to which every new measure of statesmanship shall be applied; and the world will be given to understand that the citizens of the United States are indeed, now and forever, ONE PEOPLE.

“Let a broad nationality which obliterates State lines be our absorbing passion. As our soldiers on the field, as our sailors on the deck, stood together in the late conflict with the Rebel foe, looking only to the one flag of the Union floating over them, so may we, bound together by the perils we have passed, become more firmly fixed in the resolve that the links which make these thirty-six commonwealths one nation shall never be severed.

“With these few observations, fellow-citizens, and congratulating you upon the inspiring circumstances under which we are celebrating the eighty-ninth anniversary of American Independence, with a cordial welcome to Faneuil Hall, to the brave men whose gallant exploits have given a new significance and glory to the hallowed observance of the day, cordially greeting at our festivities the heroic commander of Fort

Sumter, whose intrepid garrison first received and responded to the dastardly shots aimed at the honored ensign of the Republic, with a welcome as large as a sailor's heart to the Vice-Admiral, whose noble deeds have added to the fame as they have given a new name and rank to the navy of the United States, I will call upon you all, as loyal men, to rise while I propose the health of one who should be uppermost in our hearts to-day :—

“ ‘ His Excellency, Andrew Johnson, the President of the United States.’ ”

The Band played “ The Star-Spangled Banner,” the company standing.

The Mayor then introduced the Hon. John Lowell, Judge of the U. S. District Court, to respond to the sentiment just offered. Judge Lowell said :—

“ I esteem myself peculiarly fortunate, Mr. Mayor, in being called upon to respond, at this precise time, to the loyal and ever-welcome sentiment — ‘ The President of the United States.’ ”

“ For the first time for four years we can hail the sentiment without misgiving and without drawback. No thought here and now of Presidents *de jure* and Presidents *de facto* : no subtle, unexpressed, irrepressible, afterthought, of ‘ so-called ’ Presidents, ruling over a ‘ so-called ’ nation within our own inherited domain. The ‘ so-called ’ are now busily engaged in throwing the blame upon each other, and ask of us only to be let alone, and need from us only Christian justice and Christian mercy. There is but one President now, thank God, from Canada to Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific seas.

“ And the events of these four years of doubt, of struggle, and of progress, have taught us something about that great office itself, of which the brave, steady, thoroughly patriotic Andrew Johnson is now the worthy representative ; have purged away, let us hope, some of the cankers of a full time and a long peace.

“ In the course of that long period of prosperity, we had come to look upon the President of the United States too much as the mere chief of a successful party, as a gentleman who had a large number of party friends to reward, and of party enemies to punish, at the public expense ; to the public damage, too often, for the men that he turned out of office (of whatever party) were, on the average, better than the men he put in, by an experience of four years in office. I appeal to every officeholder here if this will not be true — of his successor.

“ We need to talk, jestingly, of loaves and fishes ; but what were the five thousand and the seven thousand who were fed by these miracles to the swarms that infested Washington on the 4th of March of every fourth year ? I guess all the white male citizens of Judea, with a considerable sprinkling of Assyrians thrown in (those Assyrians that ‘ came down ’ to march farther than they intended), would hardly be a circumstance to the free and enlightened citizens of this Republic, who were ready to serve their country, in the interests of their party, in those happy days that are gone.

“ But the war has taught us that the Presidents are intended for something besides making and unmaking tide waiters. Step by step, hour by hour, day by day, the man we had, by the blessing of an overruling Providence, chosen to do these

little things, developed and grew to the height of ruling over many things, until on that fatal day in April there was scarcely a man in the civilized world that did not realize in Abraham Lincoln the fit constitutional chief of a great, persistent, magnanimous, and free people.

“He is gone ! he is entered into the joy of his Lord. But his successor has, resting upon him, responsibilities scarcely less heavy, duties less conspicuous, but almost equally important. Let us give him — more than our respect — our love, our sympathy, and our prayers, that he may be enabled to conduct this nation wisely, humanely, safely through the shoals and breakers that still surround us, into the final haven of freedom, equality, and peace.”

The Mayor next gave “The Commonwealth of Massachusetts.” He remarked that no Executive of any Loyal State had been more zealous and efficient in upholding the Government in its efforts to restore the Union than His Excellency John A. Andrew, and he regretted that it was impossible for him to be present here. The Governor and the State were, however, well represented by Rev. S. K. Lothrop, D. D. who, as Chaplain of the Cadets, the Governor’s body-guard, had been deputed by the Governor to appear in his place.

Dr. Lothrop spoke as follows : —

“MR. MAYOR AND FELLOW-CITIZENS : —

“I have had a great many pleasures and honors, sir, in my life, — more than I deserved, — but never such an honor as this, — that I should be called upon to respond for the Old

Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on the 4th of July, in Faneuil Hall, — an honor to which I have been summoned and detailed by his Excellency, the Governor, because I happened to be Chaplain to his Guard of Honor, the Independent Corps of Cadets, and I suppose that there is nobody between that humble office and his Excellency, who could be brought here to-day to speak for him.

“It is an honor which, in my most ambitious aspirings, I could never have dreamed would be mine, and therefore, Mr. Mayor and Fellow-Citizens, I beg you not to be surprised, should you perceive that the singular modesty for which I am known to be distinguished seems to be a little overborne by the extraordinary distinction which devolves upon me this day. If ever it was to devolve upon me to speak for the Commonwealth, I rejoice that it has come on an occasion of so much interest and importance as this year’s Commemoration of our great National Anniversary; and if I had to speak for any Governor, I am very glad to speak for Governor Andrew. He is a man of so much decision and independence of character, that doubtless there are many who do not entirely like him, but I may confidently assume that it will be admitted by the great mass of men in this State, of all parties, that he has presided over our State affairs with singular wisdom and energy during a period of great public peril and anxiety, and that through his unquestionable ability, through his untiring industry, through his political sagacity, through his undeviating and undaunted loyalty, he has so conducted his administration of our affairs for the last, now nearly, five years, as to make it form an interesting, important, brilliant, and glorious Chapter in the History of this Ancient

Commonwealth. I am not 'in the political line,' Mr. Mayor, but on the broad basis of a patriotic citizenship, I am ready to say, 'all honor to Governor Andrew, for the ability and fidelity with which he has upheld the honor of the State during these years of Civil War.'"

"But it is time, Mr. Mayor and gentlemen, that His Excellency should be permitted to speak for himself. With your leave, therefore, I will read a letter which he requested me to read on this occasion, which is as follows:—

"COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS, EXECUTIVE

· "DEPARTMENT, BOSTON, *June 30, 1865.*

"HIS HONOR F. W. LINCOLN, JR., *Mayor, Boston, Mass.*

"MY DEAR SIR: My absence from Boston during a part of next week will prevent my enjoying the opportunity offered by your invitation to share with the City Government of Boston the festive commemoration of the anniversary of American Independence, which it is one of the distinctions of Boston that she always celebrates with a fervent and generous devotion, worthy the eminent fame of her 'Cradle of Liberty.'

"I think she is the only city in the Union of which it can be affirmed that this commemoration, in all the forms of the prophecy imputed to John Adams, is observed and kept by the municipality and by the people, in Peace and in War, without interruption, and with every emblem and demonstration of patriotic joy and gratitude.

"In 1859, I spent the 4th of July in the City of Washington, when, in conversation with a member of Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet, he remarked, with the twang and the peculiarity of

emphasis which used to mark the conversation of the apostles and leaders of incipient treason: ‘You Yankees are a singular people.’ To which I gladly seized the occasion of replying: ‘Indeed, we are, sir. In *Boston*, the metropolis of Yankee-dom, this very Anniversary of American Liberty has been ushered in by a chorus of bells and of cannon. It is kept by our people as the “Sabbath day of Freedom.” By processions, civic and military; by solemn praise, and by a patriotic oration in the presence of the authorities and fathers of the city; by a cheerful reunion of the representatives of the people and of every branch of the public service around the hospitable board where the Mayor in person presides; by festivities and games for children of every class; by sun-down guns and evening fireworks, attracting the whole population of Eastern Massachusetts,—by all these and by a universal holiday, these “singular Yankees” are remembering and celebrating this day. While here, at the seat of the Federal Government, I perceive only a few colored children of the Sunday schools marching in procession, alone and almost without human sympathy. I hope to see the day when something of our *singularity* may strike as high as the City of Washington.’

“He did not pursue the discussion. Since then I have thought, oh, how often! of the poor little colored girls and boys, guarding as it were the few coals on that which should have been the *high altar*, and which have at last flamed up, with ample blaze, wafting to heaven the fragrant incense of a sublime devotion.

“Let these ‘singular Yankees’ continue to be faithful to the ancient traditions. Let Boston assume and keep, if need be,

in the lead of every true thought, of every noble purpose, and let the institutions and ideas which distinguish the people of New England be commended to every State and every section, until liberty shall be equally enjoyed by all the citizens of the Union in impartial participation.

“I have the honor to be, faithfully and respectfully, your friend and servant,

“JOHN A. ANDREW.”

“It pleased His Excellency, Mr. Mayor and fellow-citizens, to ask me, after reading this letter, to make a few remarks of my own. But, sir, what can a man do who comes after the king, and what can I say that will add force or pertinence to the thoughts which I have just read? I am sure, fellow-citizens, our hearts must all sympathize with the spirit of this letter. The testimony which it bears to the extent and thoroughness, the constancy, the hearty and patriotic spirit with which the City of Boston at all times, in peace and in war, with every generation and without interruption, has celebrated the return of this Anniversary of American Independence, — that testimony is true, and for one I rejoice that Governor Andrew embraced the opportunity and had the courage to pour that testimony into the ears of the member of the Cabinet of Mr. Buchanan to whom he referred. Had he poured it into the ears and the heart of the Chief of that Cabinet, he would not have done any harm. (Applause.)

“It is to the glory of this city, — a glory which finds its reflection and its counterpart throughout Massachusetts and New England, — that, feeling the deep significance and importance of

the grand truths enunciated in the Declaration of Independence, and reiterated in spirit in the preamble to the Constitution of the United States, the people of Boston have always celebrated the return of this day with various grateful demonstrations ; and it is because they have thus celebrated it, that they can celebrate and have a right to celebrate it to-day with an unusual display of patriotic pride and joy. Mr. Mayor, if there is a man in this assembly whose heart does not beat with a deeper throb of patriotic pride than ever before on the 4th of July, I pity him. (Applause and ‘ Good.’) But there is no such man among you. I have done you injustice in supposing that it could be so, because we celebrate this day this year under the most grand and auspicious circumstances.

“ We celebrate not simply our National Independence, but our National deliverance and regeneration. We celebrate the termination of a four years’ civil war unparalleled in the magnitude of its operations, and in the transcendent importance of its issues. (Applause.) We celebrate the extinction of that which was the darkest blot upon our escutcheon ; we celebrate the overthrow of a rebellion the most gigantic that ever threatened the life of a nation and failed of success,—a rebellion so gigantic, so wide spread, so deep laid in its plans, so mighty in its power and so determined in its purpose, that only a free government and a free people could have triumphed over it. (Long and continued applause.) I am reminded by the extinction of that rebellion, Mr. Mayor, and by all the desolation it has spread in the States where it existed, of some strong and striking words uttered more than thirty years ago by Edward Everett, whose spirit is with us this day, whose image is in all

our hearts. Oh, would that he was present with his magic voice to utter the words of eloquence and power which this occasion would call from his lips ! In 1833 he delivered the 4th of July oration at Worcester. It was just after General Jackson, supported by the irresistible logic, the broad statesmanship, and the mighty power of Daniel Webster, had put down nullification in South Carolina (Applause), ‘scotched the serpent but not killed it.’ Mr. Everett’s oration, therefore, was largely occupied with the value and importance of Union ; and therefore he said : ‘I would not have it supposed that I think the Union is of special value and importance to the people of this section of the country. The intimation which has been thrown out, the belief which has been in some quarters avowed that the Northern States have a peculiar interest in the preservation of the Union, — that they derive advantages from it at the uncompensated expense of the South, — is the greatest delusion that was ever propagated by men deceived themselves, or disposed to deceive others. All parts of the Union would suffer deplorably from the dissolution of it, but the bitter chalice would not be presented first to our lips. The people of the North would suffer from the dissolution of the Union, but they would be the last to suffer and they would suffer least, while that portion of the country that is continually shaking over us the menace of dissolution would be swept with the besom of destruction the moment an offended Providence permitted that ill-starred purpose to reach to maturity.’ (Applause.) Sir, these words, which I quote from memory, but I believe quite correctly, uttered more than thirty years ago by the scholar, the statesman, the orator who did so much by his moderation and forbearance to prevent

the late rupture, and who, when that rupture came, stood firm in a manly loyalty, and did good and noble service for the Union, — these words now come up before us as a prophecy awfully fulfilled. The desolate plantations, the ruined towns and villages, the multitude of battle fields, the whole scene throughout that whole region of country from the Potomac to the Mississippi, bears testimony that the bitter chalice has not been held to our lips, but to the lips of those who undertook to overthrow our Government.

“ Mr. Mayor, our country began with God. Our fathers planted the first germs of our civilization in a spirit of Christian faith, amid sacrifices and tears, and from that hour, all through our history, the providence of God has been marvelously displayed in our growth, preservation, and national development, and more marvellously than all in the way in which that providence has led us on, and led us through this great struggle with a glorious triumph of liberty, a better, larger, and more established freedom. And this day and every day, our thought should first mount up in gratitude and adoration to the God of our fathers for all that goodness to them and to us and to our country under which we meet together here to-day. (Applause.) And next to God and under his Providence, our thoughts should go forth in honor, in admiration, in reverence and in gratitude to the noble defenders of our country and its liberties (loud applause), to all those of every rank, high and low, who took their lives in their hands and went forth to fight for the dear old flag, ‘ The Stars and the Stripes ;’ and who have so fought for it, that now with a fresh glory around it, with the power of a free people still slumbering in its folds, it

floats undisturbed over the land, waves its protection and its power alike over an unbroken Union, an undivided country. (Loud applause.) And I rejoice, sir, I sympathize with you and with all my fellow-citizens, that it is permitted us this day to behold the faces of two of these noble and gallant defenders. (Tremendous applause.)

“I thank God that I have an opportunity to look into the face and to cry honor to the man who in those gloomy days in the Spring of 1861 stood there at Fort Sumter alone, as it were, unaided, unreachd, undirected even by his Government, stood there firm and resolute in the difficult duty of forbearance and inaction so long as they were his duty,—brave and resolute in resistance when the hour for resistance came, and continued that resistance so long as seventy half-starved men could fight against ten thousand. (Tremendous applause and three cheers for General Anderson.)

“And I thank God, sir, that it is permitted me and my fellow-citizens to look upon the face, to welcome to our hearts and our homes, to our city and to this old Cradle of Liberty, and to cry honor to the man who has written a new and brilliant chapter in the history of naval warfare (tremendous applause),—a chapter fit to succeed those that tell of the exploits of Perry and McDonough, of Hull and Morris, of Preble and Decatur, and many others that I might mention, and who has so written that new and brilliant chapter in naval history, that when it comes to be thoroughly read and understood, the halo of glory that gilds the names of Nelson and Trafalgar will grow pale before the grander glory that shall gather, in every American heart, around the names of Farragut and Mobile. (Thundering cheers, the company all rising.)

“ Mr. Mayor, I have spoken much too long. I will stop. I will crush down a great many thoughts that swell in my heart for utterance,— thoughts connected with our martyred President and his noble character,— thoughts connected with the memory of our noble dead of this State and of every State, the pride and flower of the nation,— thoughts connected with the difficulties and the glories that encompass this nation in its present condition and prospects, with the great moral and physical power it is to become in the world if true to itself, its opportunities, and its principles. I feel much and deeply upon all these topics, Mr. Mayor, and I should like to talk about them, but I will crush them all down and say, in conclusion, that while I honor the Union, while I cleave to it and will cling to it to the death, while I am ready to maintain it at all hazards and at every cost, I honor Old Massachusetts as a glorious part of this Union. (Applause.)

“ I honor it for what it has done for itself. I honor it for what it has done for the Union, — for all the thoughts, influences, and actions which it has sent out into the Union, and I am ready to conclude and to agree with the Governor in saying, let these singular Yankees continue faithful to the traditions. Let Boston assume, and if need be take the lead in every true thought and in every right purpose ; and let the institutions and the ideas which distinguish the people of New England be commended to every State and every section until liberty is universally enjoyed by every citizen of the Union in impartial participation. The ideas and institutions of New England are only two,— a common school in every hamlet, and a church in every village. (Applause.) Let these institutions go forth,

let there be intellectual and moral culture everywhere for all, and then the wider our freedom, the greater our glory, the more secure our safety." (Loud applause.)

At the close of Dr. Lothrop's remarks, His Honor the Mayor stated that an emblem of peace lay concealed among the flowers upon the table, and releasing a dove from its confinement, the bird made a circling flight, and perched upon the gilded eagle surmounting the picture of the Webster and Hayne debate. The episode excited hearty applause.

The next sentiment given was, — "The Memory of Abraham Lincoln," which was received by the company standing and in silence, the band playing a dirge.

The Mayor then introduced to the company, Brevet Major General Robert Anderson, with a few complimentary remarks. He alluded to the fact that, notwithstanding the pressure brought to bear upon him, in consequence of his Southern birth, to desert his flag, he remained steadfast to the Union, and by his heroic defence of Sumter, though apparently defeated, really united and fixed the loyal sentiment of the country.

Gen. Anderson was received with a round of cheers, and spoke as follows : —

"MY FRIENDS: You must not expect a speech from me. Retired from the army, after a consultation with a board of physicians, on a declaration of my doctors that my brain had been over-taxed, and that I would never be fit again for duty, I have, since that time, been prohibited from attempting to make a speech.

“I am indebted to Massachusetts for many things; and, before I sit down, I will simply remark that the first letter I received in Fort Moultrie, before I went to Fort Sumter, when it was found that things were looking very threatening, — (I felt the storm there long before you saw the flash here), — I received a letter from a gentleman (I am sorry I don't remember his name), a militia officer of this city, offering me troops from Massachusetts if the Government would then allow them to be sent to me.* (Applause.)

“Gentlemen, after what I have said, you will excuse me from attempting to make any further remarks. I thank you from the bottom of my heart for the kind reception you have given me in this noble, this great Hall, on this grand occasion. We have a country again, and, thank God! we have a country of which we can all be proud. (Applause.)

“Our country has passed through a storm such as no other country ever passed through or was threatened with before. Let us give to God thanks for the victory which our troops by His blessing have been enabled to win for us.” (Applause.)

The Mayor then presented to the company Vice-Admiral David G. Farragut, remarking that the City was extremely fortunate in having for its guest such eminent representatives of the Army and Navy. The great events in the brilliant career of Admiral Farragut were already as familiar and dear to American hearts as “household words.”

* At the reception given by Gen. Anderson and Admiral Farragut, to the citizens of Boston, in Faneuil Hall, on the next day (July 5) Brig. Gen. Edward W. Hinks was introduced to Gen. Anderson as the officer who sent the letter alluded to.

The Admiral was received most enthusiastically, and after the restoration of silence, spoke as follows :—

“MR. MAYOR AND GENTLEMEN : In the first place I don't really know what I could say. These gentlemen have already gone over the ground. The first speaker gave us a synopsis of the war ; the next eulogized it, and I really feel that I have nothing left but to talk about myself which would be a most unprofitable thing both to you and me. (“Go on.”) It has simply been my good fortune to be associated with many Massachusetts troops during the war, and it gives me great pleasure to testify to their good conduct ; and it has always given me great pleasure and satisfaction in every instance where we have worked together, that we have always worked in harmony and in good faith with one another. I am extremely obliged to you for this reception, and it is a most happy circumstance that I, —after having left this port nearly fifty years ago, as the Mayor said (I was then a little midshipman),—should return here as Vice-Admiral on this great and grand occasion, the 4th of July, after a peace which I predicted a year ago last June would soon come, —and should be greeted by you for that which you conceive to have been my great exertions during the war to bring about that peace.” (Applause.)

The Mayor then proposed, — “The Orator of the day. He has said the right thing, in the right way, and in the right place.”

Rev. Mr. Manning expressed his thanks for the honor conferred upon him, and for the complimentary sentiment given by the Mayor, but excused himself from making any remarks.

In the absence of Col. Wm. S. King, who was expected to respond to "The Citizen Soldiery of Massachusetts," Mayor Lincoln called upon Col. P. R. Guiney, late of the Ninth Mass. Volunteers.

Col. Guiney said that "he regretted Col. King's absence, as he considered him a true and eloquent representative of the Citizen Soldiers, but there was some compensation in the fact that we had with us the great Admiral, who might be called the *King* of the seas. These are the only sort of Kings that will take root on this continent.

"For two reasons it is unnecessary to say much about the citizen soldiers of Massachusetts. They are content that the honors and enthusiasm of this occasion should be absorbed by the two illustrious heroes whose presence gives such charm and force to our festivities, and who are so deeply loved by every soldier of our State. Then it is not necessary to say much about Massachusetts soldiers. Words used in their praise, unless very carefully selected, would be apt to detract from, rather than to enhance the idea of their real merit. Indeed, every battle-field of our country, as well as the slaughter prison-houses of the South, — wherever endurance, heroism, and devotion to the Republic were required, — gave testimony that the deeds of our citizen soldiery, baffled and conquered two things, rhetoric and the enemy. The latter has not recovered yet.

"To be brief, then : in war, the citizen soldiers of Massachusetts are the unrelenting foes of all who assail our flag or our liberties ; in peace, in politics, they are inclined to think that liberty has been long enough regulated and proscribed by law,

and that it is now time to recognize it as a first principle, that law should be regulated by that liberty which was anterior to it, and which it never could rightfully crush or impair."

The Mayor then gave, — "The loyal women of America," which was responded to by Mr. Charles W. Slack, who said :—

"MR. MAYOR AND GENTLEMEN: It is most fitting that these festive exercises should not close without an appreciative word for the women of America.

" 'The loyal women of America!' — how sweetly floats in that phrase, with the glad rejoicings of this national birthday, the crowding remembrances of this more than hallowed anniversary! Amid the salvos of artillery, the pealing of bells, the gayly waving colors, the honors to brave men, mingling in the festivities of this Ancient Hall, and lending transcendent merit to the public rejoicings of this day the continent over, come precious thoughts of the labors and prayers of the loyal, queenly women of America, through all the struggles and anxieties of the great contest now happily passed. They deserve our heartiest, truest thanks. From the full well of individual and national gratitude must they ever be permitted to draw unstinted draughts.

"From every rank, class, and condition, — the poor girl picking berries by the roadside, that, converted into money, might help; the aged matron, late into the night, finishing off the comforting sock for the distant volunteer; the wealthy lady of the city giving her thirtieth, or more, monthly contribution, — ay! from the humble black slavewoman of the South, whose heart welcomed and whose cake nourished our

exhausted boys flying from the charnel-houses of Rebel detention, to those magnificent parliaments of accomplished womanhood all over the land that inaugurated soldiers' fairs, and sailors' homes,—how cheerfully, how nobly came the requisite help,—the patient, confident, untiring labor,—that now throws such a halo around the nation's triumphs by land and sea!

“We cannot forget the women of America if we would! When the brilliant record of this war shall be fully made up, with the deeds of heroic men, the skill of counsellors, and the steadfast devotion of the citizen, will be mentioned in glowing page and sympathetic verse those quieter and gentler, it may be, but no less valuable and welcome, labors of the loyal women of our land. Indeed, that the oldtime nationality of our flag, the maintenance of our institutions, and the perpetuity of the Republic, are as much owing to the unwearied efforts and influence of the women, in camp, hospital, and at home, as to heroism on the field or shipboard, is a belief that many entertain, and which has often been expressed. Accepting this thought, may we now, in the twilight hour of this festal day, with the music of bells and cannon in parting salute honoring this doubly endeared anniversary, pass from this Hall with sincere ascription to God in heart and upon lip, as we remember with gratitude and joy the services of ‘The loyal women of America!’”

His Honor then proposed as the final sentiment, “The Declaration of Independence,” to which Mr. Charles Harris Phelps eloquently responded as follows:—

“MR. MAYOR AND GENTLEMEN: It would be improper and out of place in me, indebted as I am to my position for the privilege of being called upon, to presume to eulogize or to praise the Declaration of Independence. No words of mine can add to its fame or increase its renown. But as I stood in the Music Hall, and read the inscription, ‘Our brave men have preserved our Union,’ I could not but feel how weakly and with how little meaning its glowing words were being read, compared to the significance which Anderson gave it as he read it to Rebeldom by the thunders of Sumter’s cannon, — compared to the meaning which Farragut gave it by his double-shotted broadsides in the harbor of Mobile (applause), — to the meaning given it by a million of bayonets under Grant and Sherman and Sheridan, as they read it on every battle-field of the South with the emphasis of resounding arms and salvos of artillery. (Loud applause.)

“These heroes, illustrious through all time, whose fame shall be sounded in every tongue, have, during the past four years, declared that ‘all men are created equal,’ in such a manner that all traitors have trembled and all nations rejoiced. But it is not for me to trespass further upon your patience, neither is the occasion nor the theme from my humble lips, and I only ask your permission to offer a toast to

“‘Our gallant Army and Navy — The best readers of the Declaration of Independence, they have sent it in thunder-tones to all the world. Let the oppressed of every nation hear and take courage.’ ”

The benediction was then pronounced by Rev. Mr. Manning.

THE REGATTA

was appointed to take place on Charles River in the morning at 8 o'clock, that being the hour of high tide. An immense assemblage was present, and from the numerous entries, it was expected that the races would be unusually interesting and exciting. Unfortunately, however, the wind rose before the conclusion of the first race so as to make it dangerous for the light shell-boats to attempt to go over the course, and it was found necessary to put off the race to a later hour in the day, the people being notified, as far as practicable, of the postponement.

The first race was for single scull oarsmen, there being seven entries. The principal contest, however, was between James Hammill, of Pittsburg, Pa., champion oarsman of America, and John H. Radford of New York, who has won several races; and although the latter obtained a considerable lead at the start, he was soon passed by Hammill, who won easily. The others, finding it useless to contend, drew out before completing the first mile.

The next race was for four-oared boats, the prizes offered being larger than usual; and though there were four boats entered, but two appeared to contend. These were the famous "Geo. L. Brown Crew," of New York, so often successful in these waters, and the "Geo. B. McClellan Crew," of Boston and St. John. The distance being six miles, an opportunity was afforded the spectators to see a turn at the lower stake, but as the "Brown" crew, in their new boat, the "Samuel Collyer," were well ahead and ap-

peared to be winning easily, the excitement was not wrought to a very high pitch.

The third race was for double sculls, and was won easily by John Hammill and William Jackson, of Pittsburg, a boat rowed by McKee and Daily, of Boston being second. A boat from Harvard College, the "Winona," was well up with the winner at the stake, but the wind having freshened, they shipped a good deal of water and were compelled to abandon the struggle.

The evening was now pretty well advanced, and there remained on the programme a race for six-oared boats, for which were entered the "P. L. Tucker," of New York (rowed by the "Brown Crew"), and two Harvard College boats. The weather had, however, become so unpropitious, that the Harvard boys did not feel safe to row. So there could be no race. Efforts were made to induce the boats to row the next day, but the New York party were anxious to return home, and the matter was dropped.

The following is a summary of the races : —

First Race, for single sculls and wherries : distance two miles.

James Hammill, of Pittsburg. Time, 16 min. $28\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
First Prize, \$ 100.

John H. Radford, of New York. Time, 16 min. 38 sec.
Second Prize, \$ 50.

T. M. Doyle, of Boston. Time not taken.

Jere Driscoll, of Boston. Time not taken.

Second Race: for four-oared boats: distance six miles.

“Samuel Collyer,” rowed by James H. Biglin, John A. Biglin, Bernard Biglin, and D. Leary, of New York. Time 43 min. 32 sec. First Prize \$400.

“George B. McClellan,” rowed by John Morris, of St. Johns, and George Faulkner, John Lambert, and Thomas Scott, of Boston. Time, 43 min. 47 sec. According to the Rules no Second Prize was awarded.

Third Race: for double scull boats: distance two miles.

“Sam Collins,” rowed by John Hammill, and William Jackson, of Pittsburg. Time, 17 min. 54 sec. First Prize \$100.

“Voyageur,” rowed by A. McKee, and J. Daily of Boston. Time, 18 min. 4 sec. Second Prize \$50.

“Winona,” rowed by C. E. Hubbard and S. R. Holdredge, of Cambridge.

“J. Hancon,” rowed by J. Driscoll and J. Donahue, of Boston.

Fourth Race: for six-oared boats: distance three miles.

“P. L. Tucker,” entered by the Biglin Brothers, Leary, Eckerson, and Burns, of New York.

“Harvard,” entered by the University Crew of Cambridge.

“68,” entered by the Freshman Class of Harvard College.

This race could not take place on account of the rough water.

THE BALLOON ASCENSIONS.

Owing to the strong westerly wind which prevailed, Prof. King considered it inexpedient as well as unsafe to inflate either

of his balloons and attempt ascensions, either alone or with companions. Consequently no ascension was made from the Common, greatly to the disappointment of the thousands present. On the Saturday following the two balloons were sent up successfully, and made very pleasant voyages; one to Melrose, and the other to Scituate.

THE FIREWORKS.

The display of fireworks in the evening, was furnished by C. E. Masten, of Roxbury. Some of the principal pieces were very good. The piece constituting the grand finale was partially destroyed, the framework having been blown over by a sudden squall of wind in the early part of the evening. The line pieces, however, with that portion where a salvo of artillery is heard, and two gunboats, one upon either hand, bearing the names of "Farragut" and "Porter," move from left to right, the batteries firing a national salute, was preserved and made a fine closing display. The fireworks at East and South Boston passed off successfully.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The following were among the responses received to the invitations to participate in the Celebration:—

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, *June 15, 1865.*

DEAR SIR: Your favor of the 8th inst. is received. I spent some of my early and happiest days in Boston; I feel that I have a right, therefore, almost to claim to be one of her citizens; and am proud that she has not only maintained her Revolutionary reputation, but added largely to it by her devotion to the country in the great conflict now brought to a glorious termination by the utter overthrow of the Rebellion, which, for the past four years, has been threatening the existence of the Union.

I am gratified to learn that it is the intention of her citizens to celebrate the approaching Fourth of July with unusual ceremony. Nothing but imperative official engagements will prevent me from accepting your kind invitation to be present with you on this interesting occasion.

Please accept my thanks for the honor you have done me,
and believe me to be,

Very truly yours,

HUGH McCULLOCH.

HON. F. W. LINCOLN, JR. *Mayor of Boston, Mass.*

WASHINGTON, *July 1, 1865.*

DEAR SIR: I am honored by your invitation to partake of the hospitality of the City of Boston, and unite with you in celebrating the approaching Anniversary of the Declaration of Independence.

It is gratifying to witness the arrangements which are being made throughout the country the present year for the general observance of this anniversary, which, during our civil troubles has been, to some extent, neglected. May we not hope that the successful termination of the war for the Union will destroy that sectional animosity which prevailed for a period, and restore harmony and good will among our countrymen? The disturbing element in our national affairs having been removed, there is now no cause or pretext for alienation. Hereafter the States will act on terms of more perfect equality, and as long as each shall discharge its appropriate duties and respect the right of others, each and all of them sustaining in good faith the Federal Government in the exercise of its authority, no serious dissension can exist, and our national unity will be preserved and strengthened.

Under the benignant auspices of peace and union, the approaching National Anniversary should be universally commemorated.

Boston, with her Revolutionary history, her patriotic traditions, and her intelligent loyalty, will, I doubt not, observe the day in a manner worthy of her ancient renown. My engagements are such, however, that I shall be compelled to deny myself the pleasure of partaking of the hospitality to which you have invited me, and of uniting with you in your celebration. I have the honor to be,

Very respectfully,

GIDEON WELLES.

HON. F. W. LINCOLN, JR. *Mayor of Boston.*

Boston, *July 1, 1865.*

MY DEAR SIR: It will not be in my power to unite with my fellow-citizens of Boston in celebrating the Anniversary of our National Independence; but I rejoice that we can celebrate so happily, with Victory as the mistress of ceremonies.

Do not, I pray you, Mr. Mayor, let the great day pass without reminding our fellow-citizens that victory on the field of battle is not enough. There must be that further victory which will be found in the recognition everywhere in the country of the ideas of the Declaration of Independence. All must confess that, according to these ideas, there can be no republican government, which is not founded on "the consent of the governed" and the equality of all persons before the law. And all must dedicate themselves to the work of establishing these ideas.

Then will our Fathers be vindicated and our country be glorified. God save the Republic!

Accept my thanks for the invitation with which you have honored me. And believe me, dear sir,

Faithfully yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

The Mayor of Boston.

TO HIS HONOR, FREDERIC W. LINCOLN, JR. *Mayor of the City of Boston*:—

DEAR SIR: I beg leave to express, through you, to the Committee on Invitations of the City Council of Boston, my very grateful acknowledgments for the honor of their invitation to unite with them in the celebration of the approaching Anniversary of American Independence. The public observance of the day, by the municipal authorities, and my more immediate fellow-citizens, *of this city*, seems to dictate the greater propriety of my remaining here; but, whether here or there, my sentiments and sympathies will be with the joyous commemoration of the occasion. Every loyal heart must alike swell with gratitude, in recognition of the glorious triumphs of the past, and in the better hopes, assurances, and safeguards, which peace now brings to a sustained Government, a restored Union, and a gallant, patriotic, and free people.

I have the honor to be, sir, with the most respectful regard,

Your obliged and obedient servant,

LEVI LINCOLN.

WORCESTER, June 30, 1865.

NEW YORK, *June 14, 1865.*

HON. F. W. LINCOLN, JR. *Mayor of Boston* :—

DEAR SIR : I have just received your letter of yesterday, inviting me to be present at the proposed observance, by your City, of the approaching Anniversary of the Declaration of Independence.

The occasion, the place, and the time, all concur to make me deeply regret that engagements here render the acceptance of your kind invitation impossible. I can only express my cordial sympathy with your determination to give the ceremonies “a more imposing character than usual.” It is right that the country, which has just put down, by courage and self-sacrifice, the most gigantic treason the world has ever witnessed, should make a demonstration of its thankfulness, which shall correspond with the magnitude of the perils it has escaped ; and it is eminently appropriate that among the foremost to give utterance to the sentiments the surrounding circumstances are calculated to inspire should be your city, which was among the most efficient in establishing our Independence, and which has labored with such patriotic zeal and unswerving resolution to maintain the Union of the States.

Very truly yours,

JOHN A. DIX.

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF THE
POTOMAC, *June 22, 1865.*

TO THE HON. F. W. LINCOLN, JR. *Mayor of Boston, Mass.*

DEAR SIR : I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your polite letter of the 18th inst., inviting me to Boston on the

approaching Anniversary of the Declaration of Independence ; and to express my great regret, that, owing to a prior engagement to visit Gettysburg, it will not be in my power to accept your invitation. It would afford me much pleasure to visit Boston, a city so distinguished during this great war for its patriotism, illustrated by the valor of so many of its citizens on fields where I have had the honor to command, and I trust I shall have this gratification before the summer has passed.

In the mean time, I beg you will accept my thanks for the compliment you have honored me with, and believe me to be, with sincere respect,

Your most obedient servant,

GEO. G. MEADE,

Maj. Gen. U. S. A.

WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, *June 26, 1865.*

HIS HONOR F. W. LINCOLN, JR. *Mayor of Boston, and others
of Committee on Invitations.*

GENTLEMEN : I have had the honor to receive your invitation to unite with the City Council of Boston in celebrating the approaching Anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence.

I regret that reasons of a public character will prevent my being absent at this time from Washington, but assure you that nothing could more gratify me than to be present in my native city on this most interesting occasion, when it would seem an unusual significance will attach to our National Anniversary, when we may on that day proclaim to the world that

our form of Government is no longer an “Experiment,” but a thing thoroughly tried and established.

With great respect and esteem, I have the honor to be,
Gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

E. D. TOWNSEND,

Asst. Adj. Gen. U. S. A.

WASHINGTON, *June 29, 1865.*

TO THE MAYOR AND CITY COUNCIL OF BOSTON:—

GENTLEMEN: I duly appreciate the honor of your invitation to unite with you in celebrating the approaching Anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence, and regret that previous engagements will probably deprive me of that great pleasure.

It is the first occasion of the kind on which the country stands before the world, having made good the first pledge of our Constitution. We are indeed a Nation of Freemen.

To that end we have not spared treasure, nor lives far beyond price.

One great question remains, but that will be worked out in the appointed time by the wisdom of our people, so that justice shall be done to all.

In these results your noble city has borne her full part. It was a regiment of your citizens that made its way to the Capital in that anxious hour when only a handful of men, of which I was one, had gathered about the Government of the Union. The massive array of that legion, as it moved along the avenue gave an assurance that cheered every heart.

On another occasion I was present when the 54th rushed upon the parapets of Wagner. Many brave men laid down life there, but none more lamented than the gallant Colonel Shaw.

For every day of the last four years I have given my most earnest efforts to the great cause. One of my sons can say as much, and among other results participated at Vicksburg and Fort Fisher. Another only ceased when life was spent, in an attempt to free our captive soldiers from the dungeons of Richmond. So that all of my name that could bear arms, were at their posts.

With my best wishes for the prosperity of the City of Boston, I have the honor to be,

Your obedient servant,

J. A. DAHLGREN,

Rear-Admiral U. S. Navy.

NEW YORK, *June 29, 1865.*

GENTLEMEN: Your circular of invitation, enclosing a ticket to the City of Boston 89th Anniversary Celebration of the American Independence, was duly received.

To participate in such a celebration in the old Cradle of Liberty, at such a time, would afford me an extraordinary pleasure; of which I shall be deprived by the inexorable commands of duty. But I join with you, and all true friends of freedom and justice, in heartfelt thanks to the all-bounteous Giver of all good, for having brought this nation out of its late peril, and in imploring Him "who maketh to be of one

mind the people of a city," to keep this great Republic one and indivisible now and forever.

Yours truly,

W. S. ROSECRANS, *Major-General.*

To F. W. LINCOLN, JR. MAYOR, *and others of Committee,*
Boston, Mass.

ENGINEER'S OFFICE, DEFENCES OF BOSTON HARBOR,

July 1, 1865.

HON. F. W. LINCOLN, JR. *Mayor of Boston:* —

SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt last evening of the invitation of the authorities of this city to be present at their celebration of the coming 4th of July. And though a previous acceptance of another invitation to be present at an adjoining State celebration, prevents my having the pleasure of accepting yours, I cannot refrain from the expression of my congratulations to this principal city of that State, which, with the governor, has done so much to make this day of all others so worthy of a grand celebration. For this is the first 4th of July in all our history that has really found us a free people; for, though the chains of Great Britain have long ago been thrown off, as they were *nominally*, upon the first of these great days, it is but now that the shackle of the slave has fallen, and the political tyranny over the North has ceased, leaving us for the first time as a people "born free and equal." God grant that such justice shall be meted out to the wrong-doers that we shall never be in their thralldom again.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

H. W. BENHAM, *Brevet Major-General.*

PHILADELPHIA, PA., *June 27, 1865.*

DEAR SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your invitation to become the guest of the City of Boston on the approaching 4th of July.

Please accept my thanks for the compliment, and my regret that I cannot be present, owing to a previous engagement from the Committee in charge of the celebration at Gettysburg. As several officers who served under my command in that battle desire to revisit the field in my company, I do not feel at liberty to disregard the arrangement already made.

The defence of the flag of the Union in Charleston Harbor, at the commencement of the Rebellion, drew its inspiration from the opening scenes of the Revolution in the vicinity of Boston. I am glad to learn that Gen. Anderson has promised to be with you, for I think it peculiarly appropriate that Fort Sumter should do honor to Bunker Hill.

I am sir,

Your obedient servant,

A. DOUBLEDAY,

Major-General Volunteers.

TO HIS HONOR, MAYOR LINCOLN, *of Boston, Mass.*

ORATION

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

CITY AUTHORITIES OF BOSTON,

ON THE

FOURTH OF JULY, 1866,

BY

REV. S. K. LOTHROP, D. D.

TOGETHER WITH

Some Account of the Municipal Celebration of the Ninetieth Anniversary

OF

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.



BOSTON:

ALFRED MUDGE & SON, CITY PRINTERS, 34 SCHOOL STREET.

1866.

CITY OF BOSTON.

In Common Council, July 5, 1866.

RESOLVED: That the thanks of the City Council are due and they are hereby tendered to REV. SAMUEL K. LOTHROP, D. D., for the eloquent and patriotic Oration delivered by him before the Municipal Authorities of Boston on the occasion of the XCth anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence; and that he be requested to furnish a copy of said Oration for publication.

Sent up for concurrence.

JOHN C. HAYNES, *Pres. pro tem.*

In Board of Aldermen, July 7, 1866.

Concurred.

G. W. MESSINGER, *Chairman.*

Approved July 7, 1866.

F. W. LINCOLN, JR., *Mayor.*

ORATION.

*Mr. Mayor, Gentlemen of the City Council, Friends
and Fellow-Citizens :*

My words may be dull, but the occasion has an eloquence of its own; my thoughts may be feeble, but the day clusters with memories, associations and hopes that should give it power and make it an inspiration to our hearts. Patriotism is an instinct of humanity. Whether it be amid the snows of Lapland or the arid deserts of Arabia, wherever, whatever it may be, barren or beautiful, every man loves his country, and every true man is ready to live and labor, to toil, sacrifice, suffer, and, if need be, to die for his country. But we, of all people, should love our country; our patriotism has so much to sustain it, that it should be not simply an instinct, but a principle; a deep conviction of the judgment as well as a warm emotion of the heart. We have a glorious past, a grand though troubled present, and a future rich in such hopes

and promises as never before invited the energies, or met the honest, pure, noble ambition of any people. Nay, our patriotism should find its foundation and nourishment in religious faith,—faith in God, faith in humanity, and faith in those great principles of liberty and love, with which Christianity, for eighteen centuries, has been striving to impregnate the heart of the world, and which, under the providence of God, have here a grander opportunity for development, expansion and application than was ever offered them before.

History is the unfolding of God's thought, the development of his purpose. Its epochs are the footprints of the Almighty on the sands of time. In our land, and in all that relates to it, these footprints are so distinct and impressive that we must be infidel indeed, if we do not mark and study them with reverence and gratitude.

The hand of God in our country, the tokens of his benignant purpose to protect and advance in it the interests of liberty and humanity, is a theme for whose details volumes would be required; the few paragraphs of an oration can only sketch the outline.

It begins with the discovery of America, which was so wonderfully opportune in time, that we no

longer ask why the Western Hemisphere was kept concealed for so many ages from the Eastern, the untravelled waters of the Atlantic rolling between them. Had the discovery been made a few centuries earlier, the semi-barbarous institutions and feudalism of the Old World would have been transplanted in their vigor to the New, and social America would have been little more than a reproduction of social Europe. Had the discovery been delayed a few centuries, the new ideas and principles in regard to religious and civil liberty, government, society, man, the Gospel in all its applications, which the Reformation called forth, would, in all human probability, have had but a short-lived, struggling existence. Confined to Europe, they would have been strangled, crushed, put down and kept down by those influences of habit and custom, of civil and ecclesiastical power, which have there opposed their progress, and so long prevented their legitimate results,—the enfranchisement and elevation of humanity.

Well may we bow in adoring faith before that beneficent Providence, which so ordered it, that just when it was most needed, when the Reformation broke the slumbers of Europe and stirred its communities, as they have never been stirred before, to intense intellectual, moral and social activity, then

this new continent, discovered less than half a century before, offered to this activity a new and fair field; and the new ideas and principles, which in Europe, overborne in the struggle with long established institutions, and hereditary organizations, forms and usages, would here have failed to work out any grand results upon a great scale, found here, on the virgin soil and comparatively unoccupied territory of this new world, an opportunity for untrammelled development, — a development which for more than two centuries has steadily increased, giving impulse and progress to humanity, producing results which form one of the grandest and most interesting chapters in the history of our race, and sending back upon the Old World influences, which have been and will be more and more salutary and beneficial.

If ever civil and religious liberty, — that boon which every man craves for himself and every noble man would accord to others, — if ever that great, intelligent, responsible freedom, which, through the gospel and the spirit of the Lord, comes to the soul of man, is to prevail over the earth, if it is ever to maintain a strong foothold among the nations, it will be because, at the hour of its utmost need, God gave it opportunity to plant itself on this new continent, and strike its roots so deep

that no despotic power could tear them up, no storm of passion and folly blight the blossoms, or destroy the fruit of the tree.

Beginning thus with the auspicious time of the discovery of our country, the wonderful workings of a wise and merciful Providence may be traced all through the infancy, the growth and progress of every colony established therein from Maine to Georgia. In the planting of the Plymouth colony,—where a few noble men and high-souled women stepped upon a low, shapeless rock, against which the waves of the Atlantic had beaten for centuries, and the world knew not of it and cared not for it, and by their toils and tears, their sufferings and sacrifices, made that rock to become one of the sacred spots of earth, hallowed by the noblest memories and grandest results,—there may be more of romance, more of thrilling incident and wonderful achievement, than in that of some of the others; but these elements so abound in all, that, if we have faith as a grain of mustard seed, our hearts must prompt us to recognize and adore a divine purpose and providence, wonderfully manifested in the events connected with the early settlement and colonization of our country, till we come down to that great epoch in its history, of which this day is the commemoration.

Mr. Mayor and fellow-citizens, I need not dwell upon the principles, nor recite the incidents of that solemn and sublime struggle of our fathers for independence, in the success of which we gather here at this hour, citizens of this free Commonwealth, inheritors in this grand republic. These principles have entered into the education of our people for generations. These incidents are written in our histories, taught in our schools, graven upon our memories, familiar as household words upon our lips. But it was a glorious struggle. It was an appeal to arms, to the God of battles, as necessary and as justifiable as it was triumphant. That was not a rebellion, any of whose authors felt constrained to acknowledge, that the government from which they would separate, and so far overthrow, was the wisest, the best, the most paternal and beneficent ever instituted. That was not a rebellion whose success was to put limitations upon liberty, and give extension and a deep, terrible permanence to slavery. That was not a rebellion so utterly without cause, in any grievance endured, or oppression exercised, that its instigators or authorities never made, and never dared attempt to make, any public proclamation to the world of the wrongs they had to redress, of the rights they would vindi-

cate, or of the spirit and purpose of the new nationality they would establish. No, it was not such a rebellion. That grave, calm, solemn document, which our fathers put forth ninety years ago to-day, and which has just been so admirably read to us this morning,—that document, its preliminary utterances, rightly understood and interpreted, not “glittering generalities,” but solid, substantial and everlasting verities, having their foundations in that eternal justice, which is older than all institutions, and anterior to all governments save that of God,—that document, its recital of facts so true in letter and spirit, as to defy refutation or denial,—that document, which at once assumed and will forever hold its place, as one of the most important historic documents of the world, the natural and legitimate child of that Magna Charta of England, which England violated and trampled upon when she attempted to oppress and subject us,—that document—the Declaration of Independence, vindicates our fathers to the judgment, while its successful maintenance secures to them the admiration and gratitude of mankind.

It was a glorious struggle, just in its origin, noble in its purpose, grand in its success, grander because that success was a triumph over the

prowess of England, — the most signal defeat to her power, the greatest loss to her possessions she ever sustained. Never, before or since, have any of her colonies or territorial possessions succeeded in throwing off her yoke. It has been attempted in India, in Canada and the West Indies, and the attempts have failed. Wherever, in any quarter of the globe, England gets a foothold, plants her standard and erects her forts, there she holds on against all intruders and against all revolt; and it is true to-day as of yore — “her drum-beat follows the sun, and may be heard all around the earth.” In addition to her large colonial territories, or in connection with them, she holds some of the most important and salient points of the globe in either hemisphere. It is, and has ever been her policy to seek possession of such, — a policy which the commercial and political interests of this country, especially on our Western coast, and in the waters of the Pacific Ocean, demand that our government should withstand by all just and honorable means. Twenty-five or thirty years ago, it was supposed that ocean steam-navigation would cripple the maritime power of England; but it has largely increased it, because England alone, — England to a greater extent than any other nation, — that all

but omnipresent power whose centre is London, can send her merchant or war-steamers into all the waters of the globe, and everywhere coal at her own ports, beneath the shadow of her own flag and the protection of her own guns,—an advantage she will not fail to hold, to use exclusively for herself when she needs,—to extend when she can.

It was a glorious struggle, the revolutionary struggle of our fathers, and a signal defeat and loss to power of Great Britain. But the point, I wish to make, is the testimony it affords to a benign purpose on the part of the Divine Providence towards this land, and the interests and progress of humanity as connected with it. In the general aspects of the struggle, there are three particulars worthy of especial notice in this connection. First, the quick and thorough union of the colonies, when the hour for forcible resistance arrived, and the stern appeal to arms had to be made. Here were thirteen colonies, three millions of people,—a sparse population, a vast territory, with none of the modern facilities for personal intercourse, the diffusion of information, or for concert of action. Single, isolated rebellion on the part of any or all of these colonies would have been a failure. It would have been speedily crushed. By a wise foresight our fathers were led

to provide against this; and suddenly, through means whose suggestion and efficacy seem wonderfully providential, the thirteen became a unit, with a general Congress, and Articles of Confederation strong enough to carry them through as long and severe a struggle, as liberty ever exacted of her champions.

This point is important in another aspect. No one of these colonies, in the exercise of individual sovereignty, declared itself independent of Great Britain, or undertook in its own name to be, or to set up a new nationality on the earth. As colonies they were subject to Great Britain; as revolting colonies they instantly became united, and within eight and forty hours after the first blow of armed resistance was struck at Lexington, troops from more than one of these colonies were acting in concert in the siege of this city. As colonies uniting in revolt, they passed into a confederacy of States, and thus made to England and to the world their "Declaration of Independence;" and from a Confederacy of States they passed under the Constitution into a Union, not of the States, but of the people:—"We, the people of the United States, do ordain and establish this Constitution, which, with the laws and treaties formed under it, shall be the supreme law of the land, anything in any State constitution or legislation to the contrary notwithstanding."

Not for an hour has any one of these States been an independent State, universally known and recognized among the nations in its exercise of the rights of absolute sovereignty. At first the most important of these rights vested in Great Britain; then they were assumed, I had almost said, rather than transferred to the Continental Congress; and then, by a grand and solemn act of the people, they were committed to a Federal or National government, under the Constitution of the United States. The most important right of absolute sovereignty these Colonies or States ever exercised was to part with that sovereignty, and confer its highest and most essential attributes upon a central or Federal authority, that by union *that* might become great, respectable and strong before the world, which, in its separate parts, would remain insignificant and powerless. This seems to be the historic fact,—that no one of these States has ever been an independent, absolute sovereignty,—and this fact seems to have an important bearing upon that doctrine of “State rights” and “the sovereignty of the States” which since 1798 has been the bane of our internal political action. This doctrine was the essential germ of our recent civil war, whose fruits, in this instance,

that war has crushed, but, as was to be expected, has not entirely eradicated or destroyed the germ itself. God forbid that it should have life enough to revive, and unfold into another rebellion.

The second signal feature, in the revolutionary struggle of our fathers, was their indomitable energy and perseverance, amid tremendous discouragements, at a cost of large sacrifices, painful sufferings and privations. Here I will not detain you with details, nor attempt to give you pictures of that, which has so often been portrayed by the masters of patriotic eloquence. We all know, that upon any comparison of means, men, money, munitions and instrumentalities of war of all kinds, the struggle seemed hopeless at the beginning; and often and often, at the end of many a campaign during those seven long years, the fortunes of our fathers seemed dark and utterly desperate. But they did not and would not give it up; their enthusiasm kindled afresh after every disaster and defeat; their small resources, often apparently exhausted, failed not to offer fresh supplies when called for; their bold confronting, year after year, all the power and policy of England, reached at last that sublime, unselfish, indomitable, moral heroism, which always conquers because it must

conquer, and which at length compelled England to acknowledge that the brightest jewel of her crown was gone, and that these United States were a power no longer subject to her control.

How shall I speak of the third signal and providential feature in that great revolutionary struggle of our fathers?—their great Leader, wonderful beyond all comparison in the intellectual and moral combinations that formed his character, the Providential Man, raised up to carry them forward through transcendent difficulties to a grand success, and adorn their records with the most glorious and unspotted name in all human history. Niagara stands alone, unrivalled among the cataracts of earth, and man might as well attempt to create it, as by pen or pencil to give an adequate description or impression of it. Thus Washington stands so unrivalled in the combinations of his life, character and career — as fortunate as he was great, and as good as he was great and fortunate — that one might as well undertake to create as to describe him. I shall not attempt it; but this I may say, that the more I read history, the more I study biography, the more I contemplate human nature, and aim to form correct moral estimates of men, the more the character of Washington, in its glorious beauty, in the

august sublimity of its splendid combinations, looms up before my imagination, my feelings and my judgment, as the grandest to be found in the authentic records of our race, save those records, short and simple, that contain the glorious gospel of the Son of God.

Does any one maintain that in the raising up of such a man, to be the leader of our fathers in their revolutionary struggle, to be the model, guide, and inspiration in all coming time, to the new development and progress, which humanity is to make on this continent, he sees nothing wonderfully providential; that in all this struggle, he finds no special token of a benignant purpose of the Almighty, in regard to the interests of liberty and humanity in this land, I can only answer, that I envy not the coldness or the scepticism of his heart, which seems be wanting in the great element of faith, — faith in the invisible, the spiritual and the eternal, which has ever been one of the noblest attributes of the noblest minds. Most persons will recognize, and delight to recognize, the hand of God in that glorious Revolutionary struggle of our fathers, whose importance can never diminish, and the memory of which can never die. It was the first stern conflict between the despotism of the Old World and the liberty of the New.

In that conflict liberty triumphed, lifting up our country "from impending servitude to acknowledged independence;" and that triumph should stand before us to-day as "the Lord's doing, marvellous in our eyes," a testimony to his gracious purpose to promote the interests and progress of humanity in our land, and throughout the world.

And that testimony abides; it abounds all through the record of our wonderful prosperity and progress, since the conclusion of that struggle. The formation and adoption of the Constitution of the United States afford an impressive illustration of this. All human instruments have something of weakness and defect, stamping their origin. It is easier to destroy than to create, to find fault than to make perfect; and the Constitution of the United States never has been, is not now, never will be beyond the reach of objection. But when we calmly review the state of the country, after the close of the war of independence; when we contemplate all the circumstances of the times, the necessities that required, and the obstacles that stood in the way of a stronger government than the old confederacy, all the diverse rights, interests, opinions, prejudices, that had to be harmonized; then the Constitution stands before us wonderful in its penetrating and

comprehensive sagacity, its all-embracing political wisdom; an instrument of civil organization and government so perfect, that could there always have been found an integrity adequate to its just, dispassionate and impartial administration, it would, of necessity, have made the people living under it as happy and prosperous as the limitations of earth permit.

Wonderful in its formation, its adoption ultimately by the people of all the States, so different in character and population, and so widely severed, is even more wonderful than its formation; and when we look at the great general results produced by this Constitution, observe how immediately it brought prosperity and power, raised our country from a feeble to a mighty nation, gave it a name and an influence over all the earth; when we consider how it has conferred upon many millions of people such blessings, comforts, privileges, opportunities, as no government ever conferred before upon a like number, making our land such an "oasis in the desert" of the world, that for half a century past, emigrants from other countries have thronged to it, as they never thronged to any land before; finding here a security, a happiness, and an opportunity they could find nowhere else on earth,

— when we consider these things, the formation and adoption of the Constitution of the United States are events so wonderful, so extraordinary upon any calculation of human probabilities, that we are justified, nay, constrained to regard them as such an overruling of Providence, such tokens of a benignant protection of liberty in this land, that they should not only quicken and invigorate our patriotism, but give to it something of the sanctity and power of religious faith.

But all will admit, probably, that the most impressive evidence and exhibition of an overruling Providence, in the history of our country, is its present condition, and the terrible scenes and the great crisis, through which we have just passed in our recent civil war.

The origin and responsibility of this war rest not exclusively with the men of this generation. At long intervals, years ago, the differing seeds from which it sprung were planted. The first planting was at Plymouth in 1620, when our fathers made there the first permanent lodgement of liberty in the land. The second, by a singular coincidence, was in the same year, when a Dutch man-of-war entered James River, with some Africans on board who were sold as slaves, and thus, in Virginia, the first germ of

Slavery took root on Anglo-American soil. The third planting was in 1776, when a committee of the Continental Congress at Philadelphia, with Mr. Jefferson at its head, made that grand declaration, that "all men"—"all"—had certain inalienable rights, of which no government could innocently deprive them. The fourth and last planting was in 1787, when the Constitution of the United States, that instrument, so glorious in other respects, undertook, in singular inconsistency with its Preamble, to join together, in peaceful fellowship, under one government, Liberty and Slavery. The thing was impossible; and in this particular, though not in its general spirit and purpose, the Constitution was a failure.

A conflict between Liberty and Slavery existing under one government, among one people, was inevitable, "irrepressible." It begun early, it lasted long. It may be traced all through our national legislation and policy; and in the legislation of the last twenty years, there are so many, and such violent and wanton encroachments of Slavery upon Liberty, that one is almost tempted to think, (though no positive proof thereof in letters or speeches could be found,) that the hope, if not the purpose and policy of the leaders and advocates of Slavery, was to goad and drive

the North to the *initiation* of rebellion, that thus they might place themselves before the world, in the light of loyal defenders of an existing Government and Constitution.

Though not disposed to uphold or approve all that was said and done at the North, I am disposed to maintain that the admission of Texas, by a gross and palpable violation of constitutional provisions; the Mexican war, unnecessarily precipitated upon the country by an invasion of territory of which, to say the least, it was doubtful whether it belonged to Texas, and the consequent acquisition of large additions to the area of slavery; some of the odious and arbitrary features unnecessarily introduced into the Fugitive Slave Bill; the miserably contemptible, as well as wicked legislation in regard to Kansas, and finally the repeal of the Missouri Compromise,—that these were such violations and encroachments upon the rights, interests and progress of liberty on this Continent, as, combined, afforded to the free States a more justifiable cause for revolt, rebellion, revolution, than the so-called Confederate States can ever declare and make good before the world.

But the people of the free States would not rebel. They felt that under a popular representative government, where the will of the people, legitimately

expressed, is the controlling force that ultimately accomplishes all that ought to be done, armed resistance is almost never necessary or justifiable. Liberty, also, which loves order and obeys law to the utmost, was willing to bide its time, and trust its existence and progress to the irresistible logic of truth and principle. This logic prevailed more and more, till at length the Republican party was organized. According to its original platforms, this party did not propose to disturb slavery where it existed, but simply to restrict its power and prevalence to the limits it had already reached,—limits whose resources it had not exhausted, but where, as an industrial institution, it still had room for an indefinite expansion.

This party, after one or two defeats, triumphed in the national election of 1860, and raised Abraham Lincoln to the chief magistracy of the nation. I need not attempt the eulogy of this man's character or career. At the instance of our City Government, this has already been done by abler hands than mine. That he was a person of peculiar talents, admirable wisdom, perfect honesty, and pure, disinterested purpose, will, I presume, be admitted by all. The growing developments of his personal character while in office, his public policy

under circumstances of as deep perplexity, painful anxiety, and involving issues of as gigantic importance as ever embarrassed the head of any nation, and his untimely death at the hand of violence, making him at once the champion and the martyr of liberty, these invest his name and fame with such attributes of gloom and glory, that we become at once sad and reverent as we speak of him. There can be little doubt that as years roll on, dissipating the mists of passion, and leading to a clearer appreciation, the historic judgment of the nation and of the world will lift him up to a high place among the providential men of the race; will place him near to Washington, as the second deliverer and Father of his country,—less fortunate in his personal fate, but thoroughly wise, honest, disinterested, patriotic, worthy of our gratitude and our reverence.

His election was the signal for the weak work of secession, and the wicked work of rebellion and revolution, to begin. This work, in its successive steps, in its widening progress, in its final issue, abounds with testimonies to the purpose of the Almighty Providence to protect and advance the interests of liberty and humanity in our country, and thereby throughout the world. The very neglects

which we condemned, the very misfortunes and defeats, which five years ago we regretted, have all contributed to fulfil this purpose.

There can be no question that during the summer and autumn of 1860, the President of the United States, with the mutterings of the coming storm in his ears, and the shadow of its dark cloud resting upon the close of his administration, had he listened to the suggestions of the late Lieutenant-General, Winfield Scott,—that glorious old soldier, as wise and patriotic as he was brave,—might have quietly put all the forts on the Southern coast in such condition, and so disposed of the military and naval force of the United States, that secession, like nullification, would have reached only to a paper ordinance, perhaps not to that, and armed rebellion would never have raised its bloody hand.

If England in the spring of 1861, instead of being swift through her Secretary for Foreign Affairs to speak of the “*late*” United States, and grant belligerent rights to the rebels, and thus encourage her people to furnish them with munitions of war and supplies of all kinds, had, true to her interest and honor, as well as her professed abhorrence of slavery, expressed her sympathy with the constitutional government of the United States, and her determina-

tion to stand by it in the struggle, there can be no doubt that the resources of the so-called Confederacy would have been exhausted at a very early day.

And if, in that first great battle of the conflict at Bull Run, in July 1861, the Union arms had conquered, and we had driven the rebels back to Richmond, or beyond it, to the selection of some other spot to be its temporary capital, probably hundreds and hundreds of thousands of persons in the Southern States, who up to that hour had hesitated between rebellion and loyalty, would have decided in favor of the latter, and the Union sentiment at the South, feeling secure of protection, would have declared itself so strongly, that the rebellion and its confederacy would have collapsed before the expiration of its first year.

But this immediate or early suppression of the rebellion would have left the nation just where it was before,—the cause of strife unremoved, unabated; it would have stanchèd the blood, salved over the wound, but left the virus within to poison the system, to work disease and decay, to bring on, at some other time, in some other form, another death-struggle for national liberty and life. He, who presideth over the nations, had a broader and more

benignant purpose, and His overruling is legibly written upon the whole course of the conflict.

This conflict,—initiated by the rebel leaders for an independent confederacy, that should give permanence and power to slavery, and entered into by the government of the United States after patient reluctance, originally not to disturb slavery, but to maintain its own authority over a territory and people, who had no sufficient cause for revolt, and whose obedient allegiance it might rightfully claim,—this conflict went on, widening the range of its operations, unfolding more and more distinctly the good and evil principles, the sources of weakness and of strength involved in it, and presenting more and more clearly, also, the issues that must be reached in order to a permanent peace; till at length the way was prepared, opportunity came, necessity demanded, and the President of the United States, in the exercise of that august war-power which the Constitution lodged in his hands, with all due qualifications and formalities, made the proclamation emancipating all the slaves in the rebel States.

This important measure was at first received with regret and surprise by some; but it is now, I

believe, everywhere, at home and abroad, by every thoughtful person, regarded as just and wise; officially a right, and morally a brave and noble act. To have made that proclamation earlier would have been a mistake; to have delayed it longer would have been a crime,—a crime against the Union whose preservation demanded, whose Constitution authorized it,—a crime against liberty and humanity which so earnestly plead for it. Followed as it soon was by the enlistment of colored troops, and by amendments of the Constitution abolishing slavery, legitimately passed by Congress and adopted by the required number of States, this proclamation may now be regarded as the thunder-bolt, beneath which the rebel confederacy staggered to its fall, while to us, like the fiery column to the Israelites of old, it was “a burning and a shining light,” beneath whose guiding glow the Union, victorious at every point through its moral as well as physical strength, with erect mien and manly confidence, walked forward to a triumphant peace, to glory and permanence.

Mr. Mayor and fellow-citizens: Distance is said to lend enchantment to the view, but it is also necessary to give correctness to the vision; we are too near to our late civil war to judge of it correctly in all its events and proportions. In five years

we have made a history which, only at the close of fifty years, can be so fully and accurately written, as to be in all particulars thoroughly understood and justly appreciated.

But there are some facts and principles in relation to it that we can understand, and they are worthy of a moment's notice. It was at once the most gigantic civil war on record, — and the shortest. The Peloponnesian war was virtually a civil war, corresponding in some particulars to ours. The States of Greece, represented in the Amphictyonic council, were bound together by various ties of nationality, which would have been closer and stronger, save that an idea, expressed by a different word but similar to our idea of State sovereignty, kept them apart and led to their ruin, through a war which, interrupted by a short truce, lasted twenty-seven years. This war was important in its influence upon the fortunes of Greece, and upon the civilization and progress of the world; but in itself it was confined to a territory not much larger than one of our large States; and the greatest number, which either side ever brought into the field in any one campaign, was sixty thousand men, and never in any one battle were so many as these engaged on one side.

The great civil war, under various leaders with mingled fortunes, through which Rome passed from a Republic to an Empire, lasted twenty years. In the first great battle of this struggle, at Pharsalia, between Cæsar and Pompey, the whole number in both armies, very unequally divided, did not reach to eighty thousand men; and in its last, at Actium, between Anthony and Octavius Cæsar, though about one hundred thousand men were assembled on either side, only a very small portion of these were actually brought into the conflict. The Roman Empire at this time contained three times the population of the United States; yet the great military captain, Julius Cæsar, who for a brief period was master of it, never commanded in person, at one point, so many men as were in some of our army corps. The glorious civil war in England, known as the "Great Rebellion," by which free constitutional government became the boon of the Anglo-Saxon race everywhere, lasted seven years; yet the largest army that either King or Parliament had in the field during this struggle did not exceed twenty-five thousand men. Cromwell's broad fame, as a military commander, rests upon a few battles and campaigns, conducted in a comparatively small area of territory, and with a force seldom exceeding twenty thousand

men,—about as many as served for Sherman's advance-guard of “bummers” in his grand march through Georgia and the Carolinas. The combined armies of Cæsar and Pompey, disputing the empire of the world, were less than the quota which some of our large States sent into the field in our recent struggle; and this little State of Massachusetts furnished more troops than Julius Cæsar ever commanded, more than all Greece brought together in the long struggle that rent her in pieces; more than fought on both sides in the great English Rebellion.

And what is the explanation of this contrast? Simply this, I conceive. Ours was a war of the people and for the people, their liberties and their progress against an oligarchy. Even the English Rebellion, though liberty was promoted by it, was in a great measure a war of oligarchies, a struggle between titled and un-titled land owners, for place and power; and the great civil wars of the Roman triumvirates were wars between oligarchies, struggles between patrician leaders, who could gather no more troops than they could pay by plunder, confiscation and robbery. The long and fatal contest in Greece was between patrician leaders and States, some of whom, Athens, for instance, had only sixty thousand freemen from whom to enlist her soldiers, while

she had four hundred thousand slaves, whom she did not dare to arm for the contest. Ours, on the contrary, was a war of and for the people. Not a war which the government constrained the people to wage and support, but one which the people constrained the government to wage for its own protection and their liberties, in behalf of a country which they loved, and of institutions and principles which they cherished with national pride and filial reverence. Hence when the call came, they sprang to arms by the half-million, gloried in what may be called a self-imposed taxation, and poured out their blood and treasure without stint, and thus made it at once the most gigantic and shortest civil war on record.

We can understand that it was a war of conflicting ideas and principles, which in its progress unfolded more and more the character of these principles, their healthful or baneful influence upon the mind and heart of man. It was a war between Liberty and Slavery, the records of which are full of disclosures, which tell in behalf of liberty as a grand ennobling principle, and put a darker and deeper shadow upon slavery as barbarous and brutalizing.

All war is bad, subjecting men to such evil influences, that nothing but stern necessity could lead

a thoughtful man to uphold it; and I do not intend to urge that all that the government, troops, people and press of the North did and said, during our recent struggle, is to be unqualifiedly approved. Undoubtedly there are things that we must regret and condemn. Nor do I mean to say that there is nothing, absolutely nothing, in the rebel record that we can approve; no acts of courtesy, or nobleness, or magnanimity, such as call forth our admiration even for a foe. Undoubtedly there are many such. But there is nothing in our record of which we need be ashamed; while there are things in rebel record which the world will forever condemn. There is nothing in our record like Belle Isle, the Libby, Andersonville, Salisbury, Fort Pillow, or Fort Wagner; nothing like the attempt to fire Northern cities and bring indiscriminate suffering, destruction of property, poverty, death, upon men, women and children; nothing which gives the shadow of a shade of color for such a charge against any one, as that which the President of the United States has ventured to bring against the head of the late Confederate Government, — complicity with assassination and murder.

Our record is a glorious record in behalf of the nature, character, and influences of liberty,—glori-

ous in the reluctance with which the National Government unsheathed the sword of war, and in the spirit in which she used it, — glorious in the skill and military genius displayed by our generals, and in the bravery, the sacrifices and the patriotic devotedness of our troops, and in their general character and conduct as men as well as soldiers, — glorious in the general spirit and action of our people, in their Sanitary Commissions, their Christian Commissions, their Freedmen's Relief Associations, in all the noble efforts of the women of the country, and in the thousand Florence Nightingales, who, without the meed of world-wide fame and honor, humbly, quietly, in the self-sacrificing spirit of a loyal patriotism and a womanly tenderness, went forth to instruct the ignorant in schools, to nurse the sick and comfort the dying in hospitals. Ours is a glorious record; and not denying any thing there may be good and glorious in the record of the Confederacy, so called, the two records, taken as a whole, hold up to us two forms, two portraits, drawn, as it were, by an almighty artist, in living lineaments, — one Liberty, an angel of light to benefit and bless, — the other Slavery, a demon of wrath to curse and destroy, not so much those upon whom she fastens her

fetters, as those to whom she grants her privileges and her power.

The nation and the world needed these portraits. They will be studied long and much ; their instruction will be heeded, and their influence felt, for many centuries. The war was a conflict of principles ; and the whole exhibition of the conflict and its results seem so clear and immediate a revelation of the divine will and law in regard to slavery, as to make it absurd to appeal to one or two obscure passages in the Bible, written in the infancy of the world, and insist that these are to be interpreted to the support of slavery as a divine institution, a declaration of God's eternal purpose, that a portion of his creatures should forever remain in that unhappy condition.

We can form some conceptions of the misery and ruin from which this war, successfully prosecuted to the preservation of the Union, has saved us. These conceptions will be more vivid, if we call to mind, for a moment, the fate of the Greek republics. At the time of the breaking out of the great civil war between them, these republics had reached the summit of their glory. Pericles had conceived the grand idea of forming them into a federal union something like ours, under one gen-

eral government and a common capital. Had he succeeded, the fate of Greece and the story of the world for centuries would have been different ; but he failed. The selfish and ambitious, the men of ordinary talents, but eager for power, felt that they would lose influence and position in a united Greece ; and so the miserable idea of petty state sovereignties prevailed. Instead of forming a union that would have been for the strength, the glory and the preservation of all, these republics rushed into a war, which ended in the exhaustion and ruin of all. Our union had already been formed under a nobler than Pericles ; and the object, the attempt of the war was to break it up. Once broken, the two fragments would not long have remained entire.

The very idea upon which many southern men, particularly those who were in the army and navy, undertake to defend their treason, viz., that their State claimed and had a right to their first allegiance, would have compelled them to resist the central despotism, by which alone the Confederacy could have been held together, when once it became independent ; so that soon the States that were to compose it would have been fighting among themselves. The northern republic, the glory of the

old Union gone, its grand inspiration no longer a power in the heart, would soon probably have become a prey to internal dissensions, and so all over the land there would have been wars and fightings, confusion and disaster ; and these would have continued and increased till exhaustion came, and by the close of half a century, some new Philip of Macedon, as in Greece, or some new Louis Napoleon, as in Mexico, would have appeared, and under the mild term of intervention, would have seized the liberties of a people, who had shown themselves unworthy to possess and incompetent to maintain them, and who would be glad to accept even despotism, if it brought peace.

In all the glorious past, there is nothing more glorious, no more distinct token of a benignant purpose, on the part of the Almighty Providence, in regard to the interests of liberty and humanity in our land, than the clear triumph of the Government in our late civil war. That triumph, with all its accompaniments, has brought us to a grand position before the world and among ourselves. It has shown us the power of a free people when true, and determined to be true, at any cost of sacrifice and effort, to great ideas and principles. It has preserved the Union, whose destruction was

attempted, and made it more stable than it was before. It has abolished slavery, and so withdrawn the only element that stood in the way of a living unity and a hearty nationality among the whole people. It has wiped out the one dark spot upon our escutcheon, the one terrible inconsistency, which alone had been our shame at home, and our reproach abroad. It has amended and improved the Constitution of the United States, which, worthy of our support before, may now claim the unqualified allegiance, the devoted loyalty of our hearts and lives, and challenge the admiration of the world. It has shown liberty to be a grand and glorious thing, a principle and a power, which we may well wish to have prevail more and more among the nations.

But our national position, though grand and glorious, is not without difficulties and troubles, that awaken anxiety, and demand the exercise of a large political wisdom.

War always leaves, peace always opens many questions that are to be settled, not by force, but by reason and judgment, by mutual forbearance and a mutual desire to do that which is right and best. The agitation of the waves never ceases the moment the storm subsides. And yet with us there has been

far less agitation than might have been expected. It is but fifteen months since the war ceased, yet never before, I apprehend, did any nation at the close of so brief a period, after so gigantic a conflict, find itself in so good condition as this nation finds itself to-day. There have been no wide commercial embarrassments, no great financial crises, nothing to bewilder, disturb or arrest the industry or enterprise of the country ; but these, with all the capital they can command, are putting themselves forth in various ways to repair the waste which war has caused : and under their influence many questions will settle themselves, or rather be settled by the force of laws, which passion, prejudice and unwise legislation may do something to thwart, but cannot utterly annul.

The Southern people may say, as the newspapers tell us they do say, that they will not sell their land to the Yankees ; that they will not encourage the emigration of Northern men and Northern capital. It is very natural that they should say this, but they cannot " fight it out on this line." Some will try undoubtedly, (it would be surprising if they did not,) but whenever it comes to a clear question between passion and prejudice on the one hand,

and interest and progressive wealth on the other, interest and progressive wealth will carry the day.

They will not sell their land to the Yankees; but the lands are there, untilled and unoccupied, with streams, timber, mines, waiting for labor, enterprise and capital to unfold their resources and make them productive. And these, the incubus of slavery being removed, will flock in and find opportunities, will receive a welcome, and produce more and more their inevitable results, and a new order of things will spring up, and before she knows it, free Virginia, in wealth, in population, in exports, may regain that precedence of New York which she held in the old colonial times; and many of the Southern States, now poor and exhausted, may hereafter, in wealth, in intelligence, in intellectual and moral power, in all that adorns and elevates a community, rival many of their Northern sisters, and none will glory in that rivalry more than these sisters themselves.

Undoubtedly, as we learn through the newspapers, from private letters and various other sources, many things are said and done at public meetings, at private gatherings and in all manner of ways at the South, which indicate that there is still

a large measure of disloyalty there; a determination on the part of many to cherish feelings of hatred and dislike toward the Union and the North; to oppose any improvement in the condition of the negro, and keep him as far as possible in the condition of serfdom; and, in general, in all possible ways to fan the embers of disloyalty, sedition, and treason, in the hope that they may be kept alive and made to blaze out again in destructive fury. This ought not to surprise or disturb. It was to be expected; and when we consider how absolutely their hopes have been disappointed, their plans frustrated, and their great enterprise, upon which they entered with such boastful confidence, brought to a miserable failure, we ought not to expect that there should be at once a universal and cheerful acquiescence in such untoward results; but we in our grand triumph should certainly be willing to exercise a large and patient forbearance toward the irritations of disappointment.

Two things which are of essential importance are fixed forever. Slavery is abolished. The negroes are free, and though not invested, as many other persons are not, with what may be called some of the privileges of citizenship, yet through that grand enactment, the Civil Rights Bill, they

are protected and secured in all their essential rights as free men: and the enjoyment and possession of these rights will bring such a sense of manhood and such desire and opportunity to improve, that if they remain anywhere long or largely in actual serfdom, the fault will be chiefly their own. If we will but refrain from returning railing for railing, we may safely leave it to time, and to other combining and conspiring influences to remove the irritations of disappointment, to extinguish the scattered embers of disloyalty, and, through a better knowledge and a better intercourse between them, bring the people of the North and South to such mutual respect and confidence as shall bind them in strong attachment to each other, and to the Union that makes them one people.

Undoubtedly, there are many questions in regard to reconstruction, and readmission to political rights, and the extent to which deprivation of these rights, or other punishment shall be inflicted upon rebels, that still remain to be determined, and the determination of which, amid the different opinions that are expressed, excites painful anxiety in many minds. The difficulties, originally inherent in this subject, have been somewhat enhanced by that sad event,

which raised to the Presidency of the nation one elected to be its Vice-President.

Our experience, fortunately not frequent, teaches that it is a great misfortune to the nation to *have*, and a terribly trying position to the individual to *be*, what has been, improperly yet expressively, termed “an accidental President of the United States.” According to the ordinary custom and course of political affairs among us, the person put into the Vice-Presidency has commonly little more of political distinction or office to expect. He is not so much in the line of succession or advancement, as prominent members of the Cabinet, the Senate, or the House of Representatives. As Vice-President, his powers, position and prospects are limited; and if, through the death of the President, he is suddenly intrusted with “the powers and duties of the said office,” it is perhaps too much to expect, that he should be so much larger than the office, so much stronger and superior to the circumstances, as to be able to meet the position naturally and simply, without thought of self, and with no considerations other than those of the public good to influence his action and policy.

On being thus called to this position, the first strong feeling or consciousness of the individual must

be, that he was not elected to it by the suffrage of the people, that it was not expected that he would have to fill it, that there is perhaps a general feeling of regret that he has been summoned to it; and this is naturally followed by some questioning as to how far the sympathy and confidence of the party that elected him will gather to his support; while immediately there are indications more or less distinct, — and sometimes very distinct, — that the opposite party regard him with more sympathy and confidence than they did his predecessor, and far more than they ever expressed for himself previously, and stand, waiting and anticipating, ready to welcome any such changes of policy as will enable them to give him their party indorsement. The next step, in the succession of emotions, is the feeling that it does not become his dignity, or his talents, or the great powers and interests intrusted to him, to be the mere heir-at-law, as it were, simply the executor of his predecessor's policy and plans; and so he begins to diverge from these, and diverges more and more, till at length, the divergence from the principles and policy of the friends, who elected him to the Vice-Presidency, becomes so great, that there is nothing left for him

but an attempt to have a policy and a party of his own.

I can conceive of no position in any government, certainly there can be none in our own, attended with so much personal discomfort, so full of trial, temptation and difficulty as that of a President, inducted into his high trusts and duties, by such an event as brought the present incumbent to the chair of state. The very difficulties of his position give him a peculiar claim to all that charitable and forbearing judgment, which we are continually called upon to exercise toward all men in public and political life. Such judgment we should endeavor to exercise toward him, though we may not be able to approve or indorse all his acts, or disposed to relinquish our adherence to those principles of policy, which we conceive to be of essential importance in the present exigencies of the country.

This policy and all the matters connected with reconstruction belong, I suppose, upon the theory of our Government, specially, if not exclusively, to its legislative rather than its executive department; and we may confidently hope, I think, that the policy of Congress, if it need modification, will be so modified, will be made so just and wise and

generous as to secure the confirmation of the President, and be approved and upheld by the people. The only desire, which any thoughtful, dispassionate person can have, in regard to all the points involved in the question of reconstruction, is that they should be so settled as to promote the safety of the country, prevent the initiation of any future rebellion, and efface, as far and as fast as possible, all traces and all sources of sectional strife and discord. No man can desire that anything should be done, that any deprivation should be prolonged or any punishment inflicted, in the mere spirit of vindictiveness.

In all cases of this kind there are two points, two extremes, to be avoided: undue lenity on the one hand, undue severity on the other. The lesson of history teaches that the mistake, which all rulers are apt to make, is that of undue severity. We, I apprehend, are in no danger of error in this direction. We are the most good-natured people in the world; it is one of our great faults that we immediately feel a strong sympathy for the criminal, a tender compassion for the wrong-doer, the moment he gets within the grip and grasp of the law. The fact that fifteen months have passed

since the close of a rebellion, which, all things considered, must be regarded as the most gigantic political crime on record, and yet no one has been tried, convicted or punished, is pretty conclusive testimony, that there is nowhere any spirit of vindictiveness or cruelty, on the part of the people or their rulers. Multitudes have been pardoned, but no one has been punished.

The great military chief of the rebellion, — a man whom the United States Government had educated, supported, honored and trusted, whose antecedents and position gave that government the strongest claims to his unswerving allegiance, and whom history will hold largely responsible for all the barbarous cruelties inflicted upon Federal prisoners, — this man is, and has been for some months, quietly acting as the President of a college; has been permitted, as a paroled prisoner of war, to take charge of the education, the formation of the characters of the young men of the nation! I may challenge the records of all the civil wars of the world, to present a parallel to such leniency, to adduce an instance in which the great military commander of an organized rebellion, of four years' duration, was permitted, without trial or punishment thereon, to

glide quietly into a position of such trust, honor and responsibility, as that of the head of a literary and educational institution.

I have no desire that any one should suffer the extreme penalty, which under the law attaches to the crime of treason; but for its moral influence upon the country and the world, it does seem to me of the highest importance, that through the indictment of some one, a crime so great as this rebellion should be brought to solemn and unsparing legal investigation, and that there should be, on the records of the highest tribunal of the country, a verdict of guilty and a sentence of condemnation. That verdict reached, that condemnation declared, I care not then what clemency the government may exercise. God forbid that we should thirst for any man's blood!

Everything points to the late President of the Confederacy, so called, as the individual against whom these grave legal proceedings should be instituted. Moreover, this man stands before the country charged by the present President of the United States, in a solemn proclamation issued under the seal of State, with complicity in that foul conspiracy which accomplished the assassination of his predecessor, and attempted that of other important members of the United States Government. One would not

have that arch-traitor, the head of the rebel Confederacy, treated with personal injustice. Personal and national honor alike forbid the President of the United States to keep the grounds, upon which this grave charge was made, much longer among the secrets of the executive archives. The charge should either be withdrawn, or brought to legal investigation, or the facts upon which it was made should be published to the world, that the world may pass its moral verdict thereon.

Some measure, some limited, temporary measure of political deprivation of political rights, as a political punishment for a political crime, would seem to be deserved by the rebels, and imperiously demanded by the safety and honor of the country.

I am not statesman enough, and certainly not enough of a politician, to understand the nice distinctions that have been made between "re-construction" and "restoration," between rebel States being "in" or "out" of the Union; nor have I been able to get at the idea, under a government like ours, of a State as an entity, independent of the people who compose it. Through some mental or moral defect, it may be, I have only been able to reach to this general idea, which I supposed was an axiom of all civil polity; namely, that armed and

organized rebellion put everything at hazard. If it succeed it gains all; if it fail it loses all — all that it had, all that it sought; and its vanquished instigators are at the discretionary disposal of the government that subdues them, have no rights but to be treated in such way as mercy, wisdom, judgment, humanity may dictate, and the best interests of the nation, whose life they have imperilled, and whose peace they have outraged, may demand.

If this be not an axiom in civil polity, a principle inherent in all civil government, I see not how there can be any security against frequent rebellions or insurrections. If our fathers had failed in their great revolutionary struggle, and had at length said, “We submit, we withdraw and annul our Declaration of Independence, we admit your right to tax us without representation, but we claim our old colonial charters and all the rights secured to us by those charters,” Great Britain would probably have laughed at the idea, declined the proposal, and made answer, “Your colonial charters: you broke, violated, forfeited these, when you undertook to rebel and be independent. You have no claim now, even to your old colonial rights, and we do not think it is safe to trust you with them at present; we do not wish to encourage another rebellion among you. When your loyalty is

clearly re-established, when it is evident that you are and mean to be good citizens and subjects, we will restore your charters and all your colonial privileges, but not till we are satisfied on this point." This, which Great Britain might have said to our fathers, which any government, from principles inherent in all governments, may say to vanquished rebels, our own government has a right to say to the people and States lately in rebellion against it.

This right must be admitted, or we must admit, that the war, on the part of the government, was wrong from the beginning; and this position leads, by a swift and irresistible logic, to the annihilation of the Federal Government, and the introduction of anarchy into the country. That something of this sort may and must be said is, I believe, admitted by all, except perhaps the rebels themselves. In fact, something of this character has already been said, and what more is necessary will be said; a just measure of individual and temporary deprivation of political right will be awarded, and the Executive, the Congress and the People will uphold it, and the world will commend it as just and wise and right: and under its influence the country will work its way out of these present difficulties, and enter upon that career of glory

which is before her,—a career so grand, that imagination fails and falters in attempting to form an adequate conception of it.

Never had any other people a future before them, making such demands upon their energies, their ambition, their highest aspirations. No thoughtful and reflecting mind, baptized into the spirit of faith in a divine purpose and providence guiding the education and destinies of the race, can refuse to cherish the conviction, certainly the hope, darkened it may be by occasional doubts, but never sinking into despair, that here, in this country, beneath the influence of our civil and religious liberty, our social institutions, and the grand opportunity offered by this broad, new continent, there is to be a development of humanity, a progressive social life, such as has been nowhere exhibited in the world before, corresponding in its fruits of intelligence, comfort, happiness, in the largeness of its spirit and form, its beauty and power, to the largeness of the scale, on which nature here displays itself in our mountains, lakes, rivers and boundless prairies. In every mind, that has ever cherished it, that hope must be stronger and brighter to-day than it ever was before.

Our material prosperity is all but inevitable. Situated in the temperate zone, an immense territory,

stretching from north to south more than two thousand miles, and from east to west across the continent, from ocean to ocean, with a wide variety of climate, soil, productions, with mineral wealth of every kind and of incalculable amount, with a network of rivers, navigable and fertilizing, spread over that wonderful Mississippi basin, whose annual harvest might almost feed the race, our country has such material resources, is such a miniature world in itself, that nothing but the most reckless obstinacy and persevering folly can prevent its material growth and prosperity.

Its very condition at this moment, as it emerges from a costly civil war, carrying, as if it were a feather's weight, an amount of debt which would crush many other nations, is at once a testimony to its recuperative energies, and a prophecy of its future progress. Everywhere there is hope, cheerfulness, enterprise, and revelations, more and more distinct, of the exhaustless resources and the mighty productive power of the nation. Soon a ship canal in our own territory will leave Niagara still a thing of beauty and grandeur, but no longer an obstacle, and put our navigation of the great lakes in a condition not to be easily disturbed. Some, who hear me, will live to see the completion of that gigantic

project, a railroad across this continent. In its domestic uses and benefits, the effect of this upon our internal development and progress cannot be over-estimated; while as a connecting link, a short direct route between Western Europe and Eastern Asia, it will, in all probability, become a great highway of traffic and travel between these two great centres of Christian and heathen civilization. Should this be the result, it will so materially change the relations between them, that the commercial index on the dial-plate of time will point pretty distinctly to an hour, when the metropolitan city of our own country will take precedence of London, as the moneyed and commercial centre of the world.

But there is something much more important to a nation than its material wealth and grandeur. These can only secure it a short-lived existence; they will be but sure precursors of its ruin, unless accompanied by a moral development, an intellectual culture and strength, that shall enable the people to resist their temptations, and use prosperity and power for high and noble purposes. Intellectual and moral culture go together; they cannot be widely separated; the former necessarily carries with it a large amount of the latter; and the intellectual and moral culture of the people of this country must be regarded by every

patriotic mind as the first thing to be secured and the last to be neglected: worthy of every effort and sacrifice, of the most patient labors, and of the most costly contributions we can make to it.

This culture must be universal and progressive for these are the conditions of our liberty. It must reach to the highest, that it may be their inspiration and glory. It must reach to the lowest, that it may be their resource, their defence, their incentive; add to their dignity, enlarge their honor, and guide their power. Two ideas, the one narrow and the other false, which have been recently advocated with more ability than they deserve, must find no acceptance among us. "We are educating too much," it is said: "reading, writing, arithmetic, the simplest rudiments of knowledge, are all that is necessary for the mass of the people. More only unfits them for their position and their duties." The mass of the people! Who shall dare thus to separate himself from the mass of the people, and maintain that the education, which is necessary and good for him, is not good for all to whom it can be offered? This mass is perpetually shifting its particles; the poor of to-day are the rich of to-morrow, and the rich of to-day the poor of to-morrow, and the intellectual and moral culture that is good for any is good for all. Unfits them for their

position and duties! Is there any position in which ignorance is better than knowledge? or whose duties stupidity can better discharge than intelligence? Show me one person, who has more education than he can use to advantage in his position, one person, who has been too highly educated for his own happiness, honor and usefulness, or for the good of the community; and for that one person, I will bring you an army of an hundred thousand persons, whom the same education has made happier, nobler, more useful, lifted them up, and enabled them to help lift up the community in all things good, worthy and desirable. Go into some humble dwelling in this city, whose support is the daily toil of the father, (it may be in some very humble occupation,) and you will find perhaps that the oldest daughter is attending our Girls' High and Normal School. Are we doing that family and the community an injury by giving that daughter so good an education? Are we doing her an injury by developing her mind by all the knowledge imparted, and her heart by all the influences that surround her at that school? I maintain that the chances are ten thousand to one, that this daughter is a beam of moral sunlight in that dwelling,—its ornament,—its defence,—its incentive,—

its glory. She is introducing to it, it may be, better principles and habits, a higher tone of thought, feeling and conduct. She is better fitted every way to discharge the duties of her position, to meet both the temptations and the opportunities that may come to her in life; and should she ever have a home of her own, whether it be humbler or higher than the one she now fills, she will make it a home of intelligence and virtue; and the more such daughters in the same position in life we can so educate the better, the safer for the community.

“But no,” cries the advocate of the false idea, “intelligence and virtue do not go together; education increases the ingenuity, but it does not diminish the amount of crime; and the records of the courts show that many persons brought into them as criminals have had the highest advantages of education;” and so, because Satan was once an angel of light, the light should be put out and all live in darkness; for that is the amount of the argument. Because the wise are sometimes weak, because the educated are sometimes criminal, education must be limited. It is a false argument, for the failure of some should never forbid the effort of any or all. As a general statement, it cannot be true that the nearer men

approach to their Maker in one of his attributes, knowledge, the farther they recede from him in another, goodness. Education is an incalculable good; all who have received any measure of its benefits and blessings, feel it to be a good. It is the power that has raised man from ignorance to knowledge, from barbarism to civilization, and carried him forward continually to a more advanced civilization, a more glorious social condition; and, therefore, the the higher we carry it, the more we extend and diffuse it, the better for our country and the world.

We at least in this country, (to use the expression I have used once before this morning,) "we must fight it out on this line." We cannot go back. Our idea is that of freedom. We have determined that every man is and shall be free in this land; and freedom has no security, no defence, protection or safeguard but education, and that moral power and principle which education brings; and this education, to preserve our freedom and accomplish our purpose, must be broad, generous, universal and progressive, must keep pace with our material growth and prosperity, so that the nation may be morally as strong, wise, pure and noble, as it is great, wealthy and powerful.

Friends and fellow-citizens, let me relieve your patience by saying in conclusion, that no extent of territory, however large; no amount of material prosperity, however grand; no intellectual and moral culture even, however advanced and widely diffused, can give us all that we need to fulfil the great mission that is before us. These things are necessary ingredients, but there must be something to unite, to bind them together. They are incidental; they may make a country, but they cannot make a nation. What is necessary to make a nation, and that nation powerful and permanent, is a spirit of nationality, living and breathing in every heart, binding all to common ideas, principles and interests, to a common purpose and destiny. Thus considered, nationality is as glorious, sublime and powerful a sentiment, as it is sweet, lovely and venerable. We of all people should have a spirit of nationality: the grandeur of our country as it came from the hands of God demands it; our condition, prospects, privileges and opportunities demand it. Let it be everywhere cultivated and cherished, let it swell and breathe in every soul, binding all these millions of hearts, from the waters of yonder bay to the city of the Golden Gate, into one great national heart, that shall live

and throb with love and loyalty to all that our flag symbolizes, to all that the Constitution secures, to all that liberty means, to all that humanity desires and would achieve, then this Great Republic, which, but yesterday, the despots of Europe thought was crumbling to pieces, shall rise again like a giant to instruct, overshadow and outlast them all.

APPENDIX.

CELEBRATION

OF THE

FOURTH OF JULY, 1866.

By an order of the City Council, approved May 1st, 1866, the following gentlemen were appointed a Committee to make suitable arrangements for the Celebration of the Ninetieth Anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence: Aldermen THOMAS GAFFIELD, Chairman, GEORGE W. MESSINGER, EDWARD F. PORTER, SAMUEL D. CRANE, BENJAMIN JAMES, JONAS FITCH, CHARLES W. SLACK; Councilmen JOSEPH STORY, President, WILLIAM J. ELLIS, JOHN MILLER, ELAM W. HALE, GRANVILLE MEARS, JAMES J. FLYNN, JARVIS D. BRAMAN, CHRISTOPHER A. CONNOR, GEORGE P. DARROW, JOHN C. HAYNES, CHARLES CAVERLY, Jr., HUBBARD W. TILTON, GEORGE P. FRENCH. His Honor, Mayor LINCOLN, was invited to consult with the Committee, and to preside on all public occasions connected with the celebration.

Under the direction of this Committee a programme was arranged and carried out which gave general satisfaction. The day was ushered in by the ringing of bells, and the firing of national salutes from the Common and Mount Washington by detachments of the Second Battery, M. V. M., Captain C. W. Baxter. The public buildings were decorated by Messrs. Lamprell & Marble, and flags were displayed at all prominent points.

At 6½ o'clock in the morning the firemen assembled in Charles Street, with their steam engines, hose, and hook and ladder carriages, and formed a procession with the right resting on Beacon Street. The procession was marshalled by Mr. G. H. Allen, Secretary of Board of Engineers, and at seven o'clock was put in motion over the following route: Beacon to Arlington Street, down Commonwealth Avenue to Berkley Street, countermarching in Commonwealth Avenue to Arlington Street, thence through Boylston, Pleasant, and Tremont Streets, Union Park, Washington, Boylston, Tremont, Court, Greene, Leverett, Spring, Allen, Blossom, Cambridge, to Charles Street. The men were uniformly dressed, and their fine appearance called forth the applause of the people, who lined the sidewalks along the route over which they passed.

Under the direction of Mr. P. S. Gilmore a concert was given at 8½ o'clock, on the Common, by one hundred musicians.

The following programme was performed:

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|--|-----------------|
| 1—American Hymn, Modern Composition. | <i>Keller.</i> |
| 2—Concert Polka, "Golden Robin." | <i>Bosquet.</i> |
| 3—Overture, "Allesandro Stradella." | <i>Flotow.</i> |
| 4—Union Railroad Galop, with imitations. | <i>Downing.</i> |
| 5—Grand Selections from "Martha." | <i>Flotow.</i> |
| 6—Continental Melange, "Sounds from Enrope." | <i>Jullien.</i> |

Musical and other entertainments, chiefly for the Children of the Public Schools, were provided at the Boston Theatre, Music Hall and Tremont Temple, under the management of a Committee of the Warren Street Chapel, subject to the direction of the City Committee.

At the Music Hall, performances were given on the Great Organ by Mr. G. E. Whiting, and vocal and instrumental music was furnished by the Alleghanians and Swiss Bell Ringers. At Tremont Temple there were five exhibitions of Natural Magic, Legerdemain, Ventriloquism, and Punch and Judy, by Professor

Bryant. At the Boston Theatre facilities were afforded for dancing and promenading.

At 9½ o'clock a procession, composed of members of the City Government and invited guests, was formed at the City Hall, under the direction of Col. John Kurtz, Chief Marshal. The procession was escorted by a battalion of boys from the Latin and English High Schools, under the command of Col. Thorndike Nourse, through the following streets: School, Beacon, Arlington, Boylston, Tremont, and Winter streets, to the entrance to Music Hall. The order of exercises at the Music Hall was as follows:

- 1—Music by the Orchestra.
- 2—National Hymn — “Hail Columbia” — Organ and Orchestra. [Sung by four hundred children of the Public Schools.]
- 3—Prayer by Rev. Henry M. Dexter.
- 4—National Songs — Arranged by Carl Zerrahn.
- 5—Reading of the Declaration of Independence, by John D. Philbrick, Esq., Superintendent Public Schools.
- 6—Keller’s “American Hymn,” — Organ and Orchestra.
- 7—Oration, by Rev. Samuel K. Lothrop, D.D.
- 8—Original Hymn, by Rev. D. A. Wasson.

Hail to the day whose happy morn
Breaks into joy of hopes new born!
While earth in triumph greets the sky,
Till heaven to earth peal glad reply.

Hail to the land whose millions all
With Freedom’s cause will stand or fall!
Again to-day their oath is given:
“Man’s right on earth, his King in heaven!”

Hail to the heroes who bore down
The proud that stole from heaven its crown,
And told the world with speaking sword,
“Lo, man is free, and God is Lord!”

Thou who art Liberty and Law,
Nigh unto us, thy children, draw;
Kindle in us the ancient fires,
And give true sons to noble sires.

The singing was performed by a choir selected from the pupils of the Grammar Schools, under the direction of Carl Zerrahn.

One of the new features in the celebration of the day was a sailing regatta in the harbor. The judges were Mr. Daniel Briscoe, Chairman, Captain Charles Robbins, Captain Josiah G. Lovell, Captain John Greer, and Captain Alfred Nash.

The first race was for centre-board and keel yachts of fifteen tons and upwards (new measurement). Two prizes were offered — silver pitchers valued at \$100 each — one for the winning keel, and the other for the winning centre-board yacht. The course was as follows: Down Broad Sound, leaving Ram Head Buoy on the starboard, and Fawn Bar on the port; rounding the Flag Boat, which was stationed off Nahant, leaving it on the starboard; returning by the same route back, passing south of the Judges' Boat. The distance was twenty-five miles, including six miles allowed for beating home.

The yachts which participated were the "Nettie," 54.84 tons, schooner-rigged, centre-board, entered and commanded by Dexter H. Follett; the "Edwii Forest," 36.16 tons, schooner, keel, by Captain John Low; "Surprise," 32 tons, schooner, keel, by Captain Quinn; the "Alice," 27.44 tons, sloop, keel, owned by T. G. Appleton, but sailed by A. H. Clark; and the "Minnie," 20.25 tons, schooner, keel, by B. F. Bibber. The "Edwin Forrest" was the winner of the first prize. Time, 2 hours 32 minutes and 20 seconds. The prize for centre-board was won by the "Nettie."

The second race was for centre-board and keel yachts of five and under fifteen tons (new measurement); and the prizes were two medallion pattern silver pitchers, valued at \$75 each — one for the winning keel, and the other for the winning centre-board yacht. The course sailed by this class of yachts was from the

judges' boat down West Way, leaving Thompson's Island on the starboard, Spectacle Island on the port, round west head of Long Island to the Narrows, leaving Rainsford Island on the starboard, Fort Warren on the starboard, Gallop's Island on the port, Lovell's Island on the starboard; and return, leaving Nicks' Mate on the port, passing up between Sound Point Beacon and east end of Long Island, leaving Fort Independence on the port, City Point on the starboard, then to the judges' boat, passing it to the southward, thus making a distance of about eighteen miles, allowing three miles made in beating.

The yachts entered for this race came to moorings in the following order: "Iris," 11.52 tons, sloop-rigged, centre-board, entered and commanded by John F. Pray; "Tartar," 12.86 tons, sloop, centre-board, by Charles A. Hayden; "Columbia," 12.95 tons, sloop, keel, by Augustus Russ; "Violet," 11 tons, sloop, centre-board, by Eben Denton; "Napoleon," 8.09 tons, sloop, centre-board, by T. D. Boardman; "Osceola," 7.04 tons, schooner, keel, by L. Shellhammer; "Mercury," 6.92 tons, schooner, keel, by J. E. Herman; "John Quincy Adams," 5.91 tons, schooner, keel, by A. Lothrop; "Mist," 5.80 tons, sloop, keel, by Joshua H. Pitman; "Scud," 5.63 tons, sloop, centre-board, by Charles E. Folsom; "Dawn," 6.37 tons, schooner, keel, by Frank A. Bibber; "Ranger," 6 tons, schooner, keel, by Elijah Harris.

On the outward stretch the "Tartar" had her mast carried away, and was obliged to withdraw. The "Iris" kept the lead, and came home in 1 hour 9 minutes and 40 seconds after she started. The "Violet" came next, 1 minute and 55 seconds behind the "Iris;" the "Scud" next, 3 minutes and 34 seconds behind the "Violet;" and the "Napoleon" next, 40 seconds in the rear of the "Scud." Of the keel boats, the "Columbia" came home in 1 hour 23 minutes 26 seconds, with the "John Quincy Adams" 1 minute 55 seconds behind. The "Mercury," "Mist," and "Osceola" brought up the rear. The "Scud"

was declared the winning centre-board by allowance on measurement, and the "John Quincy Adams" was declared the winning keel, by allowance on measurement.

For the third and last race three prizes were offered — the first a silver pitcher, valued at \$60; the second a silver goblet, valued at \$40; the third prize, a silver goblet, valued at \$25. This race was for centre-board and keel yachts, measuring in length twenty feet and upwards from stem to rudder post, and under five tons; and the course was from the judges' boat down to the Red Buoy No. 6, on the Lower Middle, rounding it on the starboard, thence to Spectacle Island, leaving it on the port to Moon Head, leaving it on the starboard, rounding Flag Boat, stationed in Quincy Bay, leaving it on the starboard; returning, leaving Moon Head and Thompson's Island on the port, passing flag boat, on a line and south of the judges' boat, leaving it on the starboard, thence to flag boat, stationed in Old Harbor, leaving it on the starboard, and returning passing south of the judges' boat, making a distance of about ten miles. Allowance for heating the same as in the second race.

The yachts entered were the "Arion," 21 feet 6 inches, schooner rigged, keel, by A. P. Ford; the "Echo," 26 feet, sloop, centre-board, by H. F. Barker; the "Marion," 27 feet 5 inches, schooner, keel, by Daniel Robbins; "Little Nellie," 22 feet, sloop, keel, by N. C. Greenough; "Ariel," 20 feet, schooner, keel, by John M. Downing; "Ion," 21 feet, schooner, keel, by William Snowdon; "North Star," 20 feet, schooner, keel, by Arthur L. Scott; "Cora," 25 feet, sloop, keel, by Joseph H. Blake; "Minnehaha," 20 feet, schooner, keel, by N. Curtis; "Parqueta," 24 feet, sloop, keel, by W. Burrows; "Electra," 26 feet, sloop, keel, by J. H. Sears; "Mary Ellen," 23 feet, sloop, centre-board, by Androis Lane; "Mandy," 21 feet, sloop, centre-board, by C. Hill of Dorchester; "Coquette," 20 feet, sloop, centre-board, by J. B. Kingman of Dorchester; "Secret," 22 feet, sloop, centre-board, by J. Brinney; "Magic," 25 feet,

centre-board, by R. M. Pratt; and "Clitheroe," 24 feet, schooner, centre-board, by Benjamin Dean.

The first prize was awarded to the "Clitheroe," (centre-board,) the second prize to the "Electra," (keel), and the third to the "Marion," (keel).

The rowing regatta took place on Charles River, at 3½ o'clock, P. M. The judges were Messrs. R. F. Clark, H. T. Rockwell, E. C. Bates, S. A. B. Abbott, P. H. Colbert, H. W. Foley, D. J. Sweeney, and John T. Gardner.

The first race was for single scull wherries, distance two miles; first prize, \$75; second prize, \$50. The following are the names of the boats, and the contestants, in the order of their positions: "Admiral Farragut," J. Driscoll, of Boston; "George Thatcher," Walter Brown, of Portland; "Experiment," George Faulkner, of Boston; "T. F. Doyle," P. Foster, of Boston; "J. D. P.," F. W. Sargent, of Boston. The wherries started at 23 minutes and 45 seconds after 3 o'clock. The "Thatcher" took the lead and kept ahead throughout the race, winning in 17:10. The "Doyle" came in next, having turned the stake second, and won the second prize in 18:11½. The "Experiment" was third, in 19:0½; the "Admiral" fourth, and "J. D. P." last.

The second race was for double scull wherries, distance three miles; first prize \$100; second prize, \$50. Four boats had been entered, although but two appeared at the start. These were,—in order of position,—the "John A. Andrew," rowed by P. J. Brennan and M. J. McKee, and the "C. B. H.," by Edward Hollis and James Sullivan. The "John A. Andrew" came in about two lengths ahead, in 27:49, and the "C. B. H." in 27:57.

The third race was for four-oared boats, distance three miles; first prize, \$125; second prize, \$50. The following boats and

crews appeared, being all those entered, with the exception of the "Union," of Worcester. They occupied positions in order of naming: "Volunteer," Jas. Cleary (stroke), D. H. Brenen, E. J. Rodgers, M. J. Gleason (bow), Boston; "Frank Quinn," Dennis Leary (stroke), John Blue, Robert Ellis, Henry Burden (bow), New York; "Young Neptune," Andrew Gallagher (stroke), James Clarke, John McGrath, Thomas Galt (bow), St. John; "Thetis," Edw. Woodard (stroke), Edw. McCawley, Geo. Price, Geo. Nice (bow), St. John, N. B.; "Geo. C. Wiggins," James Thompson (stroke), Robert Fulton, Matthew McWiggin, John Morris (bow), St. John; "Uniou," L. S. King (stroke), H. F. Lambert, G. H. B. Hill, E. B. Robins (bow), Boston. The "Thetis" rounded the stake first, the "Young Neptune" second, followed by the "Frank Quinn," "Volunteer," "George C. Wiggins," and the "Union." In this order the boats came in, the "Thetis" well ahead in 20:39; "Young Neptune," 21:01; "Frank Quinn," 23:1½; "Volunteer," 30:1½.

The fourth race was for six-oared boats, distance three miles; first prize, \$150; second prize, \$75. Four entries had been made, of which the following made their appearance at the start: "Una," Walter Brown (stroke), J. F. Webber, R. Williams, A. P. Harris, F. H. White, H. C. Davis (bow), Portland, Me.; "Piscataqua," Elias A. Staples (stroke), F. A. Staples, F. F. Staples, Wm. A. Paul, Alexander Dixon, J. H. Paul (bow), Elliot, Me. The stake was rounded first by the "Una," which came in well ahead in 20:41; the "Piscataqua" making 21:16.

A very large number of people assembled on the parade ground of the Common, during the afternoon, to witness Mr. Samuel A. King's ascension in the large balloon "Queen of the Air." When the balloon was only partially inflated it escaped from the nettings, and after being carried some distance by the

wind it collapsed. Mr. King immediately procured a smaller balloon, called the "General Grant," in which he made an ascension at seven o'clock. He was carried with great rapidity over Chelsea and Lynn, and in half an hour from the time he started succeeded in landing at Ipswich.

During the evening very satisfactory exhibitions of fireworks were given upon the Common, and at East and South Boston, by Mr. E. L. Sanderson.

ORATION

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

CITY COUNCIL AND CITIZENS

OF BOSTON,

JULY 4, 1867,

BY

REV. GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.



BOSTON:

ALFRED MUDGE & SON, CITY PRINTERS, 34 SCHOOL STREET

1867.

CITY OF BOSTON.

In Board of Aldermen, July 8, 1867.

ORDERED: That the thanks of the City Council be presented to the Reverend George H. Hepworth for the eloquent and patriotic oration delivered by him before the City Government and the citizens of Boston on the ninety-first anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence; and that he be requested to furnish a copy for publication.

Passed — sent down for concurrence.

CHAS. W. SLACK, *Chairman.*

In Common Council, July 11, 1867.

Concurred.

WESTON LEWIS, *President.*

Approved.

OTIS NORCROSS, *Mayor.*

ORATION.

*Mr. Mayor, Gentlemen of the City Council, Friends
and Fellow-Citizens:*

The progress towards an ideal society and an ideal government which marks each new page of history gives the largest encouragement to the reformers of every age. We are moving so rapidly that the wildest dreams of the fanatic of to-day will become the commonplace realities of to-morrow, while the conservatism of to-day embodies all the ideas which the most hopeful theorist uttered yesterday. Each generation, bearing the world in its giant arms, toils bravely up the mountain side until it is worn and weary, then lifts its precious burden to the shoulders of the young and fresh generation that succeeds, and lies down to sleep. With every age the burden grows heavier and more precious, as mankind are freighted with larger responsibilities, with new philanthropies, and with higher duties, and with every age the strength to

bear it grows greater as men become more wise, more manly and more Christian. So, by slow degrees, we are ascending from successive slaveries to successive freedoms.

As the geographer, standing on the hither side of the Rocky Mountains, where the stream comes gurgling from the hidden reservoir, can watch that slender thread of limpid light as it finds its way through forest and plain, broadened and deepened ever and anon by kindred streams, until at last made omnipotent by the grand Missouri and the grander Ohio, it pours itself a resistless flood through the centre of a continent,—so, I take it, the historian standing on the hither side of the rocky summits of barbarism, and seeing the crude thought that is to shape itself into law, and control society, can watch that slender thread as it finds its way from age to age, increased here by the victories of war and there by the higher victories of peace, until at last, deepened and broadened into omnipotence by the Missouri of Revolution and the Ohio of Revelation, it pours itself through our century, bearing on its bosom the world's hopes after the higher law, and the thousand educational movements by which that law is to be reached.

And, gentlemen, it is at once cheering and

instructive to note the various stages of this great progressive movement. It increases our faith in man, and adds inspiration to every new reformatory movement, to watch the nations of the earth struggling through the darkness of barbarism, feudalism and every kind of oppression, led by the divine instinct which searches for the light of a larger liberty. It gives us a new strength for to-day's drudgery and toil to watch the gradual refinement of society, the constant sloughing off of old and useless customs, and the constant putting on of new usages which better fit the growing people.

The French were only children playing with the toys of national childhood, until Charlemagne taught them to put off the garments of barbarism, and to put on the robes and manners of civilized man. They did not grow to conscious national maturity until they were baptized in the blood of the Revolution of '93, and they will not achieve their manifest destiny until in another revolution they shall cast off the imperial burden that is held up by the points of half a million bayonets and learn to govern themselves. The English were little better than slaves until they won their freedom on the plain of Runnymede, and they did not grow to manhood until they had beheaded Charles I., and

proclaimed that no Stuart and no tyrant should ever make laws for a free people. That grand impulse which has driven them thus far will not let them rest until they strip the lawn from the Bishops in the House of Lords, and the parti-colored riband from the so-called nobility, and proclaim aloud that he alone is peasant who has a peasant's heart, and he alone is noble who has a princely soul.

America began its great work of reform in the seventeenth century. The dreams of the seers of ages began to crystallize themselves into realities when the keel of the Mayflower grated on the bar of Plymouth Harbor. The Colonists entered the high school of the new politics when the tocsin of war called them to the support of a government of men by men, and they graduated into the true manhood of the race when they planted their victorious banner on the top of Lookout Mountain, and proclaimed Liberty throughout all the land.

We have come to believe that this whole country is consecrated to the republican experiment. The magnificent valley between the Rocky Mountains and the Alleghanies is the crucible in which history will test the political possibilities of the race. Untrammelled by any of the traditions or usages of the old world, with no time-honored and

time-hardened social prejudices to overcome, with no longing after the pageantry of royalty, we feel ourselves to be a people wholly free, and standing on the very threshold of a work too large to measure, and almost too appalling to contemplate.

The blood in the veins of every European nationality runs sluggishly and timidly. Thrones have no stability; tyrants no power. The people have well-nigh outgrown their worm-eaten tradition that kings are ordained of God, and he who wields the sceptre with the arrogance of earlier times does it at the peril of his life. The continent that once held the person of royalty sacred now simply endures a king who knows that he not only governs but is in his turn governed. The blood in the veins of America, on the other hand, leaps through the ruddy channel of life with all the force and promise of youth. We believe that we have a special mission; that the whole country is ours from the warm gulf to the frigid zone, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and that here, fired with simple faith in educated men, we shall be able, without the aid of royal favor, to make our own laws, watch over our own interests, and write our own history. If the Old World interferes, either by that strange neutrality which refuses help to the loyal while it supplies arms to the

disloyal, or by sending a wretched debauchee to turn our flank in Mexico, we have but one word of warning,—Hands off; America is neither forgetful of her friends nor afraid of her foes.

By slow degrees our geographical limits are widening. Within a few years we have put our seal upon the golden mountains of California and the rich plains of Texas. Lately the magnificent territory of the extreme northwest has been bought. It cannot be many years before that people who have resisted tyranny with wonderful bravery, who have at last hedged in within a wall of sharp bayonets the usurper and the adventurer, will knock loud for entrance into the Home of the Free. It cannot be long before we shall have that narrow belt of land that lies on the banks of the St. Lawrence and the shore of the lakes. For two generations it has been the asylum of the heroic black man who refused to bear the stripes of the overseer, and the black woman who denied her body to the lust of her master; and now, by the wonderful progress of events, it offers itself a hospital to the sick at heart, those arrogant heroes whose “dreams have faded all at length,” and who find the air of free America too bracing for the slender life that remains after the fruitless struggle. Then, with the whole continent our own, we can march through the

ages, keeping step to the music of Justice, Morality, and Political Righteousness. Gentlemen, few nations have such heavy, glorious responsibilities as we. Republicanism is but just begun. It is a temple whose arching roof will sometime in the future offer its shelter and protection to the people of every clime. To-day, the poor of Europe may live content within the thatched cottage in political oblivion, while the favored and the wealthy sit beneath the gilded roof of power and shape laws to suit their tastes or caprices ; but the hour shall yet come, how far off in the distance it may be none can tell, when the great heart and strong arm of the people of every nationality shall decree that there shall be no king to live in a palace, and no citizen so lowly that he can have no voice in making the laws that govern him, but when all the people shall come together beneath the same roof to be ruled each by the whole and the whole by each.

Standing, then, as we do, at the beginning of a new era, looking forward with large hope to a peaceful and glorious future, it is well for us to come together on this mighty anniversary to measure our strength and confess our weakness. We acknowledge with due gratitude the constant and especial presence of that Providence which has led us along the weary road, guiding us in the day-

time by the pillar of cloud that rose from the battle-field, and in the night season by the pillar of flame that formed the bivouac-fires of the army of the Republic. We should be unworthy citizens if we failed to recognize the hidden Hand that has guarded us, or forgot to speak of it in the midst of our universal festivities.

The particular elements of our nationality to which I desire to call your special attention are, first, the Southern Element, its nature, and its probable influence on the future.

The South has never been a help to the cause of Republicanism. The one incendiary element in our government, the element of caste, it has stood in bold contrast to that levelling and democratic influence which has been the boast and pride of the North. With a territory almost unparalleled for richness of soil; with long mountain ranges containing in large abundance every mineral which adds to the wealth or strength of society; with a climate favorable to the finest specimens of physical and moral manhood; with broad rivers that run through every valley of the region; with noble forests to supply every domestic and commercial need; with agricultural possibilities that would rouse the ambition of almost any people,—with all this

in its favor, we are compelled to admit that the whole region is to-day practically unknown and undeveloped. The granite hills and sterile soil of New England, where niggardly nature gives only what she must, developed by the strong arm and active brain of freedom, have done more for the cause of civilization, more for the commercial welfare of the world, than all that vast territory that might have shaped the destinies, and controlled the government of the country. When, in the course of a few years, the political storm shall have subsided, and we come to explore and count the value of this region, we shall find a new argument against slavery, and a new cause for gratitude that we possess so rich a domain. The wealth that lies hidden in the rocky caverns of the Alleghanies and in the fastnesses of the Cumberland range, calling on the thrift and enterprise of the new generation of young men, is beyond all calculation. Carry to the South, and awaken in the South, the same foresight, energy, genius and inventive power that have subdued the soil of the North, and before those who are now in middle life shall have gone to their rest, we shall find that one of the richest and best parts of America lies between the Ohio and the Gulf.

But to-day we have more interest in the political aspect of that region. Everywhere is chaos, social anarchy, while our ears are every moment greeted with the roar of some brigand mob, or the cry of some half-murdered man or outraged woman. How much of this is the inevitable consequence of a great war I cannot say; how much might be avoided if the victors had only a fixed and determined policy, and an executive that dared to stand on the true republican idea and speak with the consciousness of having twenty millions of freemen behind him, I am unable to determine. This, however, I know; that mobs and murders are the ragged, blood-bedraggled fringes of the crimson garment of war. It is scarcely to be hoped that the tempest-tossed ocean will calm in a moment, or that the frenzy of the crushed and defeated will in a single hour calm itself into the propriety of the good citizen. If the North will only be true, there is nothing to fear. If we will not rush at once with only the greed for gain, into the selfishness of accumulation, forgetful and careless of the high political concerns of the country, the work of reconstruction, now so perplexing, will be as easy as the work of the sculptor who shapes the plastic clay. Too long already have we delayed. We

have lost headway by the "backing and filling" of our mere politicians. We have scarcely known what to do, or, if we have caught a glimpse of duty now and then, we have not had the moral courage to perform it.

If I know anything about the Southern people I know that all that is needed to insure perfect success in the great work before us is that we shall first know what to do and then proceed to do it. We have harmed our cause and stayed our progress more than can be told, by the exceeding unsteadiness of our political policy. To lift the flag for a while with loud huzzas, as though we intended to be exceedingly severe, and then to drop it out of regard to the feelings of the foe, is only to exhibit a weakness which costs us our self-respect, while it adds a battalion to the corps of the enemy. Nail the flag of your policy to the mast-head, and reconstruction will be easy.

There is in the South, to-day, a large party that will gladly co-operate with us. It is composed of that middle class that never had any heart in the war, that has reaped from it only financial ruin. These people hate the large land-owners as the small trader always hates the monopolist. For years they have seen that the cause

of secession was not their cause; that they had no other interest in it than that sad interest which the serf has in the victory of his lord; that the fight could only end in a continuance of servitude for themselves and their families. These are the men who congregate in the great centres to listen so eagerly to the words of orators from the North. A new life is opening to them. The gyves have dropped from their wrists, and they are for the first time catching a glimpse of republican America. They will form the grand Southern political party of the future. They are in the vanguard of the great army of reconstruction, and have bivouacked on their little farms, waiting to receive orders from headquarters where to march.

The politicians and the so-called aristocrats of the South, — those who were foremost in the councils of secession, — who were willing to risk their all for the re-establishment of slavery, deserve no pity from us. They risked and lost; let them suffer the full consequences of their guilt. With the poor, rebellion was a delusion; and a magnanimous victor can afford to forgive the deluded, if their delusion has been dispelled. With the educated and wealthy, secession was a crime, and we are not magnanimous, but weak and pusillanimous, if we

disregard it. By connecting no punishment with open disloyalty, we put a premium on political ambition for the future. Fifty years hence, when another dissension shall shake this country to its centre, when the reverberations of another civil war shall rouse the people to arms, bad men will look back to this hour when they reckon the probable cost of their venture. If they see that the people have attached the highest penalty to any assault upon the Government, they will hesitate long before they commit themselves to the uncertainties of a rebellion. But if, on looking back, they hear no word of warning from such times as these; if on reading the annals of America from '60 to '67, they find no record of any punishment whatever that stamps the adventurer with infamy; if they see that confiscated estates are all returned with a half apology on the part of the Government for having taken them at all; that a pardon is obtained for the asking; that the heroes of the rebellion are fêted by the people; that the very leader, when brought into Court, is set at liberty on a petty bail, and that even that is supplied by a chief of the party that conducted the war, and that there can be no surer or safer or nearer road to preferment than that which leads through a

rebellion, think you they will hesitate long before committing themselves to a cause which, if it fails utterly, leads to no disastrous consequences, and which, regarded only as a speculation, offers a thousand inducements to the daring? I tell you nay.

I cannot help feeling that one of the prominent weaknesses of a Republic is its forgetfulness of great offences and of great offenders. The ministers of justice track the criminal who has lifted his hand against a single life until his hiding-place is reached. They chain him to the dungeon floor; they summon the witnesses of the awful deed; they pronounce in solemn voice the sentence of death, and do not lose sight of him until the turf falls on his dead body. All this is right, because the welfare of society demands it. But, alas! when a monster criminal, urged only by personal ambition, aims at the political life of the whole community; when he seeks to turn the spirit of the age from freedom back to slavery; when he would raze to the ground the temple of our national prosperity, whose corner-stones were laid in the blood of the earlier Revolution, and every granite block in whose walls is a memento of some desolated home, Justice uses no harsher phrase than

when she calls him "the most colossal character of the times," and Punishment performs no severer duty than when she bids him retire to the banks of the St. Lawrence to spend the gold which his foresight has supplied.

Ah! gentlemen, I am not cruel. I do not like to look even upon the merited punishment of a bad man. But this I say: There is one man too many in America. Yonder, in every State south of the Ohio, slumber the brave defenders of the flag. The plough of the husbandman grates in the soil above their beds; there is no headstone to tell where they sleep; they are remembered only in the sighs of aching hearts throughout the North; their only requiem is the perpetual moaning of the wind through the cypress boughs. America, ever busy and eager, filled with the hope of the morrow more than with the memory of any past, holds the great offender, the man who stood at the head of the organized rebellion and cheered his soldiers to their bloody work, within her fortress walls. The people cry out for justice with thunder tones that echo from the Pacific shore to the Atlantic slope. But policy or cowardice, I know not which, finds excuse for delay, and by slow degrees the people's cry grows fainter and fainter, until at last

when the prisoner is released, scarcely a ripple of surprise or interest ruffles the surface of the nation's daily life. Posterity shall read this terrible sentence, written on the bloody page of our time : A Republic attaches no penalty to a great crime. Only petty guilt is punished ; while colossal crime finds an apologist, if not an eulogist, and holds its court in Canada. God grant it may not be the seed-corn of another rebellion.

But, in looking at the population of the Southern States, and trying to fix their place and value in the future of America, we cannot afford to be unmindful of the four millions of men and women whose history is full of romance, moral courage and faith. Claiming our admiration for their unwavering loyalty to the flag during the darkest days of the war, when their very ignorance seemed illumined by the strange light of the dim hope of liberty, as their masters' culture was darkened by the gloomy frenzy of Slavery, and claiming also our respect for the heroic way in which they received the divine right to be free, we may safely prophesy that they will do us no dishonor in any of the trying days to come. The men, whatever their color, who could meet together at midnight, after a hard day's labor, in the middle of the swamp, with

the lash and the bloodhound as the probable penalty, and pray for the victorious oncoming of an army concerning which they knew nothing except through the lying lips of their owners and the revealing instincts of their own hearts, are as worthy of our confidence, and will become as trusty elements of the Republic, as any class or clique in the South that has outlived the rebellion. The natural allies of Liberty are always those who have chafed in their chains. Prejudice aside, I would rather trust with the solemn responsibility of a vote the rank and file of those heroes who charged at Port Hudson, conscious that they were marching into the Valley of Death, but doing it with the courage of Thermopylæ, and with the hope to stem the tide of Southern falsehood and Northern prejudice, than the most cultured politicians of Richmond, who, having the power, have degraded it to personal ambition, even though it involve Gettysburg and Andersonville. Ignorance and principle are weightier than refinement and disloyalty.

No country presents so sublime a spectacle as ours. A whole race is uplifting its hands, and asking for the knowledge how to live. Catching a glimpse of the glory of the great Republic of which they have suddenly become a part, conscious of all the obstacles

which impede their progress towards that education which is to mould them into reliable citizens, with a past behind them of romantic devotion and unswerving loyalty, they only ask that we will protect them by our laws in their rights as workmen, as traders, as merchants, as fathers and as husbands, promising in return to stand by our side in all the great political and social struggles of the future. It is little enough to ask ; it is a small boon to be granted by a noble people.

And the contrast between them and others to whom we grant every political privilege is not so striking as we think. The great West is full of loyal men who have no other education save that they have got on the prairies and among their herds. Europe pours her tens of thousands every year into the territories beyond the Mississippi. Many of them are men who are as innocent of the use of the pen and the spelling-book as the humblest black man ; but they learn enough from the atmosphere of the country, and from the thousand acres which they till, to join the political army of the Republic, and denounce by their votes the recreant senator and the disloyal president. They know liberty from slavery, not by the distinctions which are made in the dictionary, but by the practical differences evident in society. You may not call it scholarship, but it is wisdom ; it is knowledge acquired by actual experiment ;

and such a man can be trusted more safely than the most elegant wire-puller of the land. So with the black man who knows not how to spell the word slavery, but who has felt its chains and submitted to its lash. He knows the Confederate from the Union army to-day as well as he did in '63. Listen! in Atlanta the slave owner is speaking. It is a strange sight to see him pleading with the men whom he would have driven like sheep a few years ago. But to-day he is no more man than they; and, if you measure manhood as you ought, not so much. How insinuating is his eloquence! He has boasted that only the man who has lived with the blacks can talk to them with any effect; that they will have more confidence in their former masters than in any gentleman from the North; that they will inevitably, from the force of habit and the real love they bear them, vote for the old overseers. Such a picture of patriarchal life is painted, such tender ties of affection between the whipper and the whipped are said to exist, that we should expect the whole assemblage to vote with unanimous force for the dear old master, who smiles on his former slaves so benignantly, and so politely asks for their influence in the name of the sweet memories of auld lang syne. But poor, ignorant, degraded as they are, they are too cunning to be cheated by promises, and too clever to be eloquently cajoled out

of their rights. As the chilling snow-flakes fall, so fall his specious words. The audience is unmoved: The speaker sees that he is speaking to a whirlwind, and is not heeded. He puts his smile from off his lips, fills his face with the old look of the master and his mouth with insolence and obscenity, and Richard is himself again. I tell you, gentlemen, the colored people of the South are better citizens of the Republic than the wily orator who addresses them thus.

Let America do them justice, and a great reward will be hers. Give them, under proper restrictions, the same restrictions which apply to their white neighbors, the right to vote, thus rewarding the black soldier for his loyalty to the flag, and clothing the humblest with a responsibility which will rouse his ambition and stir within him a longing after education, and you will reap the fruit of your justice in a phalanx that will constitute itself the wall of your defence in any coming struggle. Confiscate enough of the disloyal territory to ensure each loyal man his forty acres for a homestead; give him land of his own under his feet, and the flag of America over his head, and you have nothing to fear. If any voice comes from the great sacrifices of six bloody years, it says, Secure the safety of the Government beyond a peradven-

ture, and reward those who have been true, from the treasury of those who have been false. The sentiment of mankind will defend such a policy of severity, and the next generation of black men will repay our justice by a million votes for Liberty. If we are reckless enough to be unjust, we deserve to fall; if we have the courage to be just, we shall live forever.

I turn now to the brief consideration of the second element of our nationality,—the Western. No Eastern man can appreciate the vastness and the importance of the Great West unless he has travelled over its boundless prairies, and looked upon the rushing, seething torrent of its commercial life. One is appalled at the contemplation of its immense territory. Single States cover an area larger than the whole of New England. Huge lines of railroad stretch westward from Chicago for more than a thousand miles; the mines of Lake Superior, exhaustless, hold in their earthen embrace mineral wealth that startles the world; coal beds underlie the rich soil everywhere, a great reservoir of power waiting to be applied to the work of civilization; broad acres, whose agricultural possibilities defy our power of reckoning, stretch far beyond your straining vision; and above

all a population restless, ambitious, and in the full vigor of early manhood, demand our enthusiastic admiration. These characteristics point to a future whose magnitude will accord with the miracles already achieved. Not always obeying the scriptural injunction, not to think more highly of themselves than they ought to think ; believing with a friendly kind of sincerity, a sincerity that looks pityingly on all the inhabitants of the earth who do not live in the West, that if there is a pivot on which the whole world swings it is somewhere within a few hours' ride of Chicago or St. Louis ; they yet do exhibit a vigor, a commercial heroism, a willingness to undertake new and great projects which no other part of this country presents.

In the war they discovered their political policy, to save the whole country, and to make and keep the whole a free country. Their brave boys are under the sod of every battle-field ; their brave women, true Spartans, tilled the soil, drove the herds, reaped the harvests, sold the produce, invested the capital, and made us proud to believe that in America, when the great emergency comes, our women claim the right to do our work, sometimes with hearts aching towards the field of strife,

while we are dressing into line, or fighting for the grand future.

The political importance of the West cannot be overstated. It already wields a large part of the republican power of the country, and it will not be many years before we shall look to the millions near the Mississippi to crystallize into laws the hopes and aspirations which freighted the Mayflower. The South has as yet shown no political characteristics. There is no party there whose principles can be reckoned as forces for the future. The ideas of the people are chaotic. We believe that by the introduction of Northern educational institutions they will sometime grow into that radical love of liberty which is to be the bulwark of the nation; but to-day we are not sure of their future. The States that lie between the James River, the Hudson River and the great Illinois prairies are full of political theories unsound and unsafe. Too timid to confirm by law whatever is right in morals, too much bound by commercial interests to be radical in their thinking and voting, loaded down with the debris of that kind of democracy which thought twice before it struck a blow for the tottering government, it will for a long while stand neutral in the great political contests that are

coming. But the Far West, with its large farms and its large-hearted men and women, its immense number of Germans and Scandinavians, who bring with them to their homes the fresh, beautiful love of liberty which compelled them to leave the old world, if we can only plant in its midst the school-houses and churches, the lyceums and the presses which have been the moulding influences of the East, can always be relied upon to stand firm for that justice between man and man, and for those rights and privileges which enable the poorest born to reach and hold the highest office within the people's gift. Nothing is more evident than this, that New England and the West will write the next page of American history.

I believe this, because the West is growing more rapidly than any other part of the country. The tens of thousands who emigrate from the poverty of the old to the hopes of the new world, anxious to build a home at once, naturally gravitate to that vast territory which belongs to any one who can level the forest and till the soil. They are a hardy class of men and women. Full of health and vigor and ambition, they somehow get into the spirit of the age at once, and so, by means of the ploughs, rakes, reaping and threshing machines,

conceived by the genius and made by the skill of Eastern men, they are marching along the highway of industry to social position, patriotism and wealth. What a transformation from their surroundings in Europe! There they were only serfs, crushed into sloth or indifference by the leaden weight of a public opinion that frowned upon all attempts to rise. They walked along the narrow path which had been trodden by their fathers, and their children had no higher hope than they. The mere drudges of society, they chafed against the chains that held them, and at last found liberty and hope for themselves and their little ones in the midst of the great prairies of the West.

So in a few years the log huts on the river's bank have disappeared and the thrifty, busy town builds its school-houses and its churches to attest its earnest and its hopeful work. The little village on the edge of the lake through which a quarter of a century ago a loaded team could scarcely find a safe passage, has become a huge and commanding city, claiming the admiration of the world, and built, not like St. Petersburg, by the command of an imperious and obstinate king, but by the royal will and generosity of a free and ambitious people.

If with this immense commercial vigor which

attracts the young men of the whole country there shall be interwoven the true spirit of republican society and government; if a true radicalism in politics, the radicalism which knows no local issues, which recognizes no geographical lines, but loves the whole country from ocean to ocean and from Gulf to Lakes, shall keep pace with this magnificent and rapid progress; and if, above all, a spirit of justice, morality and pure religion shall crown the increasing power of the glorious West; if she will only hew the corner-stones of her temples of religion, art and commerce out of our own Plymouth Rock, we will not envy her her greatness, but give her, and the tens of thousands of our New-England boys who are her sinew and her strength, our hearty God-speed, proud to believe that when a dozen generations shall have passed away, and her ten millions have become an hundred, the dear old flag, hallowed by the sacred memories of two great struggles, will stand for the same liberty and the same republican justice between all classes of which it is the type to-day. Brethren of the West, we strike palms with you. New England greets you on this anniversary. We see the glory that awaits you. We believe that the tide of humanity, that has already swept five

hundred miles beyond the Father of Waters, will keep its onward course until it grazes its herds on the slopes of the Rocky Mountains. We can already hear the wind vibrating the Eolian wire that flashes our smiles and tears, our hopes and fears, to the Pacific shore; and we can almost hear the rattling of the train that starts from a Boston depot, that winds through eastern farms, and that strings all the great cities of the North upon the same line of light and love, waking the echoes in the city by the Golden Gate. Let us always stand together, and in our greatness let us never forget that that government alone is lasting that knows the right and has the moral courage to brand all traitors with infamy, and defend all manhood in every class and of every color.

And now, gentlemen, what shall I say—what can I say—of the New-England element of our American nationality? It is always with pride that we contemplate the character of that influence which comes from our educational institutions and our political principles, and which is doing so much to temper and give tone to the public opinion of the whole country. Surely, it is not merely in a boastful mood that we look on the long and glorious vista behind us, and feel every nerve tingle in glad

thanksgiving that we are the sons of noble sires. The grandeur of New England lies in the fact, that in every political and military struggle, the end has been the advocacy of some higher political principle, or the demand for a larger charity and a wider freedom. New England, in the history of the nineteenth century, with her common schools in every street, in every village and hamlet—with her thousand presses that scatter the daily news over every hill and valley; with her white spires rising from every spot where an hundred sturdy farmers build their huts—stands as the type of the foremost thought and hope of human progress. She began her career when the *Mayflower* cast anchor, freighted with that precious heroism which the Old World could ill spare, but which laid the corner-stone of the New World in ecclesiastical freedom. She was true to her birth-right when she dared to spill a brother's blood on the field of Lexington, crying out with Roman courage: Not that I love England less, but that I love freedom more. She was not unworthy of her ancestry when in the last struggle she lifted up her voice before the smoke of the first battle had rolled away, demanding, in the name of the national sacrifice about to be placed upon the bloody altar

of war, universal liberty and the civil rights of all classes. And to-day, as in no other part of the country, radical thought, that seeks to destroy our prejudices, social and political, that advocates the plain rights of man or woman, finds in our midst a welcome and a hearing. It is our boast and pride that we fear nothing except ignorance and caste. We have built our power out of a knowledge how to read and think ; we believe in nothing so much as in the school-book ; we have no hope for the future except that which comes from the school-house ; we place the most implicit trust in an educated public opinion, and we believe that a man's title to nobility should be sought for in his brain and heart, and not in the color of his skin.

That public opinion is our bulwark and our strength. It is not swayed by passion ; it is not carried too far by a popular favorite. It looked with unmixed admiration upon Sherman as he swept like a tornado from the mountains to the sea, tearing up secession by the roots ; but when the hero, for a moment only, doffed his purple and put on the cap and bells, it stood still in mute astonishment and regret, and not a single shout was heard for one who could have the whole of our love while he was just, but who was met by the

people's frown the very moment he stepped beyond the general into the politician.

A Parisian crowd follows its leader anywhere. It has no aim, no policy, no goal. Admiring only the brilliancy of heroic deeds, it is often led by this will-o'-the-wisp into anarchy and chaos. The New England people admire and applaud only the man who represents them, who is doing brave work for them and for their children, and whose heroism results in larger rights. And so we have idealized the man who was our President, not because he was a president, but because he was an honest man. As the ancient Greeks lifted their mighty heroes into demi-gods, and soon forgot that they had ever been human, with sharp idiosyncrasies and unpleasant peculiarities, so have the American people lifted up their martyr-chief, Abraham Lincoln, so high that we shall never again see his awkwardness, his coarseness, but only his truthfulness, his moral courage, his calm sagacity, and his fidelity to the great purpose of the blood-stained hour. And, in like fashion, we turn away in sadness, if not in indignation, from that man, whether he be President, Secretary of State, or Attorney-General, who tampers with the plain rights of the loyal, and

coquets with what is disloyal. We respect no one except the man who is in the right, and who shows it by throwing his political influence into the same scale that holds the memory of half a million dead or maimed soldiers. Your education, your history, culminates at that point. It is your divine right, it is a duty you owe to the past, to the present and to the great future, to turn aside from him, from them, from all, whatever badge of office they wear, who are recreant to the people's will.

And so, to-day, looking on the struggle between the Executive on the one hand, honest or dishonest, who has forgiven the arch-traitor, who will hang his meanest subordinate when the disgusting details have all been told, who vetoed the Military Bill because it gave unlimited and despotic power into the hands of subordinate officials, and who now removes those officials on the ground that they have no power whatever except to disperse mobs and quell disturbances, who does not, and who does not intend to accord with the will of the glorious dead, or the will of the living who gave their all for Liberty; and on the other hand, a simple Major-General who does not know how to pull the wires of political preferment, who knows only his plain and simple duty, to remove all rebels from office,

and to put in their places loyal and trustworthy men, and who does that duty with a singleness of purpose and a moral courage that stamps him a true hero in every fibre, I say, in that great struggle, the people care absolutely nothing for the prestige of the sceptre which the one man wields, and do not regard the weakness of the other; but, looking only at the righteousness of the cause, cry out with one voice, and that a voice of thunder, Mr. President, you are wrong, and you must yield, and General Sheridan, hero of a hundred fights, you are right, and we will sustain you.

New England has always held her place in the van of the great array of progress. While rebellion was being organized, and all through its short, convulsive life, it bestowed its heartiest anathemas upon us; but now that rebellion is dead, the people of the South are beginning to feel that the most permanent reconstruction demands the adoption of the self-same radical thoughts and principles which grew and flourished only on New-England soil. That love of liberty which has been cherished among our hills for two generations, which the South has vainly combated both on the floors of Congress by word and bludgeon, and on the battle-field by sword and starvation, has at last become the corner-stone of the new edifice, and not only the

common people but even the generals of the disbanded army are uniting their efforts to lift it into place. It cannot be many months before the lines of caste, and the prejudice of color will give way to the oncoming civilization, and South Carolina and Massachusetts, united in the beginning in defence of a common cause, separated for three generations by the most implacable differences of policy and administration, shall strike palms again to carry on the same cause which gave us the heroism of the last century. And gentlemen, we can to-day remember with becoming pride that from the first hour when the old bell in Independence Hall sent its ominous but glorious echoes along our granite hills to this very moment, the course of New England has been single and consistent. Liberty and justice was the cry which then woke the patriotism of our fathers; liberty and justice called their sons to arms in 1860, and the love of liberty and justice constitute the grandeur of New-England manhood and womanhood to-day. Our course has been straight on. Other States, moved by a different policy, made a long and sad detour from the highway of true republicanism, trusting to the fallacies of State rights, slavery and caste, and after wandering for ninety years, insisting all the while that their path was the only road to

national strength and glory, growing weaker every day, and every day more insolent and reckless, answering all questions with the knife or the pistol, they have at last laid the whole pile of slavery's chains aside, and come back to our path to confess that there can be no permanent greatness and no enduring strength except under the principles which have always been the crown and glory of New England. Ah, gentlemen, it is no common victory which we have won ! It is nothing less than the triumph of free speech, free thought throughout the continent, the adoption everywhere in America of those truths that have always been so dear to us. Hereafter the flag shall mean more than ever. The stain has been washed out in tears and blood ; a new era has begun ; the gray streaks of another and a better political day are breaking through the clouds ; slavery is dead, freedom has been crystallized into law ; justice has become a possibility, and the ark of our national covenant, held up in the arms of the largest-hearted heroism and patriotism the world has yet seen, has been carried safely through the sea of blood, and placed in security upon the eternal rock of a triumphant republicanism.

Fellow-citizens, I congratulate you upon the

achievements of the past, and the transcendent hopes of the future. Let us look forward to the hour, not distant, when all the people of this country shall be bound more closely than ever before by a common interest and purpose. Our brethren of the South, redeemed from the fatal error of three generations, shall till the rich soil with free hands, and confess that labor urged by the whip can never compete with that earnest and ambitious toil which always marks the freeman. Our brethren of the West, hardy, sturdy, brave and true, shall educate the millions who find a home in the great prairies, and develop the marvellous resources of a region richer than our thought or hope, and New England, God grant it, shall keep her place at the head of every progressive and reformatory movement. Then we shall be one people from the shores washed by the Atlantic, to the western slope where the mild Pacific sings its lullaby to the setting sun; and from the lakes of the North to the warm gulf of the South, while over us shall wave the flag that means Liberty and Justice for all.

THE FUNCTIONS OF A CITY.

AN

ORATION

BEFORE THE

CITY AUTHORITIES OF BOSTON,

ON THE

FOURTH OF JULY, 1868.

BY SAMUEL ELIOT, LL.D.



BOSTON:

ALFRED MUDGE & SON, CITY PRINTERS, 34 SCHOOL STREET.

1868.

CITY OF BOSTON.

In Board of Aldermen, July 6, 1868.

Resolved, That the thanks of the City Council are due, and they are hereby tendered, to Samuel Eliot, LL. D., for the exceedingly appropriate, interesting and eloquent Oration delivered before the Municipal Authorities of this City on the Fourth of July instant, and that he be requested to furnish a copy of the same for publication.

Passed. Sent down for concurrence.

G. W. MESSINGER, *Chairman*.

In Common Council, July 9, 1868.

Concurred.

CHAS. H. ALLEN, *President*.

Approved, July 10, 1868.

NATHL. B. SHURTLEFF, *Mayor*.

A true copy.

Attest:

S. F. McCLEARY, *City Clerk*.

ORATION.

BOSTON, OLD AND NEW.

THE Boston that hailed the early birthdays of the nation has almost passed away. A few of its historic buildings keep their places, but with changed aspects and generally changed associations. Three or four of its churches remain, but in localities so altered as to alter them, and even to forebode their removal. Its mansions have completely vanished. Their stately fronts, their fair proportions of height and breadth, their wide halls, easy stairs, massive wainscots and graceful alcoves, the trees before them, the vines climbing their porches, the flowers blooming beneath their windows, the terraces and gardens surrounding them, linger only in remembrance. Remembrance itself but faintly recalls the streets like those of present villages, the open spaces then styled greens, the pastures where cattle browsed, the fields unoccupied except in the playtime of children, the shores that met the water with lips it did not shrink from kissing. The very

hills which gave the place its first name, instead of having proved everlasting, have sunk beneath the spade, their loftiness brought literally to the dust. Even the sea washing our peninsula, no more

“Unchangeable save to its wild waves’ play,”

finds its azure brow wrinkled with walls and marked by lines of building where fluttered, years ago, a garland of snowy sails.

Another Boston has arisen on the old foundations and the new. Once a single neighborhood, it is now a group of neighborhoods; once a society of personal acquaintances, now a population of indistinct connections, where men cannot inquire into one another’s affairs with the same success as of yore; a scene formerly of limited, latterly of expanded action, of customs shaped according to a broader rule, of enterprises laid out upon a larger scale, of relations more complex, systems more varied, standards more aspiring; no longer a town but a city, with all the present, all the future prospects of which a city is the centre. Imagine a citizen of the Revolution, or of the War of 1812, returning hither to find his birthplace buried beneath a warehouse, his church swallowed up in an abyss of traffic, an avenue where he skated, and a long vista of reef-stone façades where he bathed. Follow him on

the round of our institutions, especially those where foreign tongues prevail over the native, and pieces of the Old World appear to have fallen on the New. He might find cause to think Boston as unlike its former self as some of its statues to their originals. Then hear him warned, as we are, that the city is declining, and that unless its capitalists provide it with half a dozen new railroads to the interior, and its harbor commissioners give it a new channel to the sea, its doom is sealed. Ah, he might exclaim, it needs the opening of a vein or two to reduce its symptoms of plethora. Signs of decay they cannot be; these sights and sounds, these throngs, these labors, these excitements are not the hectic of decline. Would he not be right? Does not the handwriting upon our walls promise better things than the overthrow of the city, or the transfer of its prosperity to its neighbors?

Not content with her own expansion, Boston has lately taken unto herself her sister Roxbury. Not a marriage exactly, but a joining of hands, an endowing each other with their worldly goods (to say nothing of their debts), it has made of twain one city. Common memories, common associations and common interests prepared the connection; now that it is consummated, they foreshow its happiness. Brought to-day before the national altar, and blending in the national festival

for the first time, let the union of the sisters and of the sisters' sons be confirmed in these hours of patriotic commemoration.

AGE OF GREAT CITIES.

In becoming a city, Boston shares in a characteristic movement of the period. Our age has been called the Age of Great Cities, and there is as good reason for this name as for any other which it bears. For the cities of the time are not only greater, taken together, than those of former times, but more numerous, more widely spread, and above all, more active in the work which in all ages falls chiefly to them.

This work is civilization, a term that cannot be explained but by going back to its Latin root, where we find the citizen, and with him, the city. Men scatter, in order to discover; they concentrate, in order to civilize. When the city brings them together, mingling their numbers and their interests, it sets them across the dividing line between barbarism and civilization. It carries them farther and farther into the civilized region by augmenting their resources and enabling them to meet the multiplying demands of their new situation. Civilization is a costly process, especially in the modern era. To all the expenses it involved in the

days of old, to all the operations of government, all the luxuries of society, all the splendors of the arts and sciences, are added in our day the claims of public education, the exhaustless purposes of charity and faith. Every reform of this generation, every hope of soothing the afflicted or recovering the lost, every effort to make sunshine in a shady place, is expensive, often lavishly expensive, though not a dollar be wasted, but dollar upon dollar be saved in the end. No civilizing agency can do much without a fund to draw upon. Philosophy used to shake her head, insisting that nothing was surer to ruin a people than their becoming rich. But she confesses now-a-days that poverty is a greater drawback than wealth upon social advancement. What Burke said of public virtue is equally true of civilization, that "being of a nature magnificent and splendid, instituted for great things and conversant about great concerns, it requires abundant scope and room, and cannot spread and grow under confinement, and in circumstances straitened, narrow and sordid." It was the love, not the use of money which the Apostle pronounced the root of all evil; the use that implies no love for it in itself is the root of much good. If the history of civilized nations teaches any lesson, if travel among the uncivilized brings back any testimony, it is the necessity of wealth to civiliza-

tion. For this there must be concentration, for this the solitary must be set in families, families in communities, and communities in cities.

The Age of Great Cities therefore, signifies the Age of Great Civilization. It is a title which the cities may be proud to give, and the age to wear, a title not merely of grandeur or power, but of liberality and tenderness, including all sorts and conditions of humanity, its sufferings as well as its triumphs, and its "still, sad music" as well as its loudest hallelujahs.

FUNCTIONS OF A CITY.

If Boston is to be among the great cities of civilization, she must do more than annex her suburbs or fill in her water lots, more than build her blocks or rear her monuments, more, much more, than swell the volume of her taxes; for neither territory nor population, neither architecture nor any other art, not even that of the assessor, establishes the greatness of a city. To this, internal growth is indispensable, the powers increasing with the frame, the mind and the heart expanding with the body, the immaterial elements corresponding with the material. A city is no inorganic mass growing by simple accretion, but an organism of various and mysterious forces developing from within.

Its functions determine its rank, just as the classification of any living being is determined. They constitute its character, its history. If great, they render it great, and it ascends with as little effort as the dawn to a place among the cities of civilization.

FUNCTIONS NOT OF A CITY.

There are some, indeed, many things which a city cannot do. It has no direct share in the labors of which the country is the natural field. It cultivates no land, produces no food, not even the water which it needs. It has no mines to open, no fabrics, compared with those of the great manufacturing centres, to call its own. It does not act upon nature, except to obliterate it, or upon most of the products of nature until they have been worked up elsewhere. For what it receives from abroad, it offers in return the values produced by its citizens as artisans, merchants, or members of the different professions, using these words in their broadest sense. Neither does nature act upon the city, or upon the people within its borders, for here they are beyond her reach, beyond her skyey or earthy influence, save in their public gardens, and even there, the builders are apt to crowd upon the gardeners.

Furthermore, there are many things which, though they may be done in a city, may not be done by a city, but by its citizens. Municipal energy has one sphere, individual energy another, and much the wider, embracing affairs of every kind and powers of every degree. So far from substituting the city for its citizens in their undertakings, they should be substituted for it in any of its undertakings which they can safely assume. The newspapers of a few days or weeks ago published a letter from one of the best friends our country has in Europe, saying how much he was impressed by the difference between the town or commune in France which manages its citizens, and the town in the United States which its citizens manage. It is the difference between centralization and self-government, between the system which makes a man a puppet, and that which makes him a free agent, between that which fits him more and more for subjection, and that which fits him more and more for liberty. Paris has been called the Bostonian's paradise, but never the Bostonian's city. Nor would he ever choose it as the scene of his civil existence; for this, he wants opportunities of action which the French capital, with all its magnificence, cannot supply.

POLITICAL FUNCTIONS.

The functions of a city are, in the first place, political. The earliest city, whether that named Enoch or another, was the earliest political lever to move the world. Throughout the ancient generations, the weapons with which they plucked bright honor were their cities, within whose walls their power centred, and in whose names their fame extended over the earth. As the chief means of defence to their inhabitants, they gradually became the means of such freedom as was then possible, sometimes the mere negation of despotism, sometimes the positive assertion of nascent liberties. All that was freest in the politics of antiquity, all that gave them general animation, sprang directly or indirectly from the city. The times were so unripe for any broader principle, for anything like modern nationality, that every attempt at such appears to have failed the moment it was made. Only a local organization like a municipality could establish itself in a period when democracy was fierce and absolutism yet fiercer, when fire and the sword were the portion of states, and the clouds under which men contended seldom turned forth a silver lining. It was an imperfect liberty,

not merely in being municipal, without any national admixture, but also in being the monopoly of a ruling class, or in other words, the liberty of the ruler. Its hour soon came, and it fell, but not in lifeless ruin. Out of its crumbled foundations, later ages derived much of the material for their own institutions, and when the time arrived for the city to be restored, the free towns of the Continent and the boroughs of England appeared, not like their forerunners, in the grasp of a dominant order, but open to the middle or burgher classes, plebeian rather than patrician, the cradles of the Commons. English history has no more stirring narrative than that which tells how, when the crown was on an imbecile head, and most of the higher offices were in strangers' hands, when the Charter was habitually violated, and the rights of the nation were incessantly invaded, until the public distresses culminated in civil war, then, close upon the first victory of the national party, their leader, Simon de Montfort, summoned the boroughs to send their representatives to the Parliament of 1265. There municipal freedom and national at last met together, and there, as they clasped hands, began that movement which, more than any other earthly influence, has controlled the

modern states, and given to some of them the possession, to all of them the hope of liberty.

Of the many subsequent blows struck for freedom by the Commonalty of England, none was more effective than their colonization of these American shores. Here, where every good seed from the Old World was destined to spring up and bear a hundred-fold, the city, or as it used to be termed, the town, grew into larger life. No longer the heritage of a single class, upper or lower, it became that of the whole community, around whose private and public resorts it spread in overhanging clusters of freedom. It was at once a refuge and an inspiration to our ancestors. It confirmed their habits of law and order; it strengthened them in their colonial as well as their municipal relations, and prepared them for the day when the tempest lowered from beyond the sea. The town here was always free, enacting its own ordinances, choosing its own magistrates, and administering its own affairs. It felt the heavy hand of the mother country, not as the town, but as a part of the colony, on which alone the immediate oppressions of crown or parliament descended. The foreigner who has best divined our institutions, Alexis de Tocqueville, said, years ago, that the sovereignty

of the people in the town was "not only an ancient, but a primitive state" in America.

So, when the tempest came, and the air was thick with revolution, the towns of the threatened colonies stood firm. Boston unhesitatingly placed herself at their head. Her Town House,—let us be thankful that its shell, if nothing more, is spared,—was "the first scene," as John Adams declared, "of the first act of opposition to the arbitrary claims of Great Britain," when James Otis, "a flame of fire," blazed out in burning argument against Writs of Assistance, and "breathed into the nation the breath of life." "Then and there," exclaimed Adams, "the child Independence was born." It was to Boston that British troops were first despatched, a century ago this very year, to crush the infant Liberty. It was here, below the same building in which the birth occurred, that the first baptismal blood was shed in the massacre of March. It was here, in the waters of the Bay, that the tea which symbolized parliamentary taxation was poured out on a December night in one deep draught for freedom. It was here that the Port Bill, following Xerxes' example, would have scourged the very waves for sharing in the rebellion of the people. And here, at the breaking of the day, the morning stars of Lexington and, nearer yet, of Bunker Hill, shone in the horizon, until the sunrise fell on Dor

chester Heights, where he whom the nation gave to deliver the town, achieved his first great victory. All through these years of trial, all through the years that came after, Boston never faltered :

“Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye !
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.”

As Boston followed then, so she did again in the yet more terrible storm, when the telegraph brought from Washington a demand for fifteen hundred men ; when the first to respond, three Marblehead companies, marched from the railway to Faneuil Hall in rain and sleet which the welcome-shouting crowds seemed to mistake for sunshine ; when Boston troops were arming, Boston men giving, Boston women working, Boston children sympathizing ; when the flag streamed from every staff and above almost every door, its sacred hues crowning the city with a halo of undying patriotism ; when our heroic Governor had no need to speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward, for forward, of their own accord, they plunged into the red sea of war, so that he could write back to Washington on the self-same day of the call for aid, “I find the amplest proof of a warm devotion to the country’s cause on every hand to-day,” words that might serve

for a national watchword as long as the nation lasts; then Boston, in common with Massachusetts, gave full proof of her fidelity, not only to her own liberty, but to the liberty of the Union.

The political functions of a city are never confined to its own limits. It belongs to the nation, and if true to its duties, nay if true to its instincts, it must minister to the national well-being. Montaigne said he was a Frenchman only by virtue of Paris. We are not Americans only by virtue of Boston, and yet the better Bostonians we are, the better Americans we shall be. Charles River does not more surely tend to Massachusetts Bay, or the Bay to the ocean, than the city built by these waters tends to the nation. If, like the child who held the shell to his ear, we have ever listened to the city and its voices, we have heard

“Murmurings whereby the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea,”

that sea, the Indivisible Republic. Our local institutions have often been charged with weakening the central government. But wherever they have not been tampered with, they have written out a record over which they and the Union may well rejoice together.

EDUCATIONAL FUNCTIONS.

The educational functions of a city are at once a cause and an effect of the political. A cause, since education is necessary to liberty; and an effect, since liberty is necessary to education or to general education. Free communities, above all others, need free schools, where the young can be prepared for the liberties into which they are to enter. On the other hand, free schools need free communities from which they will receive the requisite support almost without the asking. Elsewhere they have an artificial, here a natural life, in keeping with the life around it, set in a kindly soil, fed by the air and moisture of congenial skies. From schools abroad, ours may borrow a theory here, a practice there; from some, thoroughness; from others, refinement; from all, whatever superior traits may distinguish them. But from none, from no educational institutions in the world, have ours anything to borrow with regard to the public spirit which maintains them. In this, ours easily take the lead. Such a connection as exists between them and the homes around them, such a harmony in the purposes of the teacher, the child and the parent, such a unity of educational and social

interests, is unknown under exclusive institutions. The free country and the free school are like mother and daughter to each other.

Born of the common will and nurtured by the common affection, our schools remain a part of the community rather than of the Government. To them, as to any other constituency, the city lends a helping hand, founding them where they are needed, and administering them as their circumstances require. One asks for organization ; another already organized, for a new building, or, if preferring bread to stone, for a new course of instruction ; whatever their demands, reasonable and at times unreasonable, they are almost sure to be gratified. Two centuries and a half of such care, honorable alike to the city that has given and to the schools that have received it, are nearly past, and it is as unwearied as ever.

This relation between the city and its schools renders their improvement practicable at any time. To reform is not to upheave, but to establish them, provided only that the reformation is wisely executed. Perhaps the great principles of education are not so mutable as they are sometimes regarded ; easily shaken, they do not appear to be easily overthrown or even displaced. But with respect to many of their applications, an opinion is generally forming, if not formed, that these should

be changed. Teacher and pupil alike desire it; vigor of body or of mind, in both, depends upon it; the culture of the school and of the community is to be determined by it; why should it be delayed? Educational reform is not like a certain mountain that refuses to be pierced, despite the profusions of legislatures and the profits of contractors. It is a comparatively gentle slope which our chariot wheels may surmount without much difficulty, if they do not tarry too long. "While you are considering," said Dr. Johnson, "which of two things you should teach your child first, another boy has learned them both." We may yet be deliberating what improvement to begin with, when others have already effected it, and many another after it. Each obstacle, if not removed, increases; each evil that might be checked, but is not, becomes more and more portentous. The longer our faces are set in a wrong direction, the longer it will take to turn them in the right one. At the coronation of George III., the Lord Steward had trained his horse to back down the hall after the presentation of a cup to the king, but the steed backed up the hall, and brought the steward with his back to his sovereign. It is a pity to train our children to walk backwards, a pity to teach them anything which they will have to unlearn hereafter.

It seems as if the system which has done so much might do yet more. It lies somewhat too motionless upon the waters; the mast creaks, the sails flap, and the helm appears to be in an uncertain grasp. Bell after bell strikes, and the watch is called. Let it be the beginning of a new effort to set the ship upon her course, and to carry her, with her precious freight of children, to shores as yet unknown in education.

For the majority of our children, their mere presence, persuasive in freshness and promise, the anxieties of parents, the sympathies of friends, are powerful means to bring about all desirable reforms. But for others whose aspect has no charm, whose prospects excite no enthusiasm, whose parents and friends are often their worst enemies, for these, children of the streets rather than of the schools, many a voice must be uplifted, before they are cared for as they should be. Boston never did a better deed than in providing instruction for her newsboys and others like them. She has but to follow up that step, and either to open new, or adapt existing schools to all her children, in order that they may be snatched from the dangers which waylay them. Should any, thus enabled to choose the good, prefer the evil, still let them be treated as childish, not as hardened offenders. You knock truancy on the head by sending the truant to the reformatory; but

you also run the risk of stunning his better nature forever. No reformatory, however faithfully administered, can put off the likeness of a prison or put on the likeness of a home; yet nothing but a home can enable this spirit, parched by years of desolation, to bear blossoms of childhood. The more of a vagrant he is, the more he needs domestic dews. Offspring of misery or sin, brought by the stream to the foot of our Palatine, the wolf will be his only nurse until the shepherd carries him to the woman's arms. Instead of being shut up with those who have perhaps fallen lower than he has done, he should find the discipline he needs in mingling with others unlike himself and learning the sweet lessons of love.

The principle of attraction, as wonderworking in education as in any other cause, has yet to expand in our schools. Make them more winning, and this makes them more commanding. Give them gentleness and this gives them strength. Whatever increases their power of attracting, increases also their power of teaching and governing their pupils. "I may be drawn by a thread," said a Rhode Island representative in a long-forgotten Congressional skirmish, "but I never can be driven by the club of Hercules." The less of the club and the more of the thread in the management of our schools, the deeper they will be set in the affec-

tions of their children; the deeper, too, in the affections of all who hold their children dear. Were there no other reason than the beauty introduced by it, the musical instruction now forming a part of our system would deserve to be cherished. But it has other recommendations, as a means of discipline, as a development of human faculties, and as an illustration of Divine harmonies. A city ought to be the home of all the arts. They owed their first great triumphs to the cities of antiquity, their next to the mediæval cities; why should they not owe their latest to the cities of the modern age? And where, if they are taught among us, can the first lessons in some of them be more fittingly given than in our schools? Great artists would not be multiplied; but troops of contented pupils would be. They could not but be thankful for anything to tone down the sharp outlines of their training, to soften the perspective of their studies, and throw a tender glow about the far-off summits. Their intellectual atmosphere would be both lovelier and healthier with a little haze.

Boston has a model of her own to guide her upward steps in education. An institution founded but the other day, yet rising as if its foundations had been laid with the city's, has placed itself at the head of

our educational institutions, and lifted them at once to a higher level.

“No workman steel, no ponderous axes rung;
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung.”

But not, as the poet's next line begins, “Majestic silence.” Rather, majestic speech, the speech of ages before the Temple, of times remoter and nearer, of the very time in which we live. “I have sat before that picture,” said a monk pointing to a Last Supper in his convent, “year after year, and when I see the changes among us and the unchanged figures there, I think that we, not they, must be the shadows.” So in comparison with the speech of books, the tongue of man, however loud, seems silence. They speak with the authority of the past, he with the uncertainty of the present; they speak of things abiding, he of things passing away. Would the city fulfil her office as an educator, would she ascend, and lead her children with her, to a higher culture than has yet been reached, she has but to turn to her Public Library. It stands fresh from the hands of the benefactors who have endowed it and the still greater benefactors who have administered it, yet already the centre of our educational system, the source of light and heat to every school and every scholar

around it, with no cloud between them and its inspiration.

CHARITABLE FUNCTIONS.

The charitable functions of a city partly mingle with and partly transcend its educational. It ministers in teaching, it ministers also in relieving its dependent classes. Many of the ancient cities were represented on their coins as women with crowns and flowing robes, and many a modern city wears a crown of mercy upon her head, a robe of charity about her form, while at her feet, in place of the captive or the victim, a sufferer waits for bread, if he is hungry; for care, if sick; for shelter, if an outcast. Fairest among the features of the present civilization is its sympathy. Instead of exposing the foundling, it opens an asylum; instead of trampling down the weak in body or mind, it gathers them in hospitals; instead of hurrying the convict to hopeless imprisonment or yet more hopeless death, it watches over his reformation; instead of letting want and despair run their course, it seeks to close their sources and prevent them from overtaking their prey. In all these labors, the city, as the handmaid of civilization, bears her part. Much as she leaves to her citizens, there remains much which no power but hers can accomplish. Sufferers from fault or sufferers from

misfortune, the suffering classes require a hand to control as well as to succor them. Not the charity alone, but the authority of the city is wanted in dealing with the sinned against and the sinning, the man without manhood, the woman without womanhood, the child without childhood, the long, long files of degradation that straggle through the streets, starting at every sound, fleeing from every shadow, panting for rest though they ask it not, thirsting for compassion though they accept it not, a multitude of which, however shameful, no city doing her best to save them, need be ashamed. Persevere, long-seeking, long-baffled mother, relieve thy children, relieve the stranger within thy gate, and the ear that hears thee shall bless thee, the eye that sees thee shall bear witness to thee in thy work of charity.

RELIGIOUS FUNCTIONS.

The religious functions of a city, above all others, are necessary to its completeness. With no establishment, no observances, no doctrines of its own to maintain as a system, it has a spirit to keep up, a determination to be just to man, a desire to be faithful to God, which is, in the truest sense, a religious spirit. Without it, the existence of a city is a disgrace, and its

magnitude a calamity. The poet, struck by the corruptions of London, a century ago, asserts,

“God made the country and man made the town.”

He was as wide of the mark as if he had said that God made the country, and man the garden. Men lay out their streets and put up their buildings; they cannot create the site or the material, much less themselves the builders, in whom, rather than in earth or stone, the town consists. If our city means anything by the motto she borrows from King Solomon, it is that the Divine Hand led the fathers and still directs the sons. She confesses, therefore, that she is not her own, but His who has fashioned her from the beginning until now. Plutarch speaks of Sparta as seeming “not to be a policy or commonweal, but rather a certain holy place, and order of religion.” What Sparta seemed, let Boston be. As Eve appeared to him for whom she was created, so let this city of ours appear to those for whom she has been created,

“heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.”

Faith in the unseen can alone fill out the seen. The religious functions of a city can alone perfect its other functions; political, educational or charitable, their

highest motive, their noblest performance centres in religion, and that religion, Christianity.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

All human institutions derive their strength from a source beyond themselves. Liberty itself avails only so far as it is nourished by truth.

“He is the freeman whom the truth makes free.”

That is the free state which the truth brings into the world, and guides in infancy and maturity. Like the thrice repeated action which the great master of ancient eloquence declared essential to his art, truth first, truth last, truth always, not thrice but perpetually repeated, is the essence of liberty. It is the soul of the body politic, the life of the city and the nation.

Just at this moment, it seems to be in peril among us. Warlike struggles over, warlike virtues no more in demand, something too much like reaction is setting in. Our statesmanship wavers; our general and local administrations drift shoreward; corruption surges on this side, wickedness on that, and the currents drive in upon the breakers. Party usurps the place of country; irresponsible bodies, like the caucus and the ring, substitute themselves for constituted authorities; combinations treated as overpowering, but which one hour of general

uprising would rend asunder, crowd hard upon individual independence. Was it for this we gave our treasure, our labor, our blood, for this that our dear heroes died? Are those years of sacrifice already forgotten, that these years of conspiracy and spoil are come so soon? It is no hour for flattery. It is no day for idle exultation. One word, one thought of truth, one declaration in her behalf keeps this anniversary of another declaration better than a thousand careless huzzas.

Neither our war, nor its greatest victory, the act of emancipation, neither reconstruction nor suffrage, neither old institutions nor new, can bear fruit in a half-hearted freedom. No longer partial, but total, independence is to spread like light throughout the nation. Emerging from its old eclipse, the slave restored to freedom, and the freeman to consistent principle, it is to suffer no new eclipse. The republic is to be a reality at last. It is to prove worthy of the toils endured for it, the wounds and deaths encountered, the tears fallen and still falling, the shadows never to be chased away in this world. The least that can be done by those who have not suffered, is to abstain from marring the work of those who have suffered. They ought to do more, infinitely more, and suffer, if need be, in their turn, that not a single pang may have been felt, not a single loss sustained in vain.

Would that the lines from yonder City Hall to the church towers which call out our defences against conflagration, were paralleled by lines to sound a yet louder alarm against the fires that smoulder beneath our institutions. Peal upon peal, in the full stir of day or the silent watches of night, would ring out an irresistible summons. Call us, call the city, call the nation, to manliness, honor, devotion to pure ends by pure means, call us to the victories of peace, yet more renowned than those of war, and where her white plume leads, there let us follow, to achieve the truth, the stainless and deathless truth of American Liberty.

ORATION

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

CITY AUTHORITIES OF BOSTON,

ON THE

FIFTH OF JULY, 1869,

IN CELEBRATION OF THE

Ninety-third Anniversary of American Independence,

BY HON. ELLIS W. MORTON.



BOSTON :

ALFRED MUDGE & SON, CITY PRINTERS, 34 SCHOOL STREET.
1869.

CITY OF BOSTON.

In Board of Aldermen, July 6, 1869.

Resolved, That the thanks of the City Council be presented to the Hon. Ellis W. Morton for the eloquent Oration delivered by him before the municipal authorities of Boston, on the occasion of the Ninety-third Anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence, and that he be requested to furnish a copy of the same for publication.

Passed. Sent down for concurrence.

BENJ. JAMES, *Chairman*.

In Common Council, July 8, 1869.

Concurred.

WM. G. HARRIS, *President*.

Approved, July 9, 1869.

NATH'L B. SHURTLEFF, *Mayor*.

A true copy.

Attest:

S. F. McCLEARY, *City Clerk*.

• O R A T I O N .

To God, to the Fathers, to the preservers of our Nation's Independence, are due reverent and grateful acknowledgments in this joyful commemoration of the brightest day in our history. The flame of the new-found liberty which illumined that day is an inextinguishable beacon to souls oppressed who dare dream "that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights." A journey in discovery of the causes which culminated in our deed of self-manumission, would lead only to an uncertain end. The Declaration of Independence was not a single fruit; it was a harvest. Inscrutable Providence had mysteriously sown the seed. The precious germs were scattered alike by the burning hands of martyrs and the unconscious hands of tyrants. It was the will of Heaven that the falling dew of the Fourth day of July, 1776, should christen our "Free and Independent States."

But we may conceive that had the religion of our fathers been the growth of more genial nurture,

or had its exercise been unrestricted, had their uncompromising faith been tried in the development of a less rugged home, had George the Third spared his beneficent oppression, then had the problem of self-government been to us unsolved.

“Sweet are the uses of adversity.”

The Omnipotent veils the fulness of His designs. The Puritans, who challenged the perils of the sea to wrest religious liberty from the hardships of an unknown land, knew as little of religious liberty as the men of the First Continental Congress knew of civil liberty.

The religious liberty of the Puritans was a right to worship in their own way—a denial of the right to others. The practice of their austere devotions fixed the limit of the freedom they would have planted. They were unsuspecting of the bounty of the soil upon which they set their altars. They dreamed not that the fire of their fierce convictions would burn into a mellow light, in which all Christian hearts might approach Deity by their own paths. Those uncompromising spirits were elected to a peculiar work, and the fearlessness, the wisdom, the fidelity, which marked their labor, the reverence which hallowed it, have won the favor of God and the praises of man.

The period including 1774 and 1776, was freighted with blessings so rich, that those noble men, who were alternately demanding and imploring civil rights, recognized them not. They realized not the robust growth of the tree of liberty in their midst, till their witless monarch and his ministers, as a reward for their unswerving fealty, shook its fruit into their laps. This was the period that gathered the first Continental Congress; that Congress, by which "all old religious jealousies were condemned as low-minded infirmities"; that Congress, in which Patrick Henry uttered the "hope that future ages would quote their proceedings with applause"; that Congress, in which the student may clearly trace the title of nearly every chapter of our political history—it was the period in which the summoning rays of the lanterns in the tower of the North Church, signalled the advent of unknown civil and religious liberties; it was the period which called that other Congress to herald your independence, and mine.

I have said that the men of 1774 knew not of civil liberty. To them liberty was an English production. Their hope was of English liberty. Just men, suffering injustice, their eyes opened not to the omnipotence of justice.

Franklin, Washington, Jefferson, the immortal author of the Declaration, all disclaimed a disposition for independence. But the appeals unheard, the petitions rejected by the King of Britain, were answered by the King of Kings. To that loyalty which acknowledged the sovereignty, while it resisted the oppression, of the mother country, He offered a Republic. Patriotism then became an unconquerable force.

How shall we honor the men and the virtues of those days? Would we render tribute to the most upright, to the most patriotic, to the wisest, to the most temperate, to the most charitable, to the bravest, to the most modest,—all had their representative in Washington. “If you speak of solid information and sound judgment,” said Patrick Henry, “Washington is the greatest man of them all.” John Adams attested the worth of “the modest and virtuous, the able, generous, and brave general.” The chosen of all the Colonies, he was particularly the choice of New England. A Virginian, he belonged to Massachusetts. He it was, who desired to “raise one thousand men, subsist them at his own expense, and march at their head for the relief of Boston.” He it was, who gained Boston from the enemy, and to whom the

selectmen said: "Next to the Divine power we ascribe to your wisdom that this acquisition has been made with so little effusion of blood." His was the sovereign character of the Revolution. To him, then, let us pay the homage due to the men whose sturdy virtue moulded determined courage into the rare deeds which have made us Independent Americans.

It is most fitting that Boston should have set up an enduring figure of this embodiment of the goodness and greatness which distinguished the past, and should pilot the future days of the Republic. Happy has been the genius of the Boston sculptor in fashioning the plastic clay to such happy service. Fortunate have been our artisans who taught the willing metal to daguerrotype his creation. That work shall be our pride, the admiration of all. The treasures of the earth, the conception of the artist, the handicraft of the artificer have gladly contributed to reproduce the form; let society reproduce the qualities of Washington. Said Cato, "The best way to keep good acts in memory is to refresh them with new."

But we are brought to another period in the recol-

lection that his devoted services had been well-nigh wasted, but for the unlimited loyalty of the Saviors of the Union: those whose presence in our midst is our honor; those whose headstones are their grateful country's most sacred souvenirs.

In the ground prepared for the institutions which made our declared independence a reality, there was left undisturbed the most baneful poison known to political toxicology.

A revel in the records of the unexampled prosperity of the new nation, whose lavish resources ministered, in every variety of climate, from every quality of soil, out of the native storehouses of noble and baser metals, by grand rivers and outstretched coasts, to wealth and happiness, and whose government was benign, was embittered by the exposure of the rank growth of slavery. The good and the wise viewed the spread of this evil root with dismay and perplexity. In 1860, the injustice of stolen labor received a decided recognition in the triumph of a party pledged to a lawful resistance of its introduction into unpolluted soil. Then was manifested the accursed sway of the "peculiar institution." So subtle had been its noxious influence, nursing sensuality, indolence and ease, that it was regarded as the vital support of the South. Slavery was the balm; free-

dom the poison. Secession was to be the antidote of freedom; it proved the antidote of slavery. The haughty rebels attempted parricide; they committed suicide. As captives of war the slaves were originally enforced into bondage, and by a retributive justice, as "captives of war" they first gained a deliverance from bondage.

The events which made every day an epoch, from the lowering of the insignia of the Union on Sumter to the raising again of those same colors, are too freshly stored in the memories of all, far too deeply graven in the hearts of many, to invite their recital.

Reviewing in a glance the thrilling drama of those days, we behold again the lurid scenes of treason in gloomy contrast with the spontaneous uprisings of loyalty. We renew the few days of doubt and fear struggling against ever contending, ever dominant hope and confidence.

We see the arms of the Union, now in the halo of victory, and then in the darkness of defeat, always unflinching, until at last, over the dread horrors of war and its unexampled barbarities, rises the sun of triumph and peace.

The integrity of the Republic is solemnly vindicated, the crime of rebellion is terribly rebuked, the wrong of slavery is sadly expiated.

“Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.” Of human vengeance none has followed the traitors. It was foreign to the noble man chosen as the assassin’s victim; it was unexecuted by the people to whom he was endeared. When from sickening rehearsals of the atrocities of Andersonville, of Libby and of Belle Isle, the student of future days would turn, in hot resentment, to the pages of retaliation, he will find them not. His surprise will associate with the wonder of his discovery that England, whose outcries against the sin of bondage had been as violent as they were hollow, was first to recognize the Slave Confederacy. Indulgence has followed at the heel of victory. The people have worn their joy with forbearance, their grief with charity.

“High treason,” said Bacon, “is not written in ice; that when the body relenteth, the impression should go away.”

The blot of rebellion has soaked up too much blood, the stains of its cruelties are too deep to be effaced. They are only hidden by the curtain of peace. Woe to them who shall first draw its folds aside. The war has seriously tested, though not measured, the nation’s capacities; it has proved the constitution elastic enough to bend and too tough to break; it has been happily ended in the face of

foreign hostility. Shall we name our most deserving creditors? It were a vain endeavor, for,

“The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,
Because we see it; but what we do not see
We tread upon, and never think of it.”

The most distinguished generals had a host of counterparts in the ranks; the leader was a leader only by virtue of followers; the courage of the rear waited on the boldness of the front. Every uniform that covered a loyal heart hid a jewel—every jewel was a gem. The people have set one of the most brilliant in the front of the crown of government in representation of the rest.

To all the defenders of the Union, by sea and by land, a perpetual eulogium is due.

When the gallant soldier, returned to his accustomed paths of industry, seeks to participate in the prosperity his service has bought, make room for him. His interregnum of peril should not dam the flow of fortune.

When the battered veteran, with disabled hands, petitions the plethoric purse of trade to comfort his half-drained life, let quick memory recall the days when the Ship of State was in peril of wreck and he saved her. He asks not charity. Pay him his salvage.

The sleeping dead have venerated graves, and the reward of Heaven. Loving friends and a grateful country keep their mantles green. When the smiling bloom of Spring gladdens the earth, faithful comrades cull her choicest blossoms, and in solemn, sympathetic concourse, carry the sweet tokens of fraternal remembrance to the resting places of those whose glory it was to die for their country. As the tender flower touches the grassy mound of a fallen patriot, perhaps a tear bears it company.

A view of the political world finds the star of the United States bright as the brightest in the shining constellation of great powers. The sensitive balance that weighs governments marks a gain for ours. The jealous monarchies, whose counterfeit smiles gave place to honest frowns behind the smoke of battle, would have us forget their forgetfulness. They reflect that the popular government, which has proved invulnerable from within, may be impregnable from without. The war has strengthened us. It has made dismemberment impossible. The attempted syncretism of freedom and slavery no longer vexes us. The new cement of common equality is impervious to the threatening waves of any sea.

We harbor no apprehensions for our foreign relations. If the force of our fair demand against England does not press its early discharge, it is a valuable force to possess. There is, however, reason for confidence that the availability of its possession need never be taxed. If England has agreed with the two Johnsons, who wore our authority, while they failed to represent us, to a treaty whose welcome was an unceremonious rejection, it does not argue a denial of justice when justice is exacted. Means are not wanting to obtain it; but an expenditure of threats will not purchase conviction of the stock from which we sprang. Lord Clarendon has lately said, "he hoped what had occurred would promote and not hinder the negotiations." Towards such a disposition we may trust that Motley, succeeding the distinguished Adams, after the brief interlude of our non-representation, may approach with a dignified freedom and courteous firmness which shall secure an acceptable result.

We look from the high watch-tower of our Republic upon foreign powers with tranquil assurance.

We observe England following, not by steps, but by strides, the behests of the people. A monarchy, the government finds its nobility a cumbrance. Necessity is engrafting life peerages upon the tree of

hereditary aristocracy. Nature has decreed that the cion shall determine the fruit. The nobility of merit is sapping the nobility of birth. The people are dictating, and the government is modifying its polity.

France permits little repose to the *coup d'état*-crowned sentinel of the empire. The rent-service he renders for the tenancy of the throne, is the drudgery of interminable watchfulness. Would he engage in the pleasing employment of "rectifying" the boundaries of his territory—he must watch its uneasy capital. When his august neighbors went out to battle, they could leave their doors open toward France—the emperor was engaged at his post. "Paris is France," and Paris is his avowed enemy. The recent elections increase the burden of his vigilance. He must do more than he has done, more than any man can do for the advancement of France, to dazzle her into blindness to her fetters. In his perpetual vigils, one hand grasps the throat of liberty. The endurance of that grip measures the present rule of France. It cannot last long. The people demand, and there must follow a modification of their government.

Spain is freeing herself from the corruption of long-endured evils. She is casting down the rusty

bars to progress. She has driven her arbitrary queen into an exile, where she is displaying the wealth amassed from the wretchedness of unhappy subjects. The experiment of Spain's tardy relief, will claim the most judicious heed. Our sympathy and best wishes should stretch out to the bruised people, who have smitten tyranny in the face.

If we were to extend our observations further, we should still follow the ruts of the wheels of political change. We should recognize in every foreign sky, the influence of our free atmosphere.

The present year has witnessed in serenity the retirement of one who occupied the Presidential Chair, and has viewed with profound satisfaction the inauguration of a successor to Lincoln. The Presidency has sought Grant: he received it. He has never solicited rank; he has been rated by his deeds. An indomitable leader, he asks only to follow the will of the people. Honored by those who have singled him out as their representative, his evident integrity of purpose and calm determination in its pursuit should enlist unanimous esteem.

The reviving South will read in his elevation the pledge of an equitable administration, and a certain defence of loyalty.

The withdrawal from political life of the late Secretary of State, has recently followed a long term of valuable labor. His state and his country have heavily assessed his untiring energy, his abundant information and his sound judgment. His important service as a sagacious, faithful statesman, is entitled to the requital of liberal thanks.

A survey of our domestic condition discovers auspicious omens on every side. The broad stream of prosperity, which has never ceased to flow north of the fields of rebellion, is swelling and enlarging as it courses on.

Fate is obscuring the identity of the former South. Her people no longer take counsel of their false augurs. They no longer gather about the leaders who took them to failure. Their old idols are bereft of honor and denied confidence. The hand of Fortune is remodelling the South for a future, in which free and enlightened industry will win the palm of progress and influence. The weight of her new importance will, ere long, be felt throughout the Union.

The waves of emigration continue to roll steadily upon our shores. The pioneer emigrants, who brought muscle to serve us in grappling for wealth, are followed by those who bring offerings of skill.

While the current from Ireland is unabated, the tide from Germany and Northern Europe is outstripping it. Emigration from England's intelligent classes is also surging upon our borders. The Old World sends us a town every week. Every recruit to our population has a value. His removal is a loss to the place of his nativity, upon whose means he has grown, and a gain to us. Every day's labor he brings is a contribution to our coffers. Our greatest enterprises take shape through the toil of foreigners. They keep close companionship with the spirit of improvement as it marches over the country leaving iron tracks for traffic to follow. They make bold acquaintance with the virtue of our soil, and impress it into productive exercise. They lend hard hands to the workshop and the warehouse. The ready absorption of the emigrant's capital proves its advantage, and is suggestive of the richness of our undeveloped substance.

In all directions we spy enterprise crowding upon enterprise. "The wave behind impels the wave before." By the iron-edged route to the Golden Gate great railroads are made by-paths. Already our commerce is jeering at the resistance of Darien to the friendly embrace of the Atlantic and the Pacific. The art of surgery is threatening the band

by which nature has tied the twin Americas like the twins of Siam. The giant undertaking of yesterday is the pigmy of to-day.

In telling the promise of the country's future, extravagance would be tameness,

“For thy vast bounties are so numberless,
That them or to conceal or else to tell
Is equally impossible.”

After scanning the broad domain of national sovereignty, we turn to our own Commonwealth with affectionate pride. Though she has freely sent her sons and her money to build up new territory, she continues in the vanguard of States. She has regarded with pleasure the increasing stature of rival sisters, fostered by her capital. It may be, however, that wholesome prudence is now dictating a more rigid application of her means to the irrigation of her own soil.

Her intelligence is undenied; her political influence is conspicuous; the lustre of her credit is untarnished. In prudent charity, she is profuse; in education, unsparing; in legislation, prodigal; in her public models of art, original; and in tunnelling, a learner.

We are a law-enacting, law-abiding people. No instruction of the “Declaration of the Rights of the

Inhabitants of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts," is more faithfully observed than that which declares that, "The Legislature ought frequently to assemble for the redress of grievances, for correcting, strengthening, and confirming the laws, and for making new laws, as the common good may require."

The legislature of the last six months has secured the "common good" for six months to come in the enactment of Five Hundred and Sixty-Nine "Acts and Resolves." Imagine the consternation with which such a record would fill Jonathan Swift, who, a century and a half ago, said: "If books and laws continue to increase as they have done for fifty years past, I am in some concern for future ages, how any man will be learned, or any man a lawyer."

We have perfected political science to such a degree that we make law enough in one day to suffice for that day and one more. While the community exult in the guarantee of safety for half a year, the student takes courage in the opportunity to master the laws before they are abrogated.

The legislature of this year has set the seal of assent to that amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which declares that, "The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any

State, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude." The "Fifteenth Amendment" cuts at a stroke a Gordian Knot which the studied theories of the wisest and most humane have essayed to untie. After statesmen had tasked their lives in the vain attempt to gently undo the knot of slavery by gradual emancipation, it was finally cut by the sword of war. It were better, our legislators have said, to sever this last knot of political inequality by the sword of peace. Those who had misgivings must have done wisely to smother distrust, in the decision to execute complete justice without delay.

In our latest legislation touching commercial interests, we have reason for congratulation. The heavy demands of our great railroads for increased facilities and extended connections indicate present thrift, and a design to propitiate good fortune by generous provisions. The readiness with which these demands have been heard, and the sound liberality which has been their response, demonstrate an expanding appreciation of our business capacities and necessities. Narrow jealousy of Boston, if it has ever been entertained, has not found an asylum in the last legislature. It has been at once conceded that the importance of the capital vitally concerns

the Commonwealth, and that in amplifying its channels of trade, in magnifying its prominence as a market, and in enlarging its space for growth, the common welfare is promoted.

An absurd effort to transfer a department of the City Government to the guardianship of the State, to satisfy the ill-based prejudices of a few warped minds, has met a swift rebuff, as severe as it was merited.

A threat to make an example of Boston, for an alleged sluggishness in the enforcement of a certain law, was coldly denied the solace of a faint echo. Whenever the eminence of our City Government shall tempt an invidious attack, it should encounter an indignant repulse in the deafening protests of every citizen susceptible of honest pride, or the sentiment of justice. Though a subversion of the police functions of all our municipalities would escape the odium of a blow at one only, the impolicy of such a conquest by the State should condemn it. The democracy which calls upon the individual to contribute only the necessary allotment of his natural liberty to society, upon the town to surrender only essential powers to the State, and upon the States to gauge their contribution of sovereignty by their

compact, is worth more than a score of chameleon statutes.

The wisdom of charging upon each community the responsibility of preserving peace and order within its limits finds its proof in the voluntary establishment of the police organizations coveted for the State. The owner is the most vigilant guard of his treasure. Each community has the closest interest in its own self-defence. If disease creeps into the body, we invoke Æsculapius. We seek to cure, not to kill. If abuses should steal into municipal administration, the people will engage in stern pursuit of a cure. Not till our town governments are bedridden, should they call for nurses from the state hospitals.

Much time has been consecrated this year to a "Chapter" of the Blue Book, whose chief recommendation to favor is its liability to repeal. In the Declaration of Rights, "temperance" is accounted as one of the principles "absolutely necessary to preserve the advantages of liberty, and to maintain free government." This "Chapter," adopted after most solemn deliberation, in contempt of this principle, has put a seductive intoxicant under the protectorate of the State. By designed omission, an acknowledged intoxicant is legally

considered non-intoxicating. Temperance repudiates such a senseless fiction of law. It is but the sorry ally of a party. Let the Muses hasten to immortalize our State drink, for laws are transient. Our statute books have long since ceased to wear the title of "The Perpetual Laws of Massachusetts." I think Scythia must have had prohibitory legislation when Anacharsis said that "laws were like cobwebs, where the small flies were caught and the great break through." Extreme legislation touching moral questions has seldom purchased permanency. "Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues." If, perchance, the cider cask should prove weak armor; if the autumn yield of the non-intoxicating intoxicant should fail to float the new statute, it may be well to remember that, "*in medio tutissimus ibis.*"

The disposition of the "Female Suffrage" question for a brief period, recalls our obligation to the legislature, for what has not been done.

The gentle persuasions and sweet threatenings of those restive women, who sigh for entrance into the "higher sphere" of caucuses and conventions, have been received with a gallantry that must have smoothed the refusal of their petitions. Those

relations of the sexes which nature has ordained, and time approved, will govern us a little longer. But nature is growing old-fashioned; experience loses its value in an age of inventions, and any average tyro in theology can explain away the Bible to order. How soon man may be led to subordinate himself to woman, for such would be the effect of female enfranchisement in Massachusetts, some of us dare not consider.

“New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are followed.”

Timid men already feel the skirts of their garments lengthening into petticoats. Women should not vote because God has not given them the power to enforce their will, and law without means to execute it is not law. Woman's strength is in her weakness; her defence is in her defencelessness. But such strength and such defence will not sustain governments. That man is a criminal who neglects to provide the shelter of a roof for his wife, and stand ready to defend it. Government is only the shelter of society. Man must erect it, and defend it. Woman's law is the influence of her virtue, her modesty and her beauty, and that law, read at

the hearthstone, is transcribed in halls of legislation by hands able to maintain it. Those who claim that our laws would be purer if women voted, should know that they are already better than society is. Man legislates, not according to what he is, but according to what he ought to be. Our laws are as tender of the rights of women as they are favorable to the welfare of men. The bounty of our government is sufficient for all. It has made Massachusetts a citadel in war, a garden in peace. "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts."

It is a congenial duty to direct a moment's reflection to our sterling city. It would be an attractive diversion to invest fancy with light pinions and float back to the Boston of yore. Imagination would warm with novel interest in hovering over the nursery in which our city grew from tender infancy to chartered majority. It would delight in resigning to the waves their old dominion, usurped by solid buildings; in re-carpeting with green the pleasant fields, invaded by crowded blocks of stone and brick; in coercing granite piles raised up by ambitious trade to surrender their foundations to those broad

mansions, whose doors opened to the traditional luxury of spaciousness; in replanting those little oases, whose now heavy laden soil once knew only the delicate burden of flowers; in giving back South Boston, and ceding the beautiful Highlands to the ghost of Roxbury. We should revel in an Asmodean flight over the Boston in which a century ago to-day the General Court was contending for the inseparable connection of taxation and representation.

But the Boston which surrounds us, so rapidly extending its outlines of warehouses and dwellings that their recognition is conditional upon active observation, so thoroughly repairing the errors of the past, that narrow streets are suddenly lost in broad avenues, and little courts in crowded thoroughfares, is the Boston which wins our thoughts in this hour.

Of our culture and refinement, of our fidelity to the virtuous principles of early days, let others speak. The city's hospitality—to mention it here were to lessen it. It is told in almost every tongue.

But the citizens of Boston may well felicitate themselves upon the fast spread of roofs, covering prosperous trade, productive toil and happy homes, and upon the notable enterprises which are stimulating activity at every point.

We are fortunate in a City Government, whose judgment does not serve their doubts.

“Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.”

They have perceived that municipal growth properly appeals for improvements, and that bold improvements draw on bold growth. They have not doubted, but let the wisdom of liberal expenditures justify the rate of taxation. To the city, taxation is galvanism. If it excites the citizen, it is an extra gain. Rust consumes the vitals of a community. Boston must teach well her children, succor generously her unfortunate, defend warily the public health, maintain an efficient police (the State permitting), make damp places dry, hills level, crooked places straight, narrow places wide, adorn and multiply her parks, foster trade, entice commerce, keep her “latch-string out,” celebrate National Independence, and have “contingent expenses”; and for this the assessors’ battery must be adequately charged. When the battery becomes feeble, citizens may hope for a millennium, but should suspect decline.

No recent event is so pregnant with future advantage as the union of Dorchester with Boston. Im-

perious necessities, prognosticated in population rapidly augmenting, in the swelling hum of traffic outgrowing its familiar limits, and in the loud-voiced murmurs of industrial employments increasing in extent and variety, have compelled Boston to besiege in amity the territory of her neighbors.

The peaceful capitulation of Dorchester has been no less a victory for her than a triumph for us. She no longer opposes the barrier of her boundaries to our expansion: our magnitude no longer overshadows her, but is hers. Dorchester's lungs will breathe for Boston; Boston's heart will pulsate for Dorchester. Our welcome sister but contributes a beautiful emerald to the diadem she is henceforth to wear

As we embraced Roxbury with warm greetings last year, as we salute Dorchester in loving reception this year, let us hope to extend the courtesies of our hospitality to Brookline next year. Annexation is our true policy, wisely recognized by the Commonwealth. Aggregation of numbers is essential to the fulness of the importance, the authority and the worth which should be destined for Boston. Humanity clusters. Throngs attract individuals. The larger the population, the faster will it gather. But space is an indispensable

pre-requisite to wholesome aggregation. Give Boston room, make timely provision for healthful increase, perpetuate her good government, and those who come after us may wield an influence whose power shall govern an empire of usefulness, and whose usefulness shall exalt its power. This generation owes the next a munificent heritage.

“A setting sun
Should leave a track of glory in the skies.”

The signs of Boston's future eclipse her present, as her present outshines the past. But situated as she is, she can attain her meridian prosperity only by energetic development of every resource. Municipal vigor must constantly attend, and sometimes launch private enterprise. If, however, her riches are but the gradual gain of exertion, she will remember that when Jupiter sends Plutus, he limps, when Pluto sends him, he runs.

Education, the mail of popular government, is wrought out in schools whose excellence is Boston's chief honor. School-houses are esteemed our best arsenals, instructors our best armorers. The jealous advancement of learning will be one of the surest guarantees of the future of our hope.

But wealth is corrupting, learning is hollow, and

art is impure where the Divinity is unacknowledged. He alone can intrench our present fortune, or assure a splendid future. Let accumulating wealth be directed by intelligence, let intelligence be inspired by religion, and upon a soil to which patriotism is indigenous, the Boston of hereafter, from an imposing grandeur, shall gratefully turn back to us, as we reverently remember those who planted and watered our city in days gone by.

